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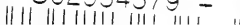
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THE LADIES
OF THE
WHITE HOUSE.

BY
LAURA CARTER HOLLOWAY.

With fifteen Steel Engravings.

"Honor to Women! to them it is given
To garden the earth with the roses of heaven."—*Schiller*.

1871.

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
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Entered, according to Act of Congress in the year 1896,

By LAURA C. HOLLOWAY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District
of New York

TO

LITTLE

BELLE PATTERSON,

THE BRIGHT ORNAMENT OF THE WHITE HOUSE

URING HER GRANDFATHER'S ADMINISTRATION,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY HER FRIEND,

THE AUTHORESS.



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INTRODUCTION.

A PERUSAL of Strickland's "Queens of England" first originated the idea of writing the "Ladies of the White House;" and the material thus dauntlessly presented to the public is the result of the desire *to attempt* for American ladies what Miss Strickland *has done* for English Queens.

The contrast is great; the fault lies not in the subject treated, nor yet in the biographer, but may rather be attributed to the genius of our simple and unostentatious form of government.

The work is barren of any grand spectacular or dramatic incidents so calculated to interest, but the short and simple annals of virtuous and exemplary women, who occupied the highest social and semi-official position known to their country, are replete with matter "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

The genius of democratic liberties condemns the assumed emblems of nobility, and the practice of prefixing titles to the names of American women is reprehensible. We do but ape our foreign friends and render ourselves ridiculous, when we forget the lessons inculcated by ancestors who fled from oppression, and

gave to the cause of freedom their blood—and to their descendants the unsullied names they inherit.

Though politicians and designing men barter away the rights of the land as expressed in the Constitution, it may not be said of woman that she ignores the strides she has made under so benign a power, or for the tinsels of *courts* would exchange the social liberties and position she has gained.

We have had no “Queens” or “Drawing rooms,” properly speaking, but “Ladies” and “Receptions” have been the synonymous terms whereby we have attested the stability of good morals and refined characters.

The Ladies of the White House have had no biographers. The customs of the Republic, which returns to private life those who have served it, effectually deterred the historian from venturing on such difficult and obscure ground. The space allotted to them has been confined to descriptions of their personal appearances on public occasions, or, perhaps, a mention of their names in sketches of their husbands.

The obstacles are innumerable, and the reward hardly commensurate for those who undertake to divest the “Ladies” of party favoritism and sectional prejudices. A truthful writer seeks to destroy the unnatural estimate placed upon the wives of the Presidents, and give correct impressions of their worth. Personal resentments should find no outlets in such a form, nor should the memoirs of such be converted into mutual admiration societies, for the purpose of indiscriminate praise and soulless adulation. In all cases

there is but one plain rule to follow, and that I conceive to be a truthful expression of opinions, founded on a fair and sufficiently full investigation.

Biased in judgment toward none, withholding naught that is necessary to be known, and fearless in truth to myself, as to the persons of whom I write, the book, with its faults and merits, is committed to the care of a discerning public.

Mrs. Washington has been more fortunate than any succeeding occupant of a similar position. Her life has been repeatedly written, and the few interesting incidents recorded of it are universally known. Women, stimulated with a desire to rescue her memory from the dust of years, have been indefatigable in their labors, and I can offer nothing which has not already been more ably written.

If I have been somewhat minute in describing the personal appearance of the subjects of my sketches, my reason for so doing lies in the fact that I believe we are so wisely created that our outward shapes and figures best express the quality of our inner being.

Many noble women have shared the popularity of their husbands' high place—not a few strong, gifted natures have been content to lead automaton lives in that famous old mansion, while all have been the recipients of their country's gratitude.

To the many kind friends who have contributed by their valuable assistance and effectual aid toward the success of this volume, I can only add here, as I have expressed elsewhere, my heartfelt thanks and grateful acknowledgments.

Among the numerous friends whose pleasure it has been to render valuable assistance, I may mention ex-President Johnson, Hon. William H. Seward, and Senator Fowler. Mrs. Rebecca Shunk, of Pennsylvania, the relative and friend of Miss Harriet Lane, has my profound regard for the very accurate sketch of her beautiful kinswoman. Colonel John Tyler, of Washington, and Colonel T. B. Thorpe, of New York City, have evinced their interest in my undertaking by continued acts of kindness. Mr. J. T. C. Clark, for the valuable manuscript placed at my disposal, and which has been of great service, has my sincere thanks, while to that faithful friend of childhood, Mr. Anson Nelson, of Nashville, Tennessee, whose zeal in my behalf is in keeping with the golden precepts of his beautiful life, do I offer unchanged the affection always cherished for his matchless character. Nor is forgotten Dr. I. G. Atwood, Mrs. Virginia Jefferson Trist, Miss Rhoda Fuller, Mrs. Bettie Harrison Eaton, and Col. Richard Cutts, of Washington City.

None are forgotten, though many unmentioned, of those who have espoused my cause, and lent willing hands to insure success. To each and all in their widely-severed homes I return the assurance of appreciation, and unalterable regard.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1869.





LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

THE first who, in our young republic, bore the honors as a President's wife, is described "as being rather below the middle size, but extremely well-shaped, with an agreeable countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and those frank, engaging manners so captivating in Southern women. She was not a beauty, but gentle and winning in her nature, and eminently congenial to her illustrious husband. During their long and happy married life, he ever wore her likeness on his heart." "It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military undress, attended by a body-servant tall and militaire as his chief, crossed the ferry over the Pamunkey, a branch of the York River. On the boat's touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages who give the beau-ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old régime; the very soul of kindliness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg; important communications to the Governor, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain the militaire had just

landed, would hear no excuse. Colonel Washington was a name and character so dear to all Virginians, that his passing by one of the old castles of Virginia without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host was entirely out of the question. The Colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground, till Chamberlayne brought up his reserve in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow then beneath his roof. The soldier capitulated on condition that he should dine, only dine, and then, by pressing his charger, and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his Excellency could shake off his morning slumbers. Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the Colonel's body-servant and faithful follower, who, together with a fine English charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington on the famed and fated field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, "Your honor's orders shall be obeyed." The Colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests (for when was a Virginia domicile of the olden time without guests?), and, above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this their first interview, nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits; the hero, fresh from his early fields

redolent of fame, and with a form on which "every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man." The morning passed pleasantly away; evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with the one hand, while the other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sank in the horizon, and yet the Colonel appeared not, and then the old soldier wondered at his chief's delay. "'Twas strange; 'twas passing strange." Surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all punctual men. Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the Colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house after sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's sides and sped on his way to the seat of government, when, having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and at the "White House the engagement took place, with arrangements for the marriage." It is pleasant to remember that, with all the privations and hardships endured by both in after-years, they never encountered poverty. When Colonel Washington married Mrs. Custis, the ceremony was performed under the roof of her own home, and the broad lands connected to it were but a part of her large estate. Immediately after their wedding, which has been

described repeatedly as a most joyous and happy affair, in which every belle and beau for miles around took part, they repaired at once to Mount Vernon. This property, a gift to Colonel Washington from his elder brother, Lawrence, was situated on the southern side of the Potomac, about fifteen miles from Washington City, and remarkable for the magnificent view of the river in front, as well as the cultivation and adornment of the vast estate. Here for seventeen bright and beautiful years they enjoyed the society of relatives and friends, and the constant companionship of each other. During those years of prosperity, Mrs. Washington had ample opportunity to manifest that elegance of manner for which she was remarkable. In her girlhood, as *Miss Dandridge*, she had enjoyed the best society of Williamsburg, and during Gov. Dinwiddie's residence there, she had been one of the most popular and admired of the many blooming girls who had rendered the court of the Governor attractive. Married when very young to Colonel Custis, she had lived in comparative seclusion on his farm, devoting her time to her husband and children. Endeared to each other by the warmest affection, her life spent in dispensing that hospitality which was deemed a duty and a virtue, it seemed as if no trouble could ever mar her happiness. Colonel Custis was a gifted and refined gentleman, of eminently agreeable and cultivated sentiments, and the possessor by nature of a generous liberality which rendered him popular and respected. Here, on their plantation home, the congenial couple planned for

their infant boy, "whose unusual mental developments gave only too delusive and fleeting promise of the future." But, even as they dwelt upon his manly sports and coming school-days, death came for the rare treasure. He died, and with him went out the light and brightness of his sensitive parent, who sank prematurely into the grave ere he had yet scarcely passed the years of maturity. Thus, in a little while, was taken the boy whose existence first called into being all the deathless love of a mother, and the companion and loving guide whose affection was in keeping with his pure and elevated mind. His romantic attention never diminished, and on his death-bed he bade her take charge of his estate and manage for herself and her two children.

Nothing remains to us of her childhood save an indistinct tradition ; * perhaps her infant years were spent at her father's country home, unmarked but by the gradual change of the little one into the shy young girl. That she was educated after the exigency of her time, at home, is likewise a truth gathered from the echoes of the past generation. Virginia, in those early days—for she was born in May, 1732—possessed no educational facilities, and the children of the wealthy were either sent abroad for accomplishments unattainable in their native land, or put under the care of a tutor or governess at home. Such knowledge as she possessed of the world was gleaned from the few books she read, and the society

* She was a descendant of the Rev. Orlando Jones, a clergyman of Wales.

of her father's friends, for she had never been farther from home than Williamsburg.

She is first mentioned as a rustic beauty and belle at the British Governor's residence, and was there addressed by Colonel Custis. After her marriage, she returned to a country life, and for several years lived in that old baronial style, the custom of the wealthy in the Colony. Her home was not far distant from her father's plantation, and these fleeting years were so fraught with every conceivable blessing that her young heart asked no other boon. The deaths of husband and child were the mysteries of the inscrutable will of Providence, whereby she was to accomplish her destiny. The war with the French and Indians in the West, and the defeat and death of Braddock, was the first incident of public note which had occurred in her life, and was followed by deaths in her family which so materially changed the even tenor of her way.

Time soothed the wounds naught else could heal, and the young widow serenely discharged the duties of her position. While she had vindicated the trust reposed in her by the success with which she controlled her large estate, she nevertheless yielded to the persuasions of her friends, and again accepted the protection of a husband.

She was twenty-six years old when she first saw Colonel Washington at Mr. Chamberlayne's, and was remarkably youthful and handsome. "She had ever been the fortunate object of warm and disinterested affection," and from her first entrance into the society

of Williamsburg, down to the last hour of her life, it was eminently illustrated. Few had been her sorrows, and for each and every one endured she could count a twofold blessing. There was nothing in her life to foster the faults incident to human nature, for the rank weeds of poverty and bitterness which cramp and deform so many earth-lives, were unfelt and unknown to her.

Subsequent to her marriage to Colonel Washington she resided at his home, now for the first time graced by the presence of a mistress. It had been the pleasant retreat of Colonel Lawrence Washington's bachelor friends, and the occasional residence of his younger brother, but never a congenial place of abode until he established his young wife there, whose happiness was to be in future his peculiar care. Her life was similar to her former position as Mrs. Custis, for she was again the wife of a wealthy, prosperous planter, accustomed to the most refined society of the country, and occasionally accompanying her husband to Williamsburg, where he was for fifteen successive years a member of the Legislature.

"How noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers!"

Engaged in fascinating pleasures and congenial pursuits, it did not occur to Mrs. Washington how many summers of fragrantly blooming flowers and ripening fruits had sunk into the unreturning past; nor did she consider that the long lapse of time in which she had been so happy had meted to others

measured drops of bitterness, turning all their harvest-times into chilling, dreary winter. There came to her a time when the pleasant home-life had to be abandoned, and for eight years the harmony of domestic peace was banished.

The following letter, the only one preserved of the many addressed to her, is full of interest, and is replete with that thoughtfulness which characterized Washington in his capacity as a husband. Mrs. Washington, shortly before her death, destroyed every testimonial of this kind, unwilling that any other should read these evidences of affection :

“PHILADELPHIA, 18th June, 1775.

“MY DEAREST: I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

“You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have

the most distant prospects of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letter, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the Fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing else will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity, as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

"As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, I have, since I came to this place—for I had no time to do it before I left home—got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me by the directions I gave him, which I will now enclose. The provisions made for you, in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable. I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

"Your affectionate

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This trial of separation was mitigated, although often prolonged to weary months. Ever when the long Indian summer days of October shed glory over the burnished forest trees, her cumbrous carriage, with its heavy hangings and massive springs, suggestive of comfort, was brought to the door and laden with all the appurtenances of a winter's visit. Year after year as she had ordered supplies for this annual trip to her husband's camp, she trusted it would be the last; and each time as the servants cooked and packed for this too oft-repeated absence, they wished it might hurry him home, to remember how many were needing his presence there. The battles were fierce and the struggles long, and if the orderly matron disliked the necessity of leaving home so often and for so long a time, her heart was glad

of the sacrifice when she reached the doubly anxious husband who was watching and waiting for her—anxious for his wife, somewhere on the road, and for his bleeding country, struggling unavailingly for the eternal principles of freedom. It was her presence that lent sunshine to the oft-times dispirited commander, and sent a gleam of sunshine to the hearts of the officers, who saw in her coming the harbinger of their own happiness. For it was an established custom, for all who could, to send for their families after the commander had received and welcomed his. General Washington, after her annual trip, always wrote to persons who had been attentive and obliging, and punctually thanked every one who had in any way conduced to her comfort during her tedious stages from Mount Vernon. Never but once or twice had those yearly moves been disagreeable, and though universally unoffending, she felt the painful effects of party bitterness; but the noble intrepidity of General Washington relieved the depressing influences of such unusual occurrences. Her own pride suffered nothing in comparison to the natural sensitiveness she felt for her husband's fair fame, and the coldness on the part of others affected only as it reflected on her noble protector. Once, after an active campaign, as she was passing through Philadelphia, she was insulted by the ladies there, who declined noticing her by any civilities whatever. The tide in the affairs of men came, and, alas for human nature! many of these haughty matrons were the first to welcome her there as the wife of the President.

Mrs. Washington was extremely plain in her dress, and displayed little taste for those luxurious ornaments deemed appropriate for the wealthy and great. In her own home the spinning wheels and looms were kept constantly going, and her dresses were, many times, woven by her servants. General Washington wore at his inauguration a full suit of fine cloth, the handiwork of his own household. At a ball given in New Jersey in honor to herself, she wore a "simple russet gown," and white handkerchief about her neck, thereby setting an example to the women of the Revolution, who could ill afford to spend their time or means as lavishly as they might have desired. "On one occasion she gave the best proof of her success in domestic manufactures, by the exhibition of two of her dresses, which were composed of cotton, striped with silk, and entirely home-made." The silk stripes in the fabric were woven from "the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson chair-covers!"

When peace was declared and her mantle folded round the suffering young Republic, Mrs. Washington welcomed to Mount Vernon her hero-husband, who naturally hoped that he might "move gently down the stream of life until he slept with his fathers." But a proud, fond nation called him again from his retreat to guide the helm of its boat; nor was he who had fought her battles and served her well recreant now.

Mrs. Washington's crowning glory in the world's esteem is the fact that she was the bosom companion of the "Father of his Country;" but her fame as

Martha Dandridge, and afterward as Martha Custis, is due alone to her moral worth. To her, as a girl and woman, belonged beauty, accomplishments, and great sweetness of disposition. Nor should we, in ascribing her imperishable memory to her husband's greatness, fail to do reverence to the noble attributes of her own nature; yet we cannot descend to the hyperbolical strain so often indulged in by writers when speaking of Mrs. Washington. In tracing the life of an individual, it becomes necessary to examine the great events and marked incidents of the times, and to most generally form from such landmarks the motives that prompted the acts of an earth-existence. More especially is this necessary if the era in which our subject lived was remarkable for any heroic deeds or valorous exploits which affected the condition of mankind. Personally, Mrs. Washington's life was a smooth and even existence, save as it was stirred by some natural cause, but, viewed in connection with the historical events of her day, it became one of peculiar interest.

As a wife, mother, and friend, she was worthy of respect, but save only as the companion of Washington is her record of public interest. She was in no wise a student, hardly a regular reader, nor gifted with literary ability; but if that law, *stern necessity*, which knows no deviation, had forced her from her seclusion and luxury, hers would have been an organization of active goodness. Most especially would she have been a benevolent woman, and it is to be regretted by posterity as a misfortune that there was

no real urgency for a more useful life. Her good fortune it was to be a wealthy Southerner, young and attractive; and if she was not versed in the higher branches of literature, it was no fault of her own, probably, since the drawbacks incident to the pursuit of knowledge, under the difficulties and obstacles of a life in a new country, together with their early marriages, deterred women from "drinking deep of the Pierean spring;" but, under the benign influences of Christian morality, the children of the Old Dominion were carefully and virtuously trained, and were exemplary daughters, wives, and mothers.

Many have occupied the nominal position Mrs. Washington held, but, in reality, no American, or, indeed, no woman of earth, will ever be so exalted in the hearts of a nation as was she; and yet there is no single instance recorded of any act of heroism of hers, although she lived in "times that tried men's souls," and was so intimately associated through her husband with all the great events of the Revolution. "Nor does it appear, from the documents handed down to us, that she was a very notable housewife, but rather inclined to leave the matter under her husband's control, whose method and love of domestic life admirably fitted him to manage a large establishment." "They evidently lived together on very excellent terms, though she sometimes was disposed to quarrel with him about the grand-children, who he insisted (and he always carried the point) should be under thorough disciplinarians, as well as competent teachers, when they were sent from home to be educated."

It was a source of regret that she bore no children to him, but an able writer has said: "Providence left him childless that he might be the father of his country." It is hard to judge whether or not it was a blessing; but it certainly has not detracted from his greatness that he left no successor to his fame. On the contrary, it is all the brighter from having no cloud to dim the solitary grandeur of his spotless name. Few sons of truly great and illustrious men have ever reflected honor upon the father, and many have done otherwise. When we consider how many representative men of the world, in all nations and ages, have been burdened and oppressed with the humiliating conduct of their children, let it be a source of joy, rather than of regret, that there was but *one* Washington, either by the ties of consanguinity or the will of Providence. This pure character was never marred by any imperfect type of his own, and in his life we recognize the fact that occasionally, in great emergencies, God lifts up a man for the deed; when the career is ended, the model, though not the example, is lost to the world.

Mrs. Washington's two children were with her the bright years of her life intervening between her marriage and the Revolution. Her daughter was fast budding into womanhood, and how beautiful, thought the loving mother, were the delicate outlines of her fair young face! Airy castles and visionary heaps of splendor reared their grand proportions in the twilight-clouds of her imagination; and in the sunlight of security she saw not, or, if perchance did de-

fine, the indistinct outlines of the spectre, grim and gaunt, heeded not its significant appearance at her festive board.

In all the natural charms of youth, freshness, and worldly possessions, the mother's idol, the brother's playmate, and father's cherished daughter, died, and the light of the house went out, and a wail of anguish filled the air as the night winds rushed hurryingly past that desolate home on the shore of the murmuring river.

A great purpose was born out of that grief: a self-abnegated firmness to rise above the passionate lamentations of selfish sorrow; and though afterward, for long and saddened years, a shadow of a former woe rested upon that quiet place, the *poor* loved it better than ever before, and meek charity found more willing hands than in the days of reckless happiness. Religion, too, and winning sympathy, softened the poignant grief, and

"The fates unwound the ball of time,
And dealt it out to man."

The cannon of the Continental Militia at Lexington belched forth its hoarse sound on the morning of the 15th of April, 1775, as in the gray twilight of approaching day a band of invaders sallied up to demand the dispersion of the rebels. The echo of those reports went ringing through the distant forests, and fleetest couriers carried its tidings beyond the rippling waves of the Potomac, calling the friends of freedom to arms. Mrs. Washington heard the war-

cry, and felt that the absence of her husband was now indefinite; for she knew that from his post in the councils of the nation he would go to serve his country in the field. Nor was she mistaken in her conclusions.

She met the Commander-in-chief at his winter headquarters at Cambridge, after an absence of nearly a year, in December, 1775, and continued during the Revolution to go each winter to his headquarters. In early spring she returned to her home, leaving behind her only child, whose desire to remain with his adopted father obtained from her a reluctant consent. "For usefulness and honor she had reared him to manhood, and to her country she now resigned this last lingering scion of maternal hope and joy," and returned to Mount Vernon accompanied by her daughter-in-law.*

The next winter she passed at Morristown, New Jersey, where she experienced some of the real hardships and sufferings of camp-life. The previous season, at Cambridge, the officers and their families had resided in the mansions of the Tories, who had deserted them to join the British; but at Morristown she occupied a small frame-house, without any convenience or comforts, and, as before, returned in the spring, with her daughter-in-law and children.

Valley Forge, during the last months of 1777 and the early part of 1778, was the scene of the severest

* Mr. Parke Custis was married to Miss Nelly Calvert the 3rd of February 1774.

sufferings, replete with more terrible want than any ever known in the history of the Colonies.*

During all this season of horrors, Mrs. Washington remained with her husband, trying to comfort and animate him in the midst of his trials. Succeeding years brought the same routine, and victory and defeat walked oftentimes hand in hand. October of 1781 brought "glad tidings of great joy" in the capture of Yorktown, and nothing seemed to defer the long anticipated return of General Washington to his family and friends.

Ere yet the shouts of victory rang out upon the listening ear of a continent, Colonel Custis was borne from the scene of triumph to a village in New Kent County to die, and soon the messenger startled the inmates of Mount Vernon with the mournful intelligence. Washington, amid the intense joy of his troops, could not conceal his anxious feelings for this deeply loved son of his adoption, and his heart went out to his crushed wife. "He left Yorktown on the 5th of November, and reached, the same day, the residence of his old friend, Colonel Bassett. He arrived just in time to receive the last breath of John Parke Custis, as he had several years previously rendered tender and pious offices at the death-bed of his

* Six miles above Morristown, New Jersey, and twenty from Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill River, is the deep hollow known as Valley Forge. It is situated at the mouth of Valley Creek, and on either side rise the mountains above this lonely spot. To the fact that in this valley there had once been several forges, it owes its name, and here Washington found winter quarters for his suffering army

sister, Miss Custis. The deceased had been the object of Washington's care from childhood, and been cherished by him with paternal affection. Reared under his guidance and instructions, he had been fitted to take a part in the public concerns of his country, and had acquitted himself with credit as a member of the Virginia Legislature. He was but twenty-eight years old at the time of his death, and left a widow and four young children. It was an unexpected event, and the dying-scene was rendered peculiarly affecting from the presence of the mother and wife of the deceased. Washington remained several days at Eltham to comfort them in their affliction. As a consolation to Mrs. Washington in her bereavement, he adopted the two youngest children of the deceased, a boy and girl, who thenceforth formed a part of his immediate family."

Mrs. Washington did not know that her husband had left the scene of his triumph, until he suddenly appeared in the room of death; and it calmed her to have his presence in so trying an hour. He returned with the sad mourners to Mount Vernon, and mingled with those two sorrowful hearts the tears of his own sad soul.

The world and its cares called him hence, and he turned away from his quiet home to meet the demands of his country for his services. Congress received him in Philadelphia with distinguished honors, and he everywhere was the recipient of his country's love and reverence.

Called from his retirement to preside over the

destinies of his country as its first President, Washington immediately left his home and repaired to New York City, the seat of government.*

Our young country demanded, in the beginning, that regard for forms and etiquette which would command respect in the eyes of foreign courts; and, acting in accordance with this design, the house of the first President was furnished with elegance, and its routine was arranged in as formal a manner as that of the St. James or St. Cloud.

Always an aristocrat, Mrs. Washington's administration as "hostess" was but a reproduction of the customs and ceremonies of foreign heads of government, and her receptions were arranged on the plan of the English and French drawing-rooms.

She assumed the duties of her position, as wife of the Chief Magistrate, with the twofold advantage of wealth and high social position, and was, in manner, appearance, and character, the pleasing and graceful representative of a class of which, unfortunately, the original is now taken from us, "*a lady of the olden time.*"

Reared as she had been, a descendant of the chivalry of Virginia, who in their turn were the descendants of the English nobility—aristocratic, proud, and pleased with her lofty position—she brought to bear all the brightness of a prosperous existence, and her influence extended to foreign lands.

* The journey to New York was a continued triumph. The august spectacle at the bridge of Trenton brought tears to the eyes of the Chief, and forms one of the most brilliant recollections of the age of Washington.

The levees held at the Republican Court—then located at No. 3 Franklin Square, New York—were numerously attended by the fashionable and refined of the city. The rules of the establishment were rigorous, and persons were excluded unless in the dress required. Access was not easy, and dignified stateliness reigned over the mansion of the first President of the United States. The subjoined letter, written to Mrs. Warren soon after Mrs. Washington's arrival at the seat of government, will present her views on the subject of her elevation more correctly than detached extracts from other books.

“Your very friendly letter of last month has afforded me much more satisfaction than all the formal compliments and empty ceremonies of mere etiquette could possibly have done. I am not apt to forget the feelings which have been inspired by my former society with good acquaintances, nor to be insensible to their expressions of gratitude to the President; for you know me well enough to do me the justice to believe that I am fond only of what comes from the heart. Under a conviction that the demonstrations of respect and affection to him originate in that source, I cannot deny that I have taken some interest and pleasure in them. The difficulties which presented themselves to view upon his first entering upon the Presidency, seem thus to be in some measure surmounted. It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends in all quarters that my new and unwished-for situation is not a burden to

me. When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyment of the fireside at Mount Vernon. I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. I will not, however, contemplate, with too much regret, disappointments that were inevitable, though his feelings and my own were in perfect unison with respect to our predilection for private life; yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow-citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made. Indeed, on his journey from Mount Vernon to this place, in his late tour through the Eastern States, by every public and every private information which has come to him, I am persuaded he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceives to be a sense of indispensable duty. On the contrary, all his sensibility has been awakened in receiving such repeated and unequivocal proofs of sincere regard from his coun-

trymen. With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grand-children and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that will indemnify me for the loss of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for every body and every thing conspire to make me as contented as possible in it; yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learned from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds, wherever we go."

The second year of Washington's administration, the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia. Mrs. Washington was sick when she started on the journey, and remained in Philadelphia until she was strong enough to go on to Mount Vernon.

The late Rev. Ashbel Green, for a long time President of Princeton College, and one of the early Chaplains of Congress, in speaking of the seat of government, said: "After a great deal of writing and

talking and controversy about the permanent seat of Congress under the present Constitution, it was determined that Philadelphia should be honored with its presence for ten years, and afterward the permanent location should be in the city of Washington, where it now is. In the mean time, the Federal city was in building, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted a sum of money to build a house for the President, perhaps with some hope that this might help to keep the seat of the general government in the Capital; for Philadelphia was then considered as the Capital of the State. What was lately the University of Pennsylvania, was the structure erected for the purpose. But as soon as General Washington saw its dimensions, and a good while before it was finished, he let it be known that he would not occupy it, and should certainly not go to the expense of purchasing suitable furniture for such a dwelling; for it is to be understood, in those days of stern republicanism, nobody thought of Congress furnishing the President's house; or if perchance such a thought did enter into some aristocratic head, it was too unpopular to be uttered. President Washington therefore rented a house of Mr. Robert Morris, in Market street, between Fifth and Sixth, on the south side, and furnished it handsomely, but not gorgeously."

From New York, by weary processes, the household furniture of individuals and government property was moved. General Washington superintended the preparation and embarkation of all his personal effects, deciding the time and manner in which every

article was taken or sold, and attending to all with a scrupulous zeal which is surprising when we consider his public position. His letters to Mr. Lear are as characteristic of his private life as was his career as founder of the Republic. On Saturday afternoon, November the 28th, the President and his wife returned from Mount Vernon, and took up their residence in the house of Mr. Morris, which the corporation had obtained for them. They found Congressmen and public characters already assembled, in anticipation of a gay and brilliant season. Mrs. Washington held her drawing-rooms on Friday evening of each week; company assembled early and retired before half-past ten. It is related on one occasion, at a levee held in New York the first year of the administration, that she remarked, as the hands on the clock approached ten, "that her husband retired punctually at ten, and she followed very soon afterward." A degree of stiffness and formality existed at those receptions that we of this day can scarcely understand, accustomed as we are to the familiarity and freedom of the present-day gatherings; but the imposing dignity of the Executive himself rebuked all attempts at equality, and the novelty of the position itself caused a general awkwardness. Unlike later-day levees, the lady of the mansion always sat, and the guests were arranged in a circle round which the President passed, speaking kindly to each one. It is to be regretted that no descriptions exist of the appearance of Mrs. Washington at these fête evenings. Little or no attention,

outside of social life, was paid to such items as how ladies dressed and what they appeared in, and letter-writing was not so universal as we of modern times have made it; hence there remains no source from whence to gather these little trifles which form part of every newspaper edition of the present day. The President always had his hair powdered, and never offered his hand to any one at his public receptions.

"On the national fête days, the commencement of the levee was announced by the firing of a salute from a pair of twelve-pounders stationed not far distant from the Presidential mansion; and the ex-Commander-in-chief paid his former companions in arms the compliments to wear the old continental uniform." The grandchildren of Mrs. Washington were her only companions during the President's long absences in his office; and Mrs. Robert Morris was the most social visitor at the mansion. Several times mention is made of her presence at the side of Mrs. Washington during the presentations at the receptions. "And at all the dinners by the republican Chief Magistrate, the venerable Robert Morris took precedence of every other guest, invariably conducting Mrs. Washington, and sitting at her right hand." At this, the meridian period of her life, Mrs. Washington's personal appearance was, although somewhat portly in person, fresh and of an agreeable countenance. She had been a handsome woman thirty years before, when, on the 6th of January, 1759, she was married to Colonel Washington; and in an admirable picture of her by Woolaston, painted about the same time, we see some-

thing of that pleasing grace which is said to have been her distinction. During these years of her married life, she had enjoyed ample opportunity to cultivate that elegance of manner for which she was conspicuous, and to develop those conversational powers which rendered her so attractive. Washington, ever quiet and taciturn, depended on her; and her tact and "gentler womanly politeness" relieved him from the irksome duties of hospitality when business called him elsewhere. His first levee, the Marchioness D'Yuro wrote to a friend in New York, "was brilliant beyond any thing that could be imagined." She adds: "You never could have had such a drawing-room; and though there was a great deal of extravagance, there was so much of Philadelphia tact in every thing, that it must have been confessed the most delightful occasion of the kind ever known in this country."

Mrs. Washington at this time was fifty-eight years old; but her healthful, rational habits, and the ceaseless influence of the principles by which her life was habitually regulated, enabled her still to exhibit undiminished her characteristic activity, usefulness, and cheerfulness. From the "Recollections" of a daughter of Mrs. Binney, who resided opposite the President's house, we have some interesting accounts. She says: "It was the General's custom frequently, when the day was fine, to come out to walk attended by his secretaries, Mr. Lear and Major Jackson. He always crossed directly over from his own door to the sunny side of the street, and walked down." She never

observed them conversing, and often wondered and watched as a child to see if any of the party spoke, but never perceived that any thing was said. He was always dressed in black, and all three wore cocked hats. "It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day, and in calling on her mother, she would send a footman over, who would knock loudly and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr. Lear." "Her manners were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies." An English manufacturer breakfasted with the President's family on the 8th of June, 1794. "I confess," he says, "I was struck with awe and veneration when I recollected that I was now in the presence of the great Washington, 'the noble and wise benefactor of the world,' as Mirabeau styles him. The President seemed very thoughtful, and was slow in delivering himself, which induced some to believe him reserved. But it was rather, I apprehend, the result of much reflection; for he had, to me, an appearance of affability and accommodation. He was at this time in his sixty-third year, but had very little the appearance of age, having been all his life so exceedingly temperate. Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, and dry toast, bread and butter, but no broiled fish, as is the general custom here. She struck me as being something older than the President, though I understand they were both born the same year. She was extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it."

Eight years of prosperity and progression blessed the administration of Washington, and now the hour of departure was drawing near. With feelings of pleasure, Mrs. Washington prepared for the long-desired return to her home on the Potomac; and when the dauntless robins began to sing and hardy daisies to bloom, the family set out, accompanied by the son of General Lafayette. Once again the wife and grandmother assumed the duties congenial to her nature, and it was reasonable to hope that she might pass many years of tranquil, unalloyed happiness under her own vine and fig-tree. The old life was resumed, and the long-silent house echoed the voices of the young and happy. It was during this season of rest and quiet that Washington devoted much of his time to the planning and laying out of the city which bears his name. An account is given of his coming, on one occasion, to it, and when he reached the wharf the cannon pealed forth a welcome. Passing along the Georgetown road, he halted in front of the place designated as the "White House," so called in honor of the former home of his wife, and intended as a residence for the President; workmen were then laying the foundation of the building afterward burned. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the chosen seat of the government, and an amusing anecdote is related of his conference with David Burns, whose residence was on the ground south of the Presidential mansion, and was until recently standing. Washington alludes to him in one of his letters as the "obstinate Mr. Burns;" and it is related that, when the

President was dwelling upon the advantage he would derive from the sale, the old man replied, "I suppose you think people here are going to take every grist that comes from you as pure grain; but what would you have been if you hadn't married the widow Custis?"

Mount Vernon was constantly thronged with visitors; and to the "Correspondence of Washington," which, during these last two years of his life, are very voluminous, we are indebted for many items of public and private interest. But a blow was in store for the contented wife, which none suspected. A cold, taken after a long ride about the farm, produced fever and swelling of the throat, which, on the 14th of December, 1799, resulted in the death of the deeply-loved husband. A wail of anguish went up from the nation as the direful news flew by each hut and hamlet; but in that hallowed room, forever consecrated, the brave woman who has lost her all, sits calmly serene. She suspects that he is gone, for the doctor and Mr. Lear are gazing at each other in mute anguish; and rising from her low seat at the foot of his bed, she sees the limbs are composed and the breath gone. O agony! what is there so fearful to a clinging woman's heart as the strong, loving arm that enfolded her, cold and stiff forever. The cover is straightened as he fixed it, and his face is composed after the violent struggle; but what is this appearance of triumph to the desolate widowed being, who gasps for breath like one drowning, as she totters to his side? But the sweet features calm her; perhaps she is thinking

of how he would have her do if his spirit could only speak. Whatever of inward peace receiving, there is a determined effort at control perceptible, and she is saying, "'Tis well; all is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through." One long look, as if her hungry soul was obtaining food to feed on through all eternity, and she is assisted from the room. How full of holy memories must that chamber of death have been to her as she summoned courage to turn and drink in the last look. The great fireside, with the smouldering embers dying into ashes gray—the quaint old mantle, all covered with vials and appendages of a sick-apartment—their easy-chairs side by side, one deserted forever, and cruel sight to the pitiful sufferer—their bed, upon which lay her friend and companion for the last time. It was wrong to let her stand there and suffer so, but her awe-stricken appearance paralyzed the stoutest heart, and they only waited. A pale, haggard look succeeds the fierce intensity of her gaze, and she wraps her shawl about her, and turns forever from all she in that hour lost. Another room receives her; another fire is built for her; and in the endless watches of that black night she masters the longings of her heart, and never more crossed the threshold of that chamber of her loved and lost. A sickening feeling of utter loneliness and desolation ushered in the early morn of the first day of her widowhood, but her resolve was made; and when her loved ones saw it pained her, they urged her no more that she should go back to the Caaba of her heart.

"Congress resolved, that a marble monument be erected by the United States, in the Capitol at the city of Washington, and that the family of George Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life. And it further resolved,

"That there be a funeral procession from Congress Hall to the German Lutheran Church in honor of the memory of General George Washington, on Thursday the 26th inst., and that an oration be prepared at the request of Congress, to be delivered before both Houses on that day, and that the President of the Senate and Speaker of the House of Representatives be desired to request one of the members of Congress to prepare and deliver the same. And it further resolved,

"That the President of the United States be requested to direct a copy of the resolutions to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character; of their condolence on the late afflicting Dispensation of Providence, and entreating her assent to the interment of the Remains of General George Washington in the manner expressed in the first resolution.

And it further Resolved: "That the President of the United States be requested to issue a Proclamation notifying the People throughout the United States the recommendation contained in the third resolution."

In reply to the above resolutions which were

transmitted by the President (John Adams) on the 23d Dec., 1799, Mrs. Washington says :

“MOUNT VERNON, *Dec. 31st, 1799.*

“SIR: While I feel with keenest anguish the late dispensation of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tributes of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear, deceased husband, and as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his country, to know that they were truly appreciated and gratefully remembered, affords no inconsiderable consolation.

“Taught by that great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress which you have had the goodness to transmit to me, and in doing this I need not, I cannot say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

“With grateful acknowledgments and unfeigned thanks for the personal respects and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress and yourself,

“I remain, very respectfully,

“Your most obedient and humble servant,

“MARTHA WASHINGTON.”

But this pain might have been spared her, for the monument was never erected, and the remains are still at Mount Vernon their most fitting resting-place.

The twofold duties of life pressed constantly upon

her, nor did she shirk any claim. Yet the compressed lip, and the oftentimes quivering eyelid betrayed the restless moanings of her aching heart.

It has been remarked that she resembled Washington in manners and person; she was like him as every weaker nature is like a stronger one living in close relationship. She received from his stronger will his influences, and he impressed her with his views so thoroughly that she could not distinguish her own. Relying on his guidance in every thing, she studied his features until her softer lineaments imperceptibly grew like his, and the tones of her voice sounded wonderfully similar. Imbibing the sentiments and teachings of such a nature, her own life was ennobled and his rendered happy.

In the engraving we have before us, taken while in the Executive Mansion, we trace the gradual development of her life. All the way through it has counted more of bliss than of sorrow, and the calm contentment of the face in repose speaks of a heart full of peace and pleasantness. It is not the countenance of a gay or sunny-hearted woman, nay, rather the well-reflected satisfaction of an inward faith in her religion and confidence and dependence in the husband in whom she had so long trusted. How full of sympathy and kindness of heart is that serene face, and how instinctively we would trust it! Sustained as she was by her deep devotional piety, and shielded by the protecting arm of her husband, she grew in spiritual development and fondly believed herself strong and self-reliant. But when she was tested, when the

earthly support was removed, the inward strength was insufficient, and she pined under the loss until she died.

“Few women have ever figured in the great drama of life amid scenes so varied and imposing, with so few faults and so many virtues as the subject of this sketch. Identified with the ‘Father of his Country’ in the great events which led to the establishment of a nation’s independence, Mrs. Washington necessarily partook much of his thoughts, his councils, and his views. Often at his side in those awful times that tried his soul, her cheerfulness soothed his anxieties, her firmness inspired confidence, while her devotional piety toward the Supreme Being enabled her to discern a ray of hope amid the darkness of a horizon clouded by despair.” She had lived through the “five grand acts of the drama of American Independence,” had witnessed its prelude and its closing tableaux, and stood waiting to hear the swell of the pœan she was apt to sing in heaven. Her life was passed in seasons of darkness, as of glorious, refulgent happiness, and was contemporaneous with some of the greatest minds that will ever shine out from any century. Her sphere was limited entirely to social occupations, and possessing wealth and position she gratified her taste. Had her character been a decided one, it would have stamped the age in which she flourished, for, as there never was but one Washington, so there will never come a time when there will be the same opportunities as Mrs. Washington had for winning a name and an individuality. But she did not aspire to any nobler ambition

than merely to perform the duties of her home, and she lives in the memories of her descendants, and in the hearts of the people of the United States, as the wife of the illustrious Father of his Country, and the first in position of the women of the Revolution.

The death of her husband was the last event of Mrs. Washington's life. It shattered her nerves and broke her heart. She never recovered from it. The shaft of agony which had buried itself in her soul was never removed. "Fate had now dealt the last deadly blow to the earthly happiness of Mrs. Washington! Her children, their father, the faithful, affectionate, sympathizing friend and counsellor with whom through unnumbered years she had stood side by side in many and grievous trials, dangers, and sorrows—all were gone!" It was useless to strive to be courageous, a glance at the low, narrow vault under the side of the hill unnerved her. She stood, the desolate survivor, like a lone sentinel upon a deserted battle-field, regarding in mute despair the fatal destruction of hope, and love, and joy. Through all time that Saturday night would be the closing scene of her life, even though her existence should be lengthened to a span of years.

" The memory of his faintest tone,
In the deep midnight came upon her soul,
And cheered the passing hours so sad, so lone,
As on they rolled."

Without religious faith she would have been haughty, reserved, and indolent, and with a less noble husband could never have been as even-tempered and concilia

tory as she was. But all of life was love to her; and all of our memory of her is beautiful harmony.

Thirty months numbered themselves among eternity's uncounted years, and it became apparent to all that another death-scene was to be enacted, and the lonely occupant of the room above that other chamber of dissolution, was reaching the goal of its long hoped-for desire. The gentle spirit was panting to free itself, and the glad light in the dim eye asserted the pleasure experienced in the knowledge of the coming change.

For many months Mrs. Washington had been growing more gloomy and silent than ever before, and the friends who gathered about her called her actions strange and incomprehensible. She staid much alone, and declined every offer of company, but toward the last the truth flashed upon her that she, too, was going, and her heart grew young again. Blessing all about her, she sank quietly to rest, in the seventy-first year of her age, and the third of her widowhood. "In the spring of 1801, Martha Washington descended to the grave, cheered by the prospect of a blessed immortality, and mourned by the millions of a mighty empire."

Her resting-place beside her husband is, like Mecca and Jerusalem, the resort of the travellers of all nations, who, wandering in its hallowed precincts, imbibe anew admiration and veneration for the immortal genius, whose name is traced in imperishable remembrance in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. Side by side their bodies lie crumbling away, while their

spirits, through all the ramifications of an eternal future, wend their way to the Author and Source of their being. The placid Potomac kisses the banks of that precious domain, while the ripples of the receding tide utter a mournful sound as it quits the side of the stream, hallowed forever.

The temptation to see this historic and romantic home of the most beloved of the nation's dead was not to be resisted, and in company with one of the few surviving relatives who bears that honored name, we started to the steamer. Although the weather was cold and disagreeable, with a threatening aspect of a snow-storm, we found the little vessel filled with pilgrims, bound to the tomb of Washington. This trip is one of intense interest, and particularly since the events of the late war have given to all the locality additional attraction. Arlington, Alexandria, and Fort Washington ! what memories are stirred by mention of these names, and the remembrance is acute when we stand face to face with such objects. Alexandria, with its old moss-covered houses and ancient gnarled trees, visibly impresses one with its claims to respect. The old commonwealth is dear to every generous American, whether of northern or southern birth, but more especially to the people of the south whose ancestors fondly termed it the "motherland," and the refrain of whose song was

" How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood
And every loved spot which my infancy knew !

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock, where the cataract fell.
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well."

Far up the narrow quiet streets I looked, and discerned in the distance a veritable oscillating arm of a well, and fancy quickly added the "old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, which hung in the well." It was the venerable look of the place which appealed strongest to the senses, and the fact that it is long past a century old, its foundation having been laid in 1748. As the boat anchored at the wharf to put off passengers, I gazed wistfully up those streets through which Washington had often passed, and looked in vain to see some "vast and venerable pile, so old it seemed only not to fall," but the residences of most of the old inhabitants are the abodes of wealth, and they exhibit evidences of care and preservation.

Alexandria was early a place of some note, for five colonial governors met here by appointment, in 1755, to take measures with General Braddock respecting his expedition to the West. "That expedition proceeded from Alexandria, and tradition still points to the site on which now stands the olden Episcopal Church (but then, in the woods), as the spot where he pitched his tent, while the road over the western hills by which his army withdrew, long bore the name of this unfortunate commander. But the reminiscences which the Alexandrians most cherish are those which associate their town with the domestic attachments and habits of Washington, and the stranger is still pointed to the

church of which he was vestryman; to the pew in which he customarily sate; and many striking memorials of his varied life are carefully preserved."

That old church where Washington and his wife were wont to worship, how tenderly we look upon it, and with what hallowed feelings! All the commonplace thoughts that fill our minds every day are laid aside, while we contemplate the character of the man who has stamped his image in the hearts of freemen throughout the world. There is another church at which one feels these ennobling heart-throbs, and which I confess moved me as sensibly, and that is the little Dutch church in "Sleepy Hollow," once the shrine at which Washington Irving offered the adoration of his guileless heart. His beautifully expressed admiration of Washington possibly occasioned the constant comparison, and to me these two temples are as inseparable as the memories of these great men are linked.

The weather, which had been indicative all day of a storm, cleared off as we approached Mount Vernon, and as we were leaving the boat, it shone brightly upon us. Winding round the hill, following a narrow pathway, we reached the tomb before the persons who had taken the carriage-way came in view, but preferring to examine it last, that we might be more careful, we continued the meandering path to the front of the house. It had been the home, in early youth, of the person who accompanied us, and, listening to her explanations and descriptions, we felt an interest which we could not otherwise summon. The house is bare

of any furniture whatever, save a small quantity owned by the persons who live there, and on a winter's day looked cheerless and uninviting. "The central part of Mount Vernon house was built by Lawrence Washington, brother to the General; the wings were added by the General, and the whole named after Admiral Vernon, under whom Lawrence Washington had served." The dining-room on the right contains the Italian marble mantle-piece sent from Italy to General Washington. I feel ashamed to add, it is cased in wire-work to prevent its being demolished by injudicious, not to say criminal visitors. The rooms are not large, with the exception of the one mentioned above, which is spacious; the quaint, old wainscoting and wrought cornices are curious, and in harmony with the adornments of the mansion. "The whole house presents a curious spectacle. Every thing reminds one of former days; and in treading the halls of Mount Vernon, the mind reverts incessantly to that majestic form, whose shadow, cast upon those very walls, seems to the mind's eye ready to start before us into life." The piazza reaches from the ground to the eaves of the roof, and is guarded on the top by a bright and tasteful balustrade; the pillars are large and present a simple and grand idea to the mind. Beneath this porch the "Father of his Country" was accustomed to walk, and the ancient stones, to hearts of enthusiasm, are full of deep and meditative interest.

The room in which he died is small and now bereft of every thing save the mantle-piece; just above is the apartment in which she breathed her dying

blessing. A narrow stair-case leads from the door of his room, which was never entered by her after his death. The green-house, once the pride of Mrs. Washington, has since been burned, and there remains but a very small one, put together carelessly to protect the few rare plants remaining. In front of the house (I speak of the fronts facing the orchards, and not the river, each of which are alike very beautiful), is a spacious lawn surrounded by serpentine walks. On either side, brick walls, all covered with ivy and ancient moss, enclose gardens. The one on the right of the house was once filled with costly ornamental plants from the tropical climes, and in which was the greenhouse; but the box trees have grown high and irregular, and the creepers are running wild over what hardy rose bushes still survive to tell of a past existence of care and beauty. In the life-time of Mrs. Washington, her home must have been very beautiful, "ere yet time's effacing fingers had traced the lines where beauty lingered." It is even now a splendid old place, but rapidly losing the interest it once had. The estate has passed out of the family, and the furniture has been removed by descendants, to whom it was given: much that lent a charm to the place is gone, and the only interesting object, save the interior of the mansion itself, is the key of the Bastile, presented by Lafayette, and hanging in a case on the wall. Portions of the house are closed, and the stairway in the front hall is barricaded to prevent the intrusion of visitors. The room in which Mrs. Washington died, just above the one occupied by her husband, was locked, and we did not

view the room in which she suffered so silently, and from which her freed spirit sought its friend and mate.

The small windows and low ceilings, together with the many little closets and dark passage-ways, strike one strangely who is accustomed to the mansions of modern times; but these old homesteads are numerous throughout the "Old Dominion," and are the most precious of worldly possessions to the descendants of worthy families. There must be more than twenty apartments, most of them small and plain in finish. The narrow doors and wide fire-places are the ensigns of a past age and many years of change, but are eloquent in their obsolescence.

The library which ordinarily is the most interesting room in any house, should be doubly so in this home of Washington's; but, bare of all save the empty cases in the wall, it is the gloomiest of all. Books all gone, and the occupation of the room by the present residents deprives it of any attractions it might otherwise have. Here, early in the morning and late at night, he worked continuously, keeping up his increasing correspondence and managing his vast responsibilities.

Murmurs of another war reached him as he sat at his table planning rural improvements, and from this room he wrote accepting the position no other could fill while he lived.

Here death found him, the night before his last illness, when cold and hoarse he came in from his long ride, and warmed himself by his library fire. That night he went up to his room over this favorite study,

and said in reply to a member of his family as he passed out, who urged him to do something for it, "No, you know I never take any thing for a cold. Let it go as it came."

The winds and rains of sixty-eight years have beaten upon that sacred home on the high banks of the silvery waters beneath, since the widowed, weary wife was laid to rest beside her noble dead, and the snows of winter and storms of summer have left its weather-worn and stained front looking like some ghost of other days left alone to tell of its former life and beauty. In its lonely grandeur it stands appealing to us for that reverence born of sentiments, stirred by the recollections of the great and good.

I could not resist the feelings of gloomy depression as we passed out the front toward the river, and took the path leading to the tomb. Far down the side of the hill, perched on a knoll and surrounded by trees, I saw a summer-house and the walk leading by many angles down to it. The view of the river is said to be fine from this point, but we did not undertake the difficulties of getting down to it. The wooden steps constructed across the ravines are fast sinking to ruin, and the swollen stream from the side of the hill dashing against them, was distinctly audible to us as we stood far above. The swallows and bats seemed to have built their nests in its forsaken interior, and we were not inclined to molest them.

I looked back at the old homestead endeared to every American, and stamped upon memory each portion of its outlines.

High above me, the small cupalo sported its little glittering weather-vane as brilliant as though it had been gilded but yesterday. Here again was an object which unconsciously associated Washington with his namesake, Washington Irving. In the pleasant summer-time I had stood in front of the little "Woolfort's Roost," and enjoyed to the finest fibre of my nature its lovely simplicity. Above it, too, a little weather-cock coquetted with the wind as it swept down from Tappan Zee, the same said to have been carefully removed from the Vander Hayden palace at Albany, and placed there by tender hands long years ago. Upon the side of the hill I had stopped then as now, and looked back at the house above me, embosomed in vines interspersed with delicately tinted fuchsias.

Even as I was standing now looking for the first and perhaps the last time upon Mount Vernon, so in the beautiful harvest month I had gazed upon the Hudson spread out like a vast panorama with its graceful yachts and swift schooners, and descended the winding path to the water's edge. But Mount Vernon was dressed in winter's dreariness, and its desolate silence oppressed rather than elevated the feelings. It is a fit place for meditation and communion, and to a spiritual nature the influences of the ancient home are elevating and full of harmony. When the only approach was by conveyance from Alexandria, the visitors were not so numerous as since the days of a daily steamer from Washington City, and much of the solemnity usually felt for so renowned a spot is marred by the coarse remark and thoughtless acts of the many who saunter through the grounds.

A gay party of idlers had arranged their eatables upon the stone steps of the piazza, and sat in the sunshine laughing merrily. Even those old rocks smoothly worn, where so often had stood the greatest of men, were not hallowed nor protected from the selfish convenience of unrefined people. Callous, indeed, must be the heart which could walk unmoved through so endeared a scene. To tread the haunts where "men have thought and acted great," is ennobling to sensitive organizations, and to linger over evidences of olden times inspires all generous minds with enthusiasm.

The grounds roll downward from the mansion house, and in a green hollow midway between that and the river, and about one hundred and fifty yards west from the summer house, and thirty rods from the house is the vault where reposed the remains of Washington and Martha his wife. Now the tomb contains about thirty members of his family, and is sealed up, and in front of the main vault, enclosed by an iron railing, are the two sarcophagi containing the ashes of husband and wife. "A melancholy glory kindles around that cold pile of marble," and we stood mute in thought.

But before reaching it we pass the old vault where for a few years he was buried. The few cedars on it are withered and the door stands open, presenting a desolate appearance. With vines and flowers, and leafy trees filled with singing birds, this sight would perhaps be less chilling; but the barren aspects of nature united with the solemn stillness of the country, con-

spired to freeze every thought of life and beauty, and the mind dwelt upon the rust of decay.

Lafayette stopped at Mount Vernon when about to return to France after his visit to this country, in 1826, having reserved for the last his visit to Washington's Tomb, and the scene is thus described by Mr. Seward in his *Life of John Quincy Adams* :

"When the boat came opposite the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon, it paused in its progress, Lafayette arose. The wonders which he had performed for a man of his age, in successfully accomplishing labors enough to have tested his meridian vigor, whose animation rather resembled the spring than the winter of life, now seemed unequal to the task he was about to perform—to take a last look at 'The Tomb of Washington!'

"He advanced to the effort. A silence the most impressive reigned around, till the strains of sweet and plaintive music completed the grandeur and sacred solemnity of the scene. All hearts beat in unison with the throbbings of the veteran's bosom, as he looked *for the last time* on the sepulchre which contained the ashes of the first of men! He spoke not, but appeared absorbed in the mighty recollections which the place and the occasion inspired."

During the summer of 1860, Albert, Prince of Wales, and heir apparent to the Throne of England, visited, in company with President Buchanan, the tomb of Washington. Here amid the gorgeous beauties of a southern summer, the grandson of George the Third forgot his royalty in the presence of departed

worth ; and bent his knee in awe before a mere handful of ashes, which but for the cold marble encompassing them, would be blown to the four winds of the earth. It was a strange sight to see that bright youthful form kneeling before the tomb of the "Father of his Country," and attesting his appreciation of the great spirit which more than any other wrested its broad domains from him. But a stronger link than mere possessions animated the feelings, and bound that royal scion to the Patriot's grave. "Love of Liberty" was the magic wand which kindled in the breast of the stranger adoration for the memory of the departed, and when he turned to leave that place of sacredness, eyes not always used to weeping, were moist with falling tears.

Stealthily the years go by, and we wist not they are passing, yet the muffled and hoarse voice of a century astounds us with its parting. The centennial birthdays have been celebrated ; soon we approach the hundredth anniversary of victories won and independence achieved. If the glad, free spirits of the Chief and his companion are permitted to review their earthly pilgrimage, let it be a source of gratification to us to know they smile upon a Republic of peace. Their bodies we guard, while they crumbled away in the bosom of their birth-place, and as long as a son of America remains a freeman, it will be a well-spring of inspiration to feel that Virginia contains the *Pater Patriæ* and the woman immortalized by his love.

We have known changes as a nation, and there have been dreadful contentions in this beautiful land

of ours, but never will there come a time when over that tomb at Mount Vernon we will refuse to meet as brothers, and renew again our allegiance above the ashes of our Father, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

MRS. JOHN ADAMS.

ABIGAIL SMITH, the daughter of a New England Congregationalist minister, was born at Weymouth, in 1744. Her father was the settled pastor of that place for more than forty years, and her grandfather was also a minister of the same denomination in a neighboring town.

The younger years of her life were passed in the quiet seclusion of her grandfather's house; and under the instructions of her grandmother, she imbibed most of the lessons which were the most deeply impressed upon her mind. "I have not forgotten," she says in a letter to her own daughter, in the year 1795, "the excellent lessons which I received from my grandmother at a very early period of life; I frequently think they made a more durable impression upon my mind than those which I received from my own parents." This tribute is due to the memory of those virtues, the sweet remembrance of which will flourish, though she has long slept with her ancestors.

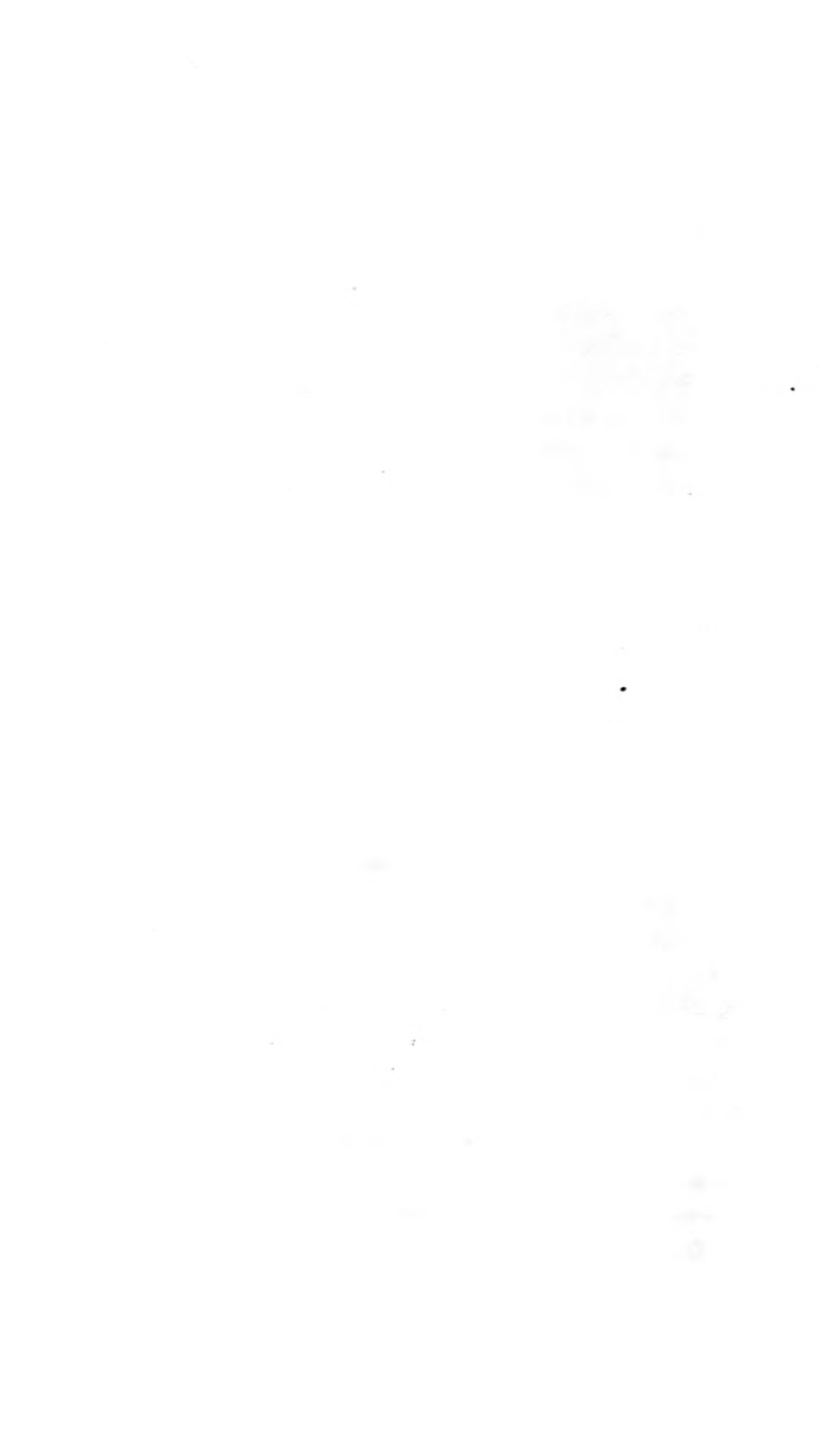
Separated from the young members of her own family, and never subjected to the ordinary school routine, her imaginative faculties bid fair to develop at the expense of her judgment, but the austere religion of her ancestors, and the daily example of strict compliance to forms, forbade the too great indulgence of fancy. "She had many relations both on the father's



Painted by G. Stuart

Engraved by G.F. Storm

A Adams



and mother's side, and with these she was upon as intimate terms as circumstances would allow. The distances between the homes of the young people was, however, too great, and the means of their parents too narrow, to admit of very frequent personal intercourse, the substitute for which was a rapid interchange of written communication." "The women of the last century," observes Mr. Charles Francis Adams in his memoir of his grandmother, "were more remarkable for their letter-writing propensities, than the novel-reading and more pretending daughters of this era: their field was larger, and the stirring events of the times made it an object of more interest. Now, the close connection between all parts of this country, and rapid means of transmitting intelligence through the medium of telegraphs and newspapers, renders the slower process of writing letters unnecessary, save in instances of private importance. The frugal habits of the sparsely settled country afforded little material for the fashionable chit-chat which forms so large a part of the social life of to-day, and the limited education of woman was another drawback to the indulgence of a pleasure in which they really excelled. Upon what, then, do we base the assertion that they were remarkable for their habits of writing. Even though self-taught, the young ladies of Massachusetts were certainly readers, and their taste was not for the feeble and nerveless sentiments, but was derived from the deepest wells of English literature. Almost every house in the Colony possessed some old heir-looms in the shape of standard books, even if the number was limited to the Bible

and dictionary. Many, especially ministers, could display relics of their English ancestors' intelligence in the libraries handed down to them, and the study of their contents was evident in many of the grave correspondences of that early time." To learning, in the ordinary sense of that term, she could make no claim. She did not enjoy an opportunity to acquire even such as there might have been, for the delicate state of her health forbade the idea of sending her away from home to obtain them. In speaking of her deficiencies, the year before her death, she says: "My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunity which the present day offers, and which even our common country schools now afford. *I never was sent to any school, I was always sick.*" Although Massachusetts ranked then, as it does now, first in point of educational facilities, it is certainly remarkable that the woman received such entire neglect. "It is not impossible," adds Mr. Adams, "that the early example of Mrs. Hutchison, and the difficulties in which the public exercise of her gifts involved the Colony, had established in the public mind a conviction of the danger that may attend the meddling of women with abstruse points of doctrine; and these, however they might confound the strongest intellects, were nevertheless the favorite topics of thought and discussion in that generation."

While the sons of a family received every possible advantage compatible with the means of the father, the daughter's interest, as far as mental development was concerned, was ignored. To aid the mother in manual household labor, and by self-denial and in-

creased industry to forward the welfare of the brothers, was the most exalted height to which any woman aspired. To woman there was then no career open, no life-work to perform outside the narrow walls of home. Every idea of self-culture was swallowed up in the wearying routine of practical life, and what of knowledge they obtained, was from the society of the learned, and the eagerness with which they treasured and considered the conversations of others.

On the 26th of October, 1764, Abigail Smith was married to John Adams. She was at the time twenty years old. The match, although a suitable one in many respects, was not considered brilliant, since her ancestors were among the most noted of the best class of their day, and he was the son of a farmer of limited means, and as yet a lawyer without practice. "Mrs. Adams was the second of three daughters, whose characters were alike strong and remarkable for their intellectual force. The fortunes of two of them confined its influence to a sphere much more limited than that which fell to the lot of Mrs. Adams. Mary, the eldest, was married in 1762 to Richard Cranch, an English emigrant, who subsequently became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in Massachusetts. Elizabeth, the youngest, was twice married; first to the Reverend John Shaw, minister of Haverhill, and after his death, to the Reverend Mr. Peabody of New Hampshire." * * * "In a colony founded so exclusively upon motives of religious zeal as Massachusetts was, it necessarily followed that the ordinary distinctions of society were in a great degree subverted, and that the

leaders of the church, though without worldly possessions to boast of, were the most in honor everywhere. If a festive entertainment was meditated, the minister was sure to be first on the list of those invited. If any assembly of citizens was held, he must be there to open the business with prayer. If a political measure was in agitation, he was among the first whose opinions was to be consulted. He was not infrequently the family physician. Hence the objection to Mr. Adams by her friends was founded on the fact that she was the daughter and grand-daughter of a minister, and his social superior according to the opinions of zealous Christians, whose prejudices were extreme toward a calling they deemed hardly honest.

Ten years of quiet home life succeeded her marriage, during which time little transpired worthy of record. "She appears to have passed an apparently very happy life, having her residence in Braintree, or in Boston, according as the state of her husband's health, then rather impaired, or that of his professional practice, made the change advisable. Within this period she became the mother of a daughter and of three sons."

"Mr. Adams was elected one of the delegates on the part of Massachusetts, instructed to meet persons chosen in the same manner from the other Colonies, for the purpose of consulting in common upon the course most advisable to be adopted by them." In the month of August, 1774, he left home in company with Samuel Adams, Thomas Cushings, and Robert Treat Paine, to go to Philadelphia, at which place the proposed

assembly was to be held." In two months, Mr. Adams was home again. Congress met again in May, 1775, and Mr. Adams returned to Philadelphia to attend it. The long distance was traversed on horseback, and was replete with hardships. At Hartford he heard of the memorable incident at Lexington, only five days after his departure from Braintree. Up to this time, the trouble between the two countries had been a dispute, henceforth it resolved itself into open hostilities.

"In November, 1775," says Bancroft, "Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was at her home near the foot of Penn Hill, charged with the sole care of their little brood of children; managing their farm; keeping house with frugality, though opening her doors to the houseless, and giving with good will a part of her scant portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands, and ever busily occupied, now at the spinning wheel, now making amends for having never been sent to school by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had sped near her by day, and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion. She herself was still weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighborhood, she could hardly find a well person to assist in looking after the sick. Her youngest son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing. Her own mother had been taken away, and after the austere manner of her forefathers, buried without prayer. Woe followed woe, and one affliction trod on the heels of another.

Winter was hurrying on ; during the day family affairs took off her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery at Boston, were lonesome and melancholy. Ever in the silent night ruminating on the love and tenderness of her departed parent, she needed the consolation of her husband's presence ; but when she read the king's proclamation, she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his perilous duties, and sent him her cheering message : " This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state and these colonies. Let us separate ; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them ; and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to naught all their devices."

Such words of patriotism falling from the lips of a woman who had just buried three members of her household, one her own mother, and who was alone with her four little children within sight of the cannonading at Boston, discovers a mind strong, and a spirit fearless and brave under scenes of harrowing distress.

Now she was alone, and she writes to her husband, " the desolation of war is not so distressing as the havoc made by the pestilence. Some poor parents are mourning the loss of three, four, and five children, and some families are wholly stripped of every mem-

ber." December found Mr. Adams once more at home to cheer his suffering family, but Congress demanded his presence, and after a stay of one month, he returned again to the halls of the nation. March came, and her anxious solitary life was in no wise brightened. The distance, in those days of slow travel and bad roads, from Boston to Philadelphia was immense, and letters were precious articles hard to receive. In speaking of the anticipated attack on Boston, she says: "It has been said to-morrow and to-morrow; but when the dreadful to-morrow will be I know not." Yet even as she wrote, the first peal of the American guns rang out their dissonance on the chilling night winds, and the house shook and trembled from cellar to garret. It was no time for calm thoughts now, and she left her letter unfinished to go out and watch the lurid lights that flashed and disappeared in the distance. Next morning she walked to Penn's Hill, where she sat listening to the amazing roar, and watching the British shells as they fell round about the camps of her friends. Her home at the foot of the hill was all her earthly wealth, and the careful husbanding of each year's crop her only income; yet while she ever and anon cast her eye upon it, the thoughts that welled into words were not of selfish repinings, but of proud expressions of high-souled patriotism. "The cannonade is from our army," she continues, "and the sight is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar. To-night we shall realize a more terrible scene still; I wish myself with you out of hearing, as

I cannot assist them, but I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins before I send this away." But events were not ordered as she feared, and the result was more glorious than she dared hope. All the summer the army lay encamped around Boston, and in early Fall her husband came home again, after an absence of nearly a year. Yet his coming brought her no joy, since it was to announce the sad truth that he had been chosen to go to France. Could he take his wife and little ones, was the oft-recurring question. A small and not very good vessel had been ordered to take him, the British fleet knew this, and were on the watch to capture it. On every account it was deemed best he should go alone, but concluded to take his eldest son, John Quincy Adams, to bear him company, and in February, 1778, sailed for Europe.

The loneliness of the faithful wife can hardly be understood by those unacquainted with the horrors of war. Yet I ween there are many, very many, who in the dark gloom of the past strife can record similar feelings of agony, and can trace a parallel in the solitary musings of this brave matron. The ordinary occupations of the female sex have ever confined them to a very limited sphere, and there is seldom an occasion when they can with propriety extend their exertions beyond the domestic hearth. "Only through the imagination can she give unlimited scope to those powers which the world until recently has never understood, and which are even now but dimly defined." Had mankind given her the privileges of a liberal education, and freedom to carve her own des-

tiny, to what dazzling heights would a mind so naturally gifted as Mrs. Adams have attained? Circumscribed as her lot was, she has left upon the pages of history an enviable record, and while Americans forget not to do honor to her husband's zeal and greatness, her memory lends a richer perfume, and sheds a radiance round the incidents of a life upon which she wielded so beneficial an influence.

Ofttimes weather-bound and compelled to remain indoors for days, with no society save her children and domestics, it is not strange that she should be lonely. Nor could her mind dwell upon any pleasing anticipations for the future. Her husband three thousand miles away, a hostile army encompassing the country, poor and forlorn, she yet so managed and controlled her little estate, that it served to support her, and in old age, to prove the happy asylum of her honored family. Mr. Adams knew her exposed condition, yet trusted to her judgment to protect herself and little ones. On a former occasion he had written to her "in case of danger to fly to the woods," and now he could only reiterate the same advice, at the same time feeling that she was strong and resolute to sustain herself. Six months passed, and Mrs. Adams writes to him, "I have never received a syllable from you or my dear son, and it is five months since I had an opportunity of conveying a line to you. * * * Yet I know not but you are less a sufferer than you would be to hear from us, to know our distresses, and yet be unable to relieve them. The universal cry for bread to a humane heart is painful beyond description." Mr. Adams

returned to his family after an absence of eighteen months, but no sooner was he established in his happy home, than he was ordered to Great Britain to negotiate a peace. Two of his sons accompanied him on this trip. He went over night to Boston to embark early next day, and the sad heart left behind again, found relief in the following touching words: "My habitation, how disconsolate it looks! my table, I sit down to it, but cannot swallow my food! Oh, why was I born with so much sensibility, and why possessing it have I so often been called to struggle with it? Were I sure you would not be gone, I could not withstand the temptation of coming to town though my heart would suffer over again the cruel torture of separation." Soon after this time, she wrote to her eldest son in regard to his extreme reluctance at again crossing the ocean, and for its perspicuity and terseness, for the loftiness of its sentiments, and the sound logical advice in which it abounds, ranks itself among the first literary effusions of the century:

"JUNE, 1778.

"MY DEAR SON: 'Tis almost four months since you left your native land and embarked upon the mighty waters in quest of a foreign country. Although I have not particularly written to you since, yet you may be assured you have constantly been upon my heart and mind.

"It is a very difficult task, my dear son, for a tender parent, to bring her mind to part with a child of your years, going to a distant land; nor could I have ac

quiesced in such a separation under any other care than that of the most excellent parent and guardian who accompanied you. You have arrived at years capable of improving under the advantages you will be likely to have, if you do but properly attend to them. They are talents put into your hands, of which an account will be required of you hereafter; and, being possessed of one, two, or four, see to it that you double your number.

“The most amiable and most useful disposition in a young mind is diffidence of itself; and this should lead you to seek advice and instruction from him who is your natural guardian, and will always counsel and direct you in the best manner, both for your present and future happiness. You are in possession of a natural good understanding, and of spirits unbroken by adversity and untamed with care. Improve your understanding by acquiring useful knowledge and virtue, such as will render you an ornament to society, an honor to your country, and a blessing to your parents. Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value and small estimation, unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity are added to them. Adhere to those religious sentiments and principles which were early instilled into your mind, and remember that you are accountable to your Maker for all your words and actions. Let me enjoin it upon you to attend constantly and steadfastly to the precepts and instructions of your father, as you value the happiness of your mother and your own welfare. His care and attention to you ren-

der many things unnecessary for me to write, which I might otherwise do; but the inadvertency and heedlessness of youth require line upon line and precept upon precept, and, when enforced by the joint efforts of both parents, will, I hope, have a due influence upon your conduct; for, dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child.

“You have entered early in life upon the great theatre of the world, which is full of temptations and vice of every kind. You are not wholly unacquainted with history, in which you have read of crimes which your inexperienced mind could scarcely believe credible. You have been taught to think of them with horror, and to view vice as

‘A monster of so frightful mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.’

Yet you must keep a strict guard upon yourself, or the odious monster will lose its terror by becoming familiar to you. The modern history of our own times furnishes as black a list of crimes as can be paralleled in ancient times, even if we go back to Nero, Caligula, Cæsar Borgia. Young as you are, the cruel war into which we have been compelled by the haughty tyrant of Britain and the bloody emissaries of his vengeance, may stamp upon your mind this certain truth, that the welfare and prosperity of all countries, communities, and, I may add, individuals, de-

pend upon their morals. That nation to which we were once united, as it has departed from justice, eluded and subverted the wise laws which formerly governed it, and suffered the worst of crimes to go unpunished, has lost its valor, wisdom, and humanity, and, from being the dread and terror of Europe, has sunk into derision and infamy.

"But, to quit political subjects, I have been greatly anxious for your safety, having never heard of the frigate since she sailed, till, about a week ago, a New York paper informed that she was taken and carried into Plymouth. I did not fully credit this report, though it gave me much uneasiness. I yesterday heard that a French vessel was arrived at Portsmouth, which brought news of the safe arrival of the Boston; but this wants confirmation. I hope it will not be long before I shall be assured of your safety. You must write me an account of your voyage, of your situation, and of every thing entertaining you can recollect.

"Be assured, I am most affectionately

"Your mother, ABIGAIL ADAMS."

But it was destined to have no reply, and for a year and a half she heard nothing of her boy. He had gone with Mr. Francis Dana to Russia as his private secretary, and the years that rolled away ere she again met him, were accounted the saddest of her checkered life.

One other son she felt was safe with his father; but there came a person with tidings which filled her soul with apprehensions. At Corunna a young boy

was pointed out to him as the son of Mr. Adams, and this was all. Cruel suspense kept her wretched for weary days, for if there, he was on his way home; and the fearful imageries she was ever conjuring up in her brain, unfitted her for that patient waiting she was forced to endure. The thoughts of her little child alone, or under the care of some indifferent stranger, on board a miserable ship in mid-ocean, was harrowing, and not until he was safe at last with her could she be composed. Three years passed quietly in the modest home at Braintree, and sadly to the American Minister, who grew dispirited at the wearying processes of forming treaties and alliances, but no bright ray intervened to cheer the long-divided friends. She says: "I feel unable to sustain even the idea that it will be half that period ere we meet again. Could we live to the age of the antediluvians, we might better support this separation; but when threescore years and ten circumscribe the life of man, how painful is the idea that of that short space only a few years of social happiness are our allotted portion." The uncertainty of Mr. Adams' return, and the many reasons given for his probable residence abroad many years, together with the desire of Mrs. Adams' life, to be once again with her husband, induced her to make up her mind to go to him. But winter had come, and she dared not undertake alone a voyage so fraught with hardships. She looked upon her children, and her heart wavered; her father's words rang in her ears, "You must never go, child, whilst I live," and she hushed the cry of her own heart, and walked forward patiently and hopefully.

Mr. Dana, who had gone with Mr. Adams as private secretary, and afterward been sent to Russia as Minister, returned home. She writes: "While I was in town, Mr. Dana arrived very unexpectedly, for I had not received your letters by Mr. Thaxter. My uncle discovered him as he came up State street, and instantly engaged him to dine with him, acquainting him that I was in town, and at his house. The news soon reached my ears, 'Mr. Dana arrived! Mr. Dana arrived!' from every person you saw; but how was I affected? The tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes. Though God is my witness, I envied not the felicity of others; yet my heart swelled with grief, and the idea that I—I only—was left alone, recalled all the tender scenes of separation, and overcame all my fortitude. I retired, and reasoned myself into composure sufficient to see him without childish emotion." The long, monotonous winter passed, and when the warm spring days came, the self-reliant wife was ready for her journey. Business all arranged; her sons with relatives; house closed, and she with her daughter ready to bid adieu to the many friends who crowded around her.

There was nothing now to bind her to her native land. The one strong tie which held her was dissolved. No fears now of leaving her father to suffer in his old age; no anxieties lest he should mourn and repine at parting. He was laid beside the mother she so loved, and when she left the shores of her native land, he had gone home, and the grass was beginning to grow upon his new-made grave.

Accompanied by her only daughter, she sailed in the ship "Active." Her journal at sea is so interesting, that detached portions are quoted.

"I have been sixteen days at sea, and have not attempted to write a single letter. 'Tis true, I have kept a journal whenever I was able; but that must be close locked up, unless I was sure to hand it you with safety. 'Tis said of the Roman Censor, that one of the three things which he regretted during his life was, going once by sea when he might have made his journey by land. I fancy the philosopher was not proof against that most disheartening, dispiriting malady, sea-sickness. Of this I am very sure, that no lady would ever wish a second time to try the sea, were the objects of her pursuit within the reach of a land journey. I have had frequent occasions, since I came on board, to recollect an observation of my best friend's, that 'no being in nature was so disagreeable as a lady at sea,' and this recollection has, in a great measure, reconciled me to the thought of being at sea without him; for one would not wish, my dear sister, to be thought of in that light by those to whom we would wish to appear in our best array. The decency and decorum of the most delicate female must, in some measure, yield to the necessities of nature; and if you have no female capable of rendering you the least assistance, you will feel grateful to any one who will feel for you, and relieve or compassionate your sufferings. And this was truly the case of your poor sister and all her female companions, when not one of us could make her own bed, put on or take off her

shoes, or even lift a finger. As to our other clothing, we wore the greater part of it until we were able to help ourselves.

“Added to this misfortune, Briesler, my man-servant, was as bad as any of us. * * * Our sickness continued for ten days, with some intermission. We crawled upon deck whenever we were able, but it was so cold and damp that we could not remain long upon it; and the confinement of the air below, the constant rolling of the vessel, and the nausea of the ship, which was much too tight, contributed to keep up our disease. The vessel is very deep-loaded with oil and potash. The oil leaks, the potash smokes and ferments. All adds to the flavor. When you add to all this the horrid dirtiness of the ship, the slovenliness of the steward, and the unavoidable slopping and spilling occasioned by the tossing of the ship, I am sure you will be thankful that the pen is not in the hand of Swift or Smollet, and still more so that you are far removed from the scene.

* * * * *

“’Tis not a little attention that we ladies stand in need of at sea; for it is not once in the twenty-four hours that we can cross the cabin without being held or assisted. Nor can we go upon deck without the assistance of two gentlemen; and, when there, we are always bound into our chairs. Whilst you, I imagine, are scorching under the midsummer heat, we can comfortably bear our double calico gowns, our baize ones upon them, and a cloth cloak in addition to all these.

* * * * *

“As to wind and weather since we came out, they have been very fortunate for us in general. We have had three calm days, and two days contrary winds—with a storm, I called it; but the sailors say it was only a breeze. This was upon the banks of Newfoundland, the wind at east; through the day we could not sit in our chairs, only as some gentleman sat by us with his arm fastened into ours, and his feet braced against a table or chair that was lashed down with ropes; bottles, mugs, plates, crashing to pieces, first on one side and then on the other; the sea running mountain-high, and knocking against the sides of the vessel as though it would burst them. When I became so fatigued with the incessant motion as not to be able to sit any longer, I was assisted into my cabin, where I was obliged to hold myself in with all my might the remainder of the night. No person who is a stranger to the sea can form an adequate idea of the debility occasioned by sea-sickness. The hard rocking of a ship in a storm, and the want of sleep for many nights, altogether reduce one to such a lassitude that you care little for your fate. The old seamen thought nothing of all this, nor once entertained an idea of danger. Compared to what they have suffered, I do suppose it was trifling; but to me it was alarming, and I most heartily prayed, if this was only a breeze, to be delivered from a storm. If the wind and weather continue as favorable as they have hitherto been, we expect to make our passage in thirty days, which is going a hundred miles a day. 'Tis a vast tract of ocean which we have to traverse. I

have contemplated it with its various appearances. It is, indeed, a secret world of wonders, and one of the sublimest objects in nature.

“ ‘Thou mak’st the foaming billows roar,
Thou mak’st the roaring billows sleep.’

They proclaim the Deity, and are objects too vast for the control of feeble man. That Being alone who ‘maketh the clouds His chariots, and rideth upon the wings of the wind,’ is equal to the government of this stupendous part of creation.”

“7th July, 1784.

“If I did not write every day, I should lose the days of the month and of the week; confined all day on account of the weather, which is foggy, misty, and wet. You can hardly judge how irksome this confinement is. When the whole ship is at our service, it is little better than a prison. We suppose ourselves near the Western Isles. O dear variety! how pleasing to the human mind is change! I cannot find such a fund of entertainments within myself as not to require outward objects for my amusement. Nature abounds with variety, and the mind, unless fixed down by habit, delights in contemplating new objects; and the variety of scenes which present themselves to the senses were entirely designed to prevent our attention from being too long fixed upon any one object. ‘This,’ says a late celebrated medical writer, ‘greatly conduces to the health of the animal frame. Your studious people and your deep thinkers,’ he observes, ‘seldom enjoy either health or spirits.’

"I went, last evening, upon deck, at the invitation of Mr. Foster, to view the phenomenon of nature, a blazing ocean. A light flame spreads over the ocean, in appearance with thousands of thousands of sparkling gems, resembling our fire-flies in a dark night. It has a most beautiful appearance. I never view the ocean without being filled with ideas of the sublime.

"Monday we had a fair wind, but too much to be able to write, as it was right aft, and we pitched exceedingly, which is a motion more disagreeable to me than the rocking, though less fatiguing. On Tuesday a calm. Should you not suppose that in a calm we at least had the satisfaction of lying still? Alas! it is far otherwise, as my flesh and bones witness; a calm generally succeeds a storm or a fresh breeze; the sea has a great swell after the wind is silent, so that the ship lies entirely at the mercy of the waves, and is knocked from side to side with a force you can form no idea of without experience. I have been more wearied and worn out with the motion and exercise of a calm, than in riding fifty miles in a day. We have had three days in succession nearly calm; the first is the most troublesome, as the motion of the sea subsides in a degree. It is, however, a great trial of one's patience to think yourself within a few days of your desired spot, to look at it as the promised land, and yet to be held fast.

"Ye too, ye winds, I raise my voice to you.

In what far-distant region of the sky,

Hushed in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?"

"I begin to think that a calm is not desirable in any situation in life. Every object is most beautiful in motion; a ship under sail, trees gently agitated with the wind, and a fine woman dancing, are three instances in point. Man was made for action, and for bustle, too, I believe. I am quite out of conceit with calms. I have more reason for it, too, than many others, for the dampness of the ship has for several days threatened me with the rheumatism; and yesterday morning I was seized with it in good earnest. I could not raise my head, nor get out of bed without assistance. I had a good deal of fever, and was very sick. I was fearful of this before I came to sea, and had proper medicine put up, which the doctor administered. What with that, good nursing, and rubbing, flannel, &c., I am able, to-day, to sit up in my bed and write, as you see. To-day we have a small wind, but 'tis right ahead. This is still mortifying, but what we had reason to expect.

"We have but one passenger whom we should have been willing to have been without; I have no particular reason to dislike him as he is studiously complaisant to me; but I know his politeness to me is not personally upon my own account, but because of my connection which gives me importance sufficient to entitle me to his *notice*. Abby says he is exactly such a character as Mr. A——. I really think there is a striking resemblance. He was always inquiring, 'Who was such a general? What was his origin and rank in life?' I have felt a disposition to quarrel with him several times, but have restrained myself,

and only observed to him, mildly, that merit, not title, gave a man preëminence in our country; that I did not doubt it was a mortifying circumstance to the British nobility to find themselves so often conquered by mechanics and mere husbandmen; but that we esteemed it our glory to draw such characters not only into the field, but into the Senate; and I believe no one would deny they had shone in both. All our passengers enjoyed this conversation, and the *gentleman* was civil enough to drop the subject; but the venom spits out very often; yet the creature is sensible and entertaining when upon indifferent subjects. He is a haughty Scotchman; he hates the French, and upon all occasions ridicules them and their country. I fancy, from his haughty airs, that his own rank in life has not been superior to those whom he affects to despise. He is not a man of liberal sentiments, and is less beloved than any passenger we have on board. A man's humor contributes much to the making him agreeable or otherwise. Dark and sour humors, especially those who have a spice of malevolence in them, are vastly disagreeable. Such men have no music in their souls. I believe he would hardly be so complaisant, if he knew how meanly I thought of him, but he deserves it all; his whole countenance shows his heart.

"Heaven be praised, I have safely landed upon the British coast. How flattering, how smooth the ocean, how delightful was Sunday, the 18th of July. We flattered ourselves with the prospect of a gentle breeze to carry us on shore at Portsmouth, where we agreed to land, as going up the channel always proves tedious;

but on Sunday night the wind shifted to the south west, which, upon this coast, is the same with our north-east winds. It blew a gale on Sunday night, on Monday and Monday night, equal to an equinoctial. We were obliged to carry double-reefed top-sails only, and what added to our misfortune, was that though we had made land the day before, it was so thick that we could not certainly determine what land it was. It is now Tuesday, and I have slept only four hours since Saturday night, such was the tossing and tumbling on board our ship. The Captain never left the deck the whole time either to eat or sleep, though they told me there was no danger; nor do I suppose that there really was any, as we had sea-room enough. Yet the great number of vessels constantly coming out of the channel, and the apprehensions of being run down, or being nearer land than we imagined, kept me constantly agitated. * * * The Captain came to anchor with his ship in the Downs, and the little town of Deal lay before us. Some of the gentlemen talked of going on shore with the pilot-boat, and sending for us if the wind subsided. The boat was about as large as a Charlestown ferry-boat, and the distance from the ship about twice as far as from Boston to Charlestown; a shore as bold as Nasket's beach; no wharf, but you must be run right on shore by a wave, where a number of men stand to catch hold of the boat and pull it up. The surf ran six feet high, but this we did not know until driven on by a wave; for the pilots, eager to get money, assured the gentlemen they could land us safely without

our being wet, and as we saw no prospect of its being better through the day, we accordingly agreed to go. We were wrapped up and lowered from the ship into the boat; the whole ship's crew eager to assist us; the gentlemen attentive and kind as though we were all brothers and sisters. We have spent a month together and were as happy as the sea would permit us to be.

“We set off from the vessel, now mounting upon the top of a wave high as a steeple, and then so low that the boat was not to be seen. I could keep myself up no other way than as one of the gentlemen stood braced up against the boat, having fast hold of me, and I with both my arms round him; the other ladies were held in the same manner, whilst every wave gave us a broadside, and finally a wave landed us with the utmost force upon the beach, the broad side of the boat right against the shore, which was owing to the bad management of the men, and the high-sea. We consequently all pressed upon the side next the shore, to get out as quick as possible, which we need not have done, if we had known what I afterward found to be the case: that it was the only way in which we could be landed, and not, as I at first supposed, owing to the bad management of the boatmen. We should have sat still for a succession of waves to have carried us up higher, but the roar of them terrified us all, and we expected the next would fill our boat; so out we sprang, as fast as possible, sinking every step into the sand, and looking like a parcel of naiads, just rising from the sea. A public house was fortunately just at

hand, into which we thankfully entered, changed our clothing, dried ourselves, and not being able to procure carriages that day, we engaged them for six o'clock the next morning, and took lodgings there all of us, ten in number."

Mrs. Adams reached London the twenty-third of July, 1784. "My first inquiry," she says, "was for Mr. Adams. I found that my son had been a month waiting for my arrival, expecting me with Callaghen, but that upon getting letters by him, he returned to the Hague." Her son retraced his steps at once to London, and when he presented himself, his mother and sister could scarcely convince themselves that he was the same, "his eyes only appearing," says his mother, "what he once was." It was the first time she had seen him in six years, and he had grown out of all infantine appearance. Meeting her husband, Mrs. Adams and her two children proceeded with him to Paris, and established themselves at Anteuil, a small village adjoining Passy, the residence of Doctor Franklin. One year the long severed family remained at this beautiful retreat, and then took up their residence in London, Mr. Adams having been appointed minister to that government. Mrs. Adams found herself, at the age of forty, suddenly transplanted into a scene wholly new. From a life of the utmost retirement, in a small and quiet country town of New England, she was at once thrown into the busy and bustling scenes of the populous and wealthy cities of Europe. Not only was her position novel to herself, but there had been nothing like it among her countrywomen.

She was the first representative of her sex from the United States at the court of Great Britain. The impressions made upon her mind were, therefore, received when it was uncommonly open and free from ordinary restraints, which an established routine of precedents is apt to create. Her residence in France during the first year of her European experience, appears to have been much enjoyed, notwithstanding the embarrassment felt by her from not speaking the language. That in England, which lasted three years, was somewhat affected by the temper of the sovereign: George and his queen could not get over the mortification at tending the loss of the American Colonies, nor at all times suppress the manifestation of it, when the presence of their minister forced the subject on their recollection. An extract from a letter describing her presentation to the court is too characteristic to be passed over.

“The ceremony of presentation here is considered as indispensable. There are four minister-plenipotentiaries’ ladies here, but one ambassador, and he has no lady. One is obliged here to attend the circles of the queen, which are held in summer once a fortnight, but once a week the rest of the year; and what renders it exceedingly expensive is, that you cannot go twice the same season in the same dress, and a court dress you cannot make use of anywhere else. I directed my mantua-maker to let my dress be elegant, but plain as I could possibly appear with decency; accordingly it is white lutestring, covered and full trimmed with white crape, festooned with lilac ribbon and mock point lace.

over a hoop of enormous extent. * * * At two o'clock we went to the circle, which is in the drawing-room of the queen. We passed through several apartments, lined as usual with spectators upon these occasions. As I passed into the drawing-room, Lord Carmarthen and Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer were presented to me. The Swedish and Polish ministers made their compliments, and several other gentlemen; but not a single lady did I know until the Countess of Effingham came, who was very civil. There were three young ladies, daughters of the Marquis of Lothian, who were to be presented at the same time, and two brides. We were placed in a circle round the drawing-room, which was very full, I believe two hundred persons present. Only think of the task. The royal family have to go round to every person, and find small talk enough to speak to all of them, though they very prudently speak in a whisper, so that only the person who stands next you can hear what is said. The king enters the room, and goes round to the right; the queen and the princesses, to the left. The lord-in-waiting presents you to the king; and the lady-in-waiting does the same to her majesty. The king is a personable man; but, my dear sister, he has a certain countenance, which you and I have often remarked: a red face and white eyebrows. The queen has a similar countenance; and the numerous royal family confirm the observation. Persons are not placed according to their rank in the drawing-room, but promiscuously; and when the king comes in, he takes persons as they stand. When he came to me, Lord Onslow said, 'Mrs. Adams;' upon

which I drew off my right-hand glove, and his Majesty saluted my left cheek; then asked me if I had taken a walk to-day. I could have told his Majesty that I had been all the morning preparing to wait upon him; but I replied, 'No, Sire.' 'Why, don't you love walking?' says he. I answered, that I was rather indolent in that respect. He then bowed and passed on.

"It was more than two hours after this before it came to my turn to be presented to the queen. The circle was so large that the company were four hours standing. The queen was evidently embarrassed when I was presented to her. I had disagreeable feelings, too. She, however, said, 'Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?' whilst the Princess Royal looked compassionate, and asked me if I was not much fatigued; and observed that it was a very full drawing-room. Her sister, who came next, Princess Augusta, after having asked your niece if she was ever in England before, and her answering 'yes,' inquired of me how long ago, and supposed it was when she was very young. And all this is said with much affability, and the ease and freedom of old acquaintance. The manner in which they make their tour round the room is, first, the queen, the lady-in-waiting behind her, holding up her train; next to her, the Princess Royal; after her Princess Augusta, and their lady-in-waiting behind them. They are pretty rather than beautiful, well-shaped, with fair complexions, and a tincture of the king's countenance.

"The two sisters look much alike: they were both dressed in black and silver silk, with a silver netting

upon the coat, and their heads full of diamond pins. The queen was in purple and silver. She is not well-shaped nor handsome. As to the ladies of the court, rank and title may compensate for want of personal charms; but they are, in general, very plain, ill-shaped, and ugly."

The subsequent conduct of the queen was hardly as good as on this first occasion, and Mrs. Adams appears never to have forgotten it, for, at a much later period, when, in consequence of the French Revolution, the throne of England was thought to be in danger, she writes to her daughter with regret at the prospect for the country, but without sympathy for the queen. "Humiliation for Charlotte," she says, "is no sorrow for me; she richly deserves her full portion for the contempt and scorn which she took pains to discover."

Mrs. Adams' penetrating eye and discerning mind protected her against the fault so fashionable now, of preferring foreign luxuries and elegancies, to her more humble home in the United States, and she writes to her sister, that she should quit Europe with more pleasure than she came into it, uncontaminated, she says, with its vices and manners. "I have learned," she continues, "to know the world and its value; I have seen high life; I have witnessed the luxury and pomp of state, the power of riches and the influence of titles, and have beheld all ranks bow before them as the only shrine worthy of worship. Notwithstanding this, I feel that I can return to my little cottage, and be happier than here; and, if we have not wealth,

we have what is better—integrity. As to the ladies of this country, their manners appear to be totally depraved. It is in the middle ranks of society that virtue and morality are yet to be found. Nothing does more injury to the female character than frequenting public places; and the rage which prevails now for the watering-places, and the increased number of them, are become a national evil, as they promote and encourage dissipation, mix all characters promiscuously, and are the resort of the most unprincipled female characters who are not ashamed to show their faces wherever men dare to go. Modesty and diffidence are called ill-breeding and ignorance of the world; an impudent stare is substituted in lieu of that modest deportment and that retiring grace which awes while it enchants.

“To derive a proper improvement from company, it ought to be select, and to consist of persons respectable both for their morals and their understanding: but such is the prevailing taste, that provided you can be in a crowd, with here and there a glittering star, it is considered of little importance what the character of the person is who wears it.

“Few consider that the foundation-stone and the pillar on which they erect the fabric of their felicity, must be in their own hearts, otherwise the winds of dissipation will shake it, and the floods of pleasure overwhelm it in ruins. What is the chief end of man? is a subject well worth the investigation of every rational being. What, indeed, is life, or its enjoyment, without settled principles, laudable purposes,

mental exertions, and internal comfort, that sunshine of the soul ; and how are these to be acquired in the hum and tumult of the world ? ”

In the summer of 1788, Mr. Adams requested and received permission to return home. During her absence in Europe, Mrs. Adams had resided one year in France and three years in England. She had made several excursions of several days, to visit some of the beautiful scenes and magnificent country seats which abound in England ; and before her return, had, in company with her husband, visited the scarcely less magnificent scenery of the Netherlands. In her own country she had from her childhood been accustomed to view and admire the scenery between her native village and Boston, scarcely surpassed for natural beauty by any object upon earth. In France, in England, in Holland she had seen the highest attainments of art and the most unbounded profusion of wealth lavished to improve and adorn the simple beauties of nature.

The Government was organized under its present Constitution in April, 1789, and Mr. Adams was elected Vice-President. He established himself in New York, and from there Mrs. Adams writes to her sister, “ that she would return to Braintree during the recess of Congress, but the season of the year renders the attempt impracticable.” She speaks of the “ drawing-rooms ” held by Mrs. Washington, and the many invitations she receives to entertainments, but mentions that the health of herself, and the illness of her son deters her from going much into society. Af

ter a residence of one year in New York, the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia. She says in a letter to her daughter, "that she dined with the President in company with the ministers and ladies of the court," and that "he asked very affectionately after her and the children," and "at the table picked the sugar plums from a cake and requested me to take them for Master John." In February, 1797, Mr. Adams succeeded President Washington, and from Braintree she wrote one of the most beautiful of all her noble effusions:

"The sun is dressed in brightest beams
To give thy honors to the day.

"And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people; give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people:' were the words of a royal sovereign, and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty. My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to heaven are that 'the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the im-

portant trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of yours—”

Soon as the funeral rites of Mrs. Adams, the venerable mother of President Adams, were performed, and the sad leave-takings over, Mrs. Adams set out to join her husband at Philadelphia, from whence the seat of government was removed in June, 1800, to Washington City.

Her impression of the place is graphically described in the following letter to her daughter, Mrs. Smith:

“WASHINGTON, November 21st, 1800.

“MY DEAR CHILD:—

“I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty. But woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city,—which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those

attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables: an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood; a small part, a few cords only, has been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him

to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals: but we cannot get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a new country.

“You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all within-side, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor and one for a levee room. Up-stairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now, but when completed will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it. Since I sat down to write, I have been called down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a billet from Major Custis, and a haunch of venison, and a kind, congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lewis, upon my arrival in the city, with Mrs. Washington’s love, inviting me to Mount Vernon, where, health per-

mitting, I will go, before I leave this place. * * * Two articles are much distressed for: the one is bells, but the more important one is wood. Yet you cannot see wood for trees. No arrangement has been made, but by promises never performed, to supply the newcomers with fuel. Of the promises, Briesler had received his full share. He had procured nine cords of wood: between six and seven of that was kindly burnt up to dry the walls of the house, which ought to have been done by the commissioners, but which, if left to them, would have remained undone to this day. Congress poured in, but shiver, shiver. No wood-cutters nor carters to be had at any rate. We are now indebted to a Pennsylvania waggon to bring us, through the first clerk in the Treasury Office, one cord and a half of wood, which is all we have for this house, where twelve fires are constantly required, and where, we are told, the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn. Briesler procured two hundred bushels of coal, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every person. The public officers have sent to Philadelphia for wood-cutters and waggons."

"The vessel which has my clothes and other matter is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room; I have no looking-glasses, but dwarfs, for this house; nor a twentieth part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen, many were broken, by the removal; amongst the number, my tea-china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing. My rooms are very pleasant, and warm, whilst the doors of the hall are closed.

"You can scarce believe that here in this wilderness-city, I should find myself so occupied as it is. My visitors, some of them, come three and four miles. The return of one of them is the work of one day. Most of the ladies reside in Georgetown, or in scattered parts of the city at two and three miles distance. We have all been very well as yet; if we can by any means get wood, we shall not let our fires go out, but it is at a price indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine. Some say it will fall, but there must be more industry than is to be found here to bring half enough to the market for the consumption of the inhabitants."

The Hon. John Cotton Smith, a member of Congress, from Connecticut, describing Washington as it appeared to him on his arrival there, wrote as follows:

"Our approach to the city was accompanied with sensations not easily described. One wing of the Capitol only had been erected, which, with the President's House, a mile distant from it, both constructed with white sandstone, were striking objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Instead of recognizing the avenues and streets portrayed on the plan of the city, not one was visible unless we except a road, with two buildings on each side of it, called the New Jersey Avenue. The Pennsylvania, leading as laid down on paper, from the Capitol to the Presidential mansion, was then nearly the whole distance a deep morass, covered with alder bushes, which were cut through the width of the intended Avenue the then ensuing winter. * * * * The roads in every di

rection were muddy and unimproved; a side-walk was attempted in one instance by a covering formed of the chips of the stones which had been hewed for the Capitol. It extended but a little way, and was of little value, for in dry weather the sharp fragments cut our shoes, and in wet weather covered them with white mortar; in short, it was a new settlement. The houses, with two or three exceptions, had been very recently erected, and the operation greatly hurried in view of the approaching transfer of the national government. A laughable desire was manifested by what few citizens and residents there were, to render our condition as pleasant as circumstances would permit. Notwithstanding the unfavorable aspect which Washington presented on our arrival, I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of its local position. From the Capitol you have a distinct view of its fine, undulating surface, situated at the confluence of the Potomac and its Eastern Branch, the wide expanse of that majestic river to the bend at Mount Vernon, the cities of Alexandria and Georgetown, and the cultivated fields and blue hills of Maryland and Virginia on either side of the river, the whole constituting a prospect of surpassing beauty and grandeur. The city has also the inestimable advantage of delightful water, in many instances flowing from copious springs, and always attainable by digging to a moderate depth."

"Some portions of the city are forty miles from Baltimore. The situation is indeed beautiful and pleasant.

"The President's house was built to be looked at by

visitors and strangers, and will render its occupants an object of ridicule with some and of pity with others. It must be cold and damp in winter, and cannot be kept in tolerable order without a regiment of servants. There are but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts, which present an awful contrast to the public buildings. The people are poor, and as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other."

The first New-Year's reception at the White House was held by President Adams in 1801. The house was only partially furnished, and Mrs. Adams used the oval room up stairs, now the library, as a drawing-room. The formal etiquette established by Mrs. Washington at New York and Philadelphia was kept up in the wilderness-city by Mrs. Adams.

At this time the health of Mrs. Adams, which had never been very firm, began decidedly to fail. Her residence at Philadelphia had not been favorable, as it had subjected her to the attack of an intermittent fever, from the effects of which she was never afterwards perfectly free. The desire to enjoy the bracing air of her native climate, as well as to keep together the private property of her husband, upon which she early foresaw that he would be obliged to rely for their support in their last years, prompted her to reside much of her time at Quincy.

Thus closed Mrs. Adams' life in Washington, which she has given in the preceding letters; and spring found her once more in her Massachusetts home, recuperating her failing health. She lived in Washington only

four months—and yet she is inseparably connected with it. She was mistress of the White House less than half a year, but she stamped it with her individuality, and none have lived there since who have not looked upon her as the model and guide. It is not asserting too much, to observe that the first occupant of that historic house stands without a rival, and receives a mead of praise awarded to no other American woman.

In the midst of public or private troubles, the buoyant spirit of Mrs. Adams never forsook her. "I am a mortal enemy," she wrote upon one occasion to her husband, "to anything but a cheerful countenance and a merry heart, which Solomon tells us does good like a medicine." "This spirit contributed greatly to lift up his heart, when surrounded by difficulties and dangers, exposed to open hostility, and secret detraction, and resisting a torrent of invective, such as it may well be doubted whether any other individual in public station in the United States has ever tried to stem. It was this spirit which soothed his wounded feelings when the country, which he had served in the full consciousness of the perfect honesty of his motives, threw him off, and signified its preference for other statesmen. There are oftener, even in this life, more compensations for the severest of the troubles that afflict mankind, than we are apt to think."

The sacrifices made by Mrs. Adams during the long era of war, pestilence, and famine, deserves and should receive from a nation's gratitude a monument as high and massive as her illustrious husband's.

Let it be reared in the hearts of the women of America, who may proudly claim her as a model, and let her fame be transmitted to remotest posterity—the “Portia” of the rebellious provinces.

Statues and monuments belong rather to a bygone than a present time, and are indicative of a less degree of culture than we of this century boast. The pages of history are the truest, safest sarcophagi of greatness, and embalm in their records the lives of the master-workers. Not in marble or bronze be her memory perpetuated, for we need no such hieroglyphics in this country of free schools. Place her history in the libraries of America, and the children of freedom will live over her deeds. To the crumbling monarchies of Europe on their way to ruin, it may be necessary to erect statues of past greatness, that some shadow of their nothingness may remain as warnings; but the men and women of revolutionary memory, are become a part and parcel of this government, whose very existence must be wiped from the face of the earth ere one jot or tittle of their fame is lost.

In viewing the character of Mrs. Adams, as it looms up in the pages of the past, we can but regret that she occupied no more enlarged sphere. The woman who could reply as she did to the question, (“Had you known that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone?”)—could have filled any position in civil life. “If I had known,” she replied, after a moment’s hesitation, “that Mr. Adams could have effected what

he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three more years should be added to the number. I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the great community."

With the marked characteristics which made her determined and resolute, she could have occupied any post of honor requiring a strong mind and clear perceptions of right; cut off, as was her sex, from participation in the struggle around her; confined by custom to the lonely and wearisome monotony of her country home, she nevertheless stamped her character upon the hearts of her countrymen, and enrolled her name among its workers. Had she been called into any of the departments of State, or required to fill any place of trust, hers would have been an enviable name; even as it is, she occupies the foreground of the Revolutionary history, and so powerful were the energies of her soul, that biographers and historians have deemed it worth their while to deny, in lengthy terms, her influence over her husband, and exert every argument to prove that she in no way controlled his actions. The opinions of men differ on this point, and the students of American biographies decide the questions from their own stand-points. Yet who will not venture to assert, that with the culture bestowed upon her which many men received, she would have towered

high above them in their pride and selfishness? Circumscribed by the usages of society, she could only live in her imagination, and impress upon her children the great ideas that were doomed to fritter away uselessly in her brain. Indifferent to the charms of fashionable life, deprived of the luxuries which too often enervate and render worthless the capacities of woman, she was as independent and self-supporting in her actions, as were the inspirations of her mind; and through good and evil report, conduced by her example to place that reliance in her country's success which in a great measure secured its independence. Her character was one of undeviating fairness and frank truthfulness, free from affectation and vanity.

From the year 1801 down to the day of her death, a period of seventeen years, she lived uninterruptedly at Quincy. The old age of Mrs. Adams was not one of grief and repining, of clouds and darkness; her cheerfulness continued with the full possession of her faculties to the last, and her sunny spirit enlivened the small social circle around her, brightened the solitary hours of her husband, and spread the influence of its example over the town where she lived. "Yesterday," she writes, to a grand-daughter, on the 26th of October, 1814, "completes half a century since I entered the marriage state, then just your age. I have great cause of thankfulness that I have lived so long and enjoyed so large a portion of happiness as has been my lot. The greatest source of unhappiness I have known, in that period, has arisen from the long and cruel separations which I was called, in a time of

war, and with a young family around me, to submit to."

The appointment of her eldest son as Minister to Great Britain, by President Madison, was a life-long satisfaction to her; and the testimony President Monroe gave her of his worth, by making him his Secretary of State, was the crowning mercy of her life. Had she been spared a few years longer, she would have enjoyed seeing him hold the position his father had occupied before him. Mrs. Adams lost three of her children: a daughter in infancy; a son grown to manhood, who died in 1800; and in 1813 her only remaining daughter, Abigail, the wife of Colonel William S. Smith.

The warmest feelings of friendship had existed between Mr. Jefferson and herself until a difference in political sentiments, developed during the administration of President Washington, disturbed the social relations existing. "Both Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson tried as hard as men could do, to resist the natural effect upon them of their antagonist positions.† They strove each in turn, to stem the proscriptive fury of the parties to which they belonged, and that with equally bad success."

"Mrs. Adams felt as women only feel, what she regarded as the ungenerous conduct of Mr. Jefferson towards her husband during the latter part of his public life, and when she retired from Washington, notwithstanding the kindest professions from his mouth were yet ringing in her ears, all communication between the parties ceased. Still, there remained on both sides, pleasant rem-

iniscences to soften the irritation that had taken place, and to open a way for reconciliation whenever circumstances should present a suitable opportunity." The little daughter of Mr. Jefferson, in whom Mrs. Adams had taken so much interest in 1787, had in the interval grown into a woman, and had been married to Mr. Eppes of Virginia. In 1804 she ceased to be numbered among the living, and almost against her own judgment Mrs. Adams wrote to him. He seemed to be much affected by this testimony of her sympathy, and replied, not confining himself to the subject matter of her letter, and added a request to know her reasons for the estrangement that had occurred. Without the knowledge of her husband she replied to him, but he at first did not choose to believe her assertion. "Fortunately, the original endorsement, made in the handwriting of letters retained by herself, will serve to put this matter beyond question." Her last letter to him we give entire:

"QUINCY, 25th October, 1804.

"SIR: Sickness for three weeks past has prevented my acknowledging the receipt of your letter of Sept. 11th. When I first addressed you, I little thought of entering into a correspondence with you upon subjects of a political nature. I will not regret it, as it has led to some elucidations, and brought on some explanations, which place in a more favorable light occurrences which had wounded me.

Having once entertained for you a respect and esteem, founded upon the character of an affectionate

parent, a kind master, a candid and benevolent friend, I could not suffer different political opinions to obliterate them from my mind. I felt the truth of the observation, that the heart is long, very long in receiving the conviction that is forced upon it by reason. It was not until circumstances occurred to place you in the light of a rewarder and encourager of a libeler, whom you could not but detest and despise, that I withdrew the esteem I had long entertained for you. Nor can you wonder, Sir, that I should consider as a personal unkindness, the instance I have mentioned. I am pleased to find that which respected my son altogether unfounded. He was, as you conjecture, appointed a commissioner of bankruptcy, together with Judge Dawes, and continued to serve in it with perfect satisfaction to all parties (at least I never heard the contrary), until *superseded* by the appointment of others. The idea suggested that no one was in office, and consequently no removal could take place, I cannot consider in any other light than what the gentlemen of the law would term a quibble—as such I pass it. Judge Dawes was continued or re-appointed, which placed Mr. Adams in a more conspicuous light as the object of personal resentment. Nor could I, upon this occasion, refrain calling to mind the last visit you made me at Washington, when in the course of conversation you assured me, that if it should lay in your power at any time to serve me or my family, nothing would give you more pleasure. With respect to the office, it was a small object, but the disposition of the remover was considered by me as the barbed arrow. This, how

ever, by your declaration, is withdrawn from my mind. With the public it will remain. And here, Sir, may I be allowed to pause, and ask whether, in your ardent desire to rectify the mistakes and abuses, as you may term them, of the former administrations, you may not be led into measures still more fatal to the Constitution, and more derogatory to your honor and independence of character? I know, from the observations which I have made, that there is not a more difficult part devolves upon a chief magistrate, nor one which subjects him to more reproach and censure, than the appointments to office. And all the patronage which this enviable power gives him is but a poor compensation for the responsibility to which it subjects him. It would be well, however, to weigh and consider characters, as it respects their moral worth and integrity. He who is not true to himself, nor just to others, seeks an office for the benefit of himself, unmindful of that of his country. I cannot accord with you in opinion that the Constitution ever meant to withhold from the National Government the power of self defence; or that it could be considered an infringement of the liberty of the press, to punish the licentiousness of it. Time must determine, and posterity will judge with more candor and impartiality, I hope, than the conflicting parties of our day, what measures have best promoted the happiness of the people; and what raised them from a state of depression and degradation to wealth, honor and reputation; what has made them affluent at home and respected abroad; and to whomsoever the tribute is due, to

them may it be given. I will not further intrude upon your time ; but close this correspondence by my wishes that you may be directed to that path which may terminate in the prosperity and happiness of the people over whom you are placed, by administering the government with justice and impartiality ; and be assured, Sir, no one will more rejoice in your success than

ABIGAIL ADAMS.

MEMORANDUM

subjoined to the copy of this letter, in the handwriting of Mr. Adams.

QUINCY, 19th November, 1804.

The whole of this correspondence was begun and conducted without my knowledge or suspicion. Last evening and this morning, at the desire of Mrs. Adams I read the whole. I have no remarks to make upon it, at this time and in this place.

J. ADAMS.

“A new and strong tie was beginning indeed to bind the stately old men together. They were speedily becoming the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—the last of the great actors and leaders of 1776. Their common and dearly-loved friend Rush had died in April, 1813, after a brief illness.”
Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Adams of this occurrence, and said: “Another of our friends of seventy-six is gone, my dear sir, another of the co-signers of the independence of our country. I believe we are under half a dozen at present ; I mean the signers of the

Declaration. Yourself, Gerry, Carroll and myself, are all I know to be living."

Appended to a letter from Adams to Jefferson, dated July 15th, 1813, we find the following:

"I have been looking for some time for a space in my good husband's letters to add the regards of an old friend, which are still cherished and preserved through all the changes and vicissitudes which have taken place since we first became acquainted, and will, I trust, remain as long as

"A. ADAMS."

"Mrs. Adams, like her husband, never again met Mr. Jefferson, but she had the opportunity, and eagerly availed herself of it, to bestow kindly and assiduous attentions on some of his family."

"She lost none of the imposing features of her character in the decline of life. An observing and intelligent gentleman who was a guest at Quincy within a year or two of her death, has given us a description of his visit. Mr. Adams shook as if palsied; but the mind and the heart were evidently sound. His spirits seemed as elastic as a boy's. He joked, laughed heartily, and talked about everybody and everything, past and present, with the most complete *abandon*. He seemed to our highly educated informant to be a vast encyclopedia of written and unwritten knowledge. It gushed out on every possible topic, but was mingled with lively anecdotes and sallies, and he exhibited a carelessness in his language which suggested anything but pedantry or an attempt at 'fine

talking.' In short, the brave old man was as delightful as he was commanding in conversation. While the guest was deeply enjoying this interview, an aged and stately female entered the apartment, and he was introduced to Mrs. Adams. A cap of exquisite lace surrounded features still exhibiting intellect and energy, though they did not wear the appearance of ever having been beautiful. Her dress was snowy white, and there was that immaculate neatness in her appearance which gives to age almost the sweetness of youth. With less warmth of manner and sociableness than Mr. Adams, she was sufficiently gracious, and her occasional remarks betrayed intellectual vigor and strong sense. The guest went away, feeling that he never again should behold such living specimens of the "great of old."

Mr. Randall, in his life of Jefferson, speaks of Mrs. Adams in connection with her letters thus:

"We must not judge too harshly of Mrs. Adams, or pronounce her destitute of womanly amiability. Her lofty lineaments carried a trace of the Puritan severity. They were those of the helmed Minerva, and not of the cestus-girdled Venus. Her correspondence uniformly exhibits a didactic personage—a little inclined to assume a sermonizing attitude, as befitted the well-trained and self-reliant daughter of a New England country clergyman—and a little inclined, after the custom of her people, to return thanks that she had not lot or part in anything that was not of Massachusetts. Perhaps the masculineness of her understanding extended somewhat to the firmness of her temper

But towering above and obscuring these minor angularities, she possessed a strength of intellectual and moral character, which commands our unqualified admiration. Her decision would have manifested itself for her friend or her cause, when softer spirits would have shrunk away, or been paralyzed with terror. When her New-England frigidness gave way and kindled into enthusiasm, it was not the burning straw, but the red hot steel. On the stranding deck, at the gibbet's foot, in any other deadly pass where undaunted moral courage can light up the coming gloom of 'the valley and shadow of death,' Mrs. Adams would have stood by the side of those she loved, uttering words of encouragement; and in that more desperate pass where death or overthrow are balanced against dishonor, she would have firmly bade the most loved friend on earth embrace the former like a bride."

Mrs. Adams died of an attack of fever, the 28th of October, 1818, at the advanced age of seventy-four years. Thus passed away one of the most remarkable characters of her time. "To learning, in the ordinary sense of that term, Mrs. Adams could make no claim. Her reading had been extensive in the lighter departments of literature, and she was well acquainted with the poets in her own language, but it went no further. It is the soul, shining through the words, that gives them their great attraction; the spirit ever equal to the occasion, whether a great or a small one; a spirit, inquisitive and earnest in the little details of life, as when she was in France and England; playful, when she describes daily duties, but rising to the call when

the roar of cannon is in her ears—or when she reproves her husband for not knowing her better than to think her a coward and to fear telling her bad news.”

“The obsequies of Mrs. Adams were attended by a great concourse of people who voluntarily came to pay this last tribute to her memory. Several brief but beautiful notices of her appeared in the newspapers of the day, and a sermon was preached by the late Rev. Dr. Kirkland, then President of Harvard University, which closed with a delicate and affecting testimony to her worth. ‘Ye will seek to mourn, bereaved friends,’ it says, ‘as becomes Christians, in a manner worthy of the person you lament. You do then bless the Giver of Life that the course of your endeared and honored friend was so long and so bright; that she endeared so fully into the spirit of those injunctions which we have explained, and was a minister of blessings to all within her influence. You are soothed to reflect that she was sensible of the many tokens of divine goodness which marked her lot; that she received the good of her existence with a cheerful and grateful heart; that, when called to weep, she bore adversity with an equal mind; that she used the world as not abusing it to excess, improving well her time, talents, and opportunities, and though desired longer in this world, was fitted for a better happiness than this world can give.’”

Soon as the news of Mrs. Adams' death reached Monticello, Mr. Jefferson wrote as follows:—

To John Adams.

“MONTICELLO, November 13th, 1818.

“The public papers, my dear friend, announce the fatal event of which your letter of October the 20th had given me ominous foreboding. Tried myself in the school of affliction, by the loss of every form of connection which can rive the human heart, I know well, and feel what you have lost, what you have suffered, are suffering, and have yet to endure. The same trials have taught me that for ills so immeasurable, time and silence are the only medicine. I will not, therefore, by useless condolences, open afresh the sluices of your grief, nor, although mingling sincerely my tears with yours, will I say a word more where words are vain, but that it is of some comfort to us both that the time is not very distant at which we are to deposit in the same casement our sorrows and suffering bodies, and to ascend in essence to an ecstatic meeting with the friends we have loved and lost, and whom we shall still love and never lose again. God bless you, and support you under your heavy affliction.

“TH. JEFFERSON.”

Side by side in the Congregational church in Quincy, to which he had given the donation to erect it with, lie the mortal remains of Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Within the same house, a plain, white marble slab, on the right hand of the pulpit, surmounted by his bust, bears the following inscription written by his eldest son :—

LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

Libertatem, Amicitiam, Fidem Retinebis.

D. O. M.

Beneath these walls,
Are deposited the mortal remains of

JOHN ADAMS,

Son of John and Susanna (Boylston) Adams,
Second President of the United States,
Born $\frac{1}{2}$ October, 1735.

On the fourth of July, 1776,
He pledged his life, fortune, and sacred honour,
To the Independence of his country.

On the third of September, 1783,
He affixed his seal to the definitive treaty with Great Britain,
Which acknowledged that independence,
And consummated the redemption of his pledge.

On the fourth of July, 1826,
He was summoned
To the Independence of Immortality
And to the judgment of his God.
This house will bear witness to his piety;
This Town, his birth-place, to his munificence;
History to his patriotism;
Posterity to the depth and compass of his mind.

At his side,
Sleeps, till the trump shall sound,

ABIGAIL

His beloved and only wife,
Daughter of William and Elizabeth, (Quincy) Smith.
In every relation of life a pattern
of filial, conjugal, maternal, and social virtue.

Born November $\frac{1}{2}$, 1744
Deceased 28 October, 1818,
Aged 74.

Married 25 October, 1764.

During an union of more than half a century
They survived, in harmony of sentiment, principle and affection,
The tempests of civil commotion.
Meeting undaunted and surmounting
The terrors and trials of that revolution,

Which secured the freedom of their country ;
Improved the condition of their times ;
And brightened the prospects of futurity
To the race of man upon earth.

Pilgrim !

From lives thus spent thy earthly duties learn :
From fancy's dreams to active virtue turn :
Let freedom, friendship, faith, thy soul engage,
And serve, like them, thy country and thy age.

MARTHA JEFFERSON RANDOLPH.

MRS. JEFFERSON had been dead nineteen years when, in 1801, President Jefferson took possession of the White House, and there was strictly speaking no lady of the mansion during his term. His daughters were with him in Washington only twice during his eight years' stay, and he held no formal receptions as are customary now; and being of the French school of democratic politics, professed a dislike of all ceremonious visitors.

On the 1st day of January, 1772, Mr. Jefferson was married to Mrs. Martha Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles, of "the Forest," in Charles City County.

Mr. Lossing, in his very interesting book of the Revolution, gives a fac-simile of Mr. Jefferson's marriage license bond, drawn up in his own handwriting, which the former found in a bundle of old papers in Charles City Court House while searching for records of Revolution events. "Mrs. Skelton was remarkable for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her solid merit. In person she was a little above medium height, slightly but exquisitely formed. Her complexion was brilliant—her large expressive eyes of the richest tinge of auburn. She walked, rode, and danced with admirable grace and spirits—sang and played the spinet and harpsichord [the musical instruments of

the Virginia ladies of that day] with uncommon skill. The more solid parts of her education had not been neglected." She was also well read and intelligent, conversed agreeably, possessed excellent sense and a lively play of fancy, and had a frank, warm-hearted and somewhat impulsive disposition. She was twenty-three years of age at the time of her second marriage, and had been a widow four years. Her only child she lost in infancy.

Tradition, says Randall, has preserved one anecdote of the wooers who sought her hand. It has two renderings, and the reader may choose between them. The first is that two of Mr. Jefferson's rivals happened to meet on Mrs. Skelton's doorstep. They were shown into a room from which they heard her harpsichord and voice, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson's violin and voice, in the passages of a touching song. They listened for a stanza or two. Whether something in the words, or in the tones of the singers appeared suggestive to them, tradition does not say, but it does aver that they took their hats and retired to return no more on the same errand! The other, and, we think, less probable version of the story is, that the three met on the door-stone, and agreed that they would "take turns" and that the interviews should be made decisive; and that by lot or otherwise Mr. Jefferson led off, and that then during his trial they heard the music that they concluded settled the point. After the Bridal festivities at the Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson set out for Monticello, and they were destined to meet some not exactly amusing adventures by the way. A manuscript of

their eldest daughter [Mrs. Randolph] furnished Mr. Randall by one of her grand daughters and published in his "Life of Jefferson"—says: "They left the forest after a fall of snow, light then, but increasing in depth as they advanced up the country. They were finally obliged to quit the carriage and proceed on horseback. Having stopped for a short time at Blenheim (the residence of Colonel Carter) where an overseer only resided, they left it at sunset to pursue their way through a mountain track rather than a road, in which the snow lay from eighteen inches to two feet deep, having eight miles to go before reaching Monticello.

"They arrived late at night, the fires all out and the servants retired to their own houses for the night. The horrible dreariness of such a house, at the end of such a journey, I have often heard them both relate." "Part of a bottle of wine, found on a shelf behind some books, had to serve the new-married couple both for fire and supper. Tempers too sunny to be ruffled by many ten times as serious annoyances in after life, now found but sources of diversion in these ludicrous *contre-temps* and the "horrible dreariness was lit up with songs, and merriment and laughter."

Nine years afterward, Mrs. Jefferson, the mother of five children, was slowly declining, and her husband, refusing a mission to Europe on that account, determined to give up all other duties to soothe and sustain her. She had born her fifth child in November, and when it was two months old, she had fled with it in her arms as Arnold approached Richmond. "The

British General Tarleton sent troops to capture Governor Jefferson, who was occupied in securing his most important papers. While thus engaged, his wife and children were sent in á carriage, under the care of a young gentleman who was studying with him, to Colonel Coles, fourteen miles distant. Monticello was captured (if a residence occupied by unresisting servants may be said to be captured), and the house searched, though not sacked by the enemy. Many of the negroes were taken, and but five ever returned, while many of those left behind sank under the epidemics raging at the time. The house was robbed of nothing save a few articles in the cellar, the farm was stripped of valuable horses, and many thousand dollars' worth of grain and tobacco.

"Two faithful slaves, Martin and Caesar, were left in the house and were engaged in secreting plate and other valuables under the floor of the front portico, when McLeod's party arrived. The floor was then of planks. One of these was raised, and Martin stood above handing down articles to Cæsar in the cavity. As about the last piece went in, Martin either heard the clang of hoofs, or caught a glimpse of the white coats through the trees, and down went the plank shutting Cæsar into the dark hole below. And here he remained eighteen hours without light or food. He was a powerful, determined fellow, six years younger than his master, and having been brought up with him, was sufficiently attached to him to have endured fast and darkness for another eighteen hours, rather than make apparent the cause of his concealment."

In April, the loss of her infant, together with constant anxiety for the safety of her husband, shattered the remaining strength of Mrs. Jefferson. Toward the close of 1781, she rallied. Her last child was born the 8th of May, 1782. Greater apprehensions than usual had preceded the event and they were fatally verified. The delicate constitution was irrevocably sapped. "A momentary hope for her might sometimes flutter in the bosom of her lonely husband, but it was in reality a hope against hope, and he knew it to be so. That association which had been the first joy of his life, which blent itself with all his future visions of happiness, which was to be the crowning glory of that delightful retreat he was forming, and which was to shed mellow radiance over the retirement to which he was fondly looking forward, was now to end; and it was only a question of weeks, or, possibly, months, how soon it would end. Mrs. Jefferson had returned her husband's affection, with not only the fervor of a woman whose dream of love and pride (for what woman is not proud of the world's estimation of her husband?) had been more than gratified, but with the idolatrous gratitude of a wife who knew how often that husband had cast away the most tempting honors without a sigh, when her own feeble health had solicited his presence and attentions. And now, as the dreadful hour of parting approached, her affection became painfully, almost wildly absorbing. The faithful daughter of the church had no dread of the hereafter, but she yearned to remain with her husband with that yearning which seems to have power to re-

tard even the approaches of death. Her eyes ever rested on him, ever followed him. When he spoke, no other sound could reach her ear or attract her attention. When she waked from slumber, she looked momentarily alarmed and distressed, and ever appeared to be frightened, if the customary form was not bending over her, the customary look upon her. For weeks Mr. Jefferson sat at that bedside, only catching brief intervals of rest." She died on the 6th of September. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Randolph, thus, many years afterward, recorded her recollections of the sad scene: "He nursed my poor mother in turn with Aunt Carr and her own sister, sitting up with her and administering her medicines and drink to the last. For four months that she lingered, he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside he was writing in a small room which opened immediately at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene, he was led from the room almost in a state of insensibility by his sister, Mrs. Carr, who, with great difficulty, got him into his library, where he fainted, and remained so long insensible that they feared he never would revive. The scene that followed I did not witness, but the violence of his emotion, when almost by stealth I entered his room at night, to this day I dare not trust myself to describe. He kept his room three weeks and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fit. My aunts remained constantly with him for

some weeks, I do not remember how many. When at last he left his room, he rode out, and from that time he was incessantly on horseback, rambling about the mountain, in the least frequented roads, and just as often through the woods. In those melancholy rambles, I was his constant companion, a solitary witness to many a violent burst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular stones of that lost home beyond the power of time to obliterate."

The propriety of dwelling upon one who had been dead nineteen years, and whose body had crumbled to dust and sprung to life again in forest leaves and flowers, may be questioned; but when we consider that Mrs. Jefferson would have held the position of Lady of the White House had she lived, and that a knowledge of her two daughters can best be gathered by a perusal of her life, this short memoir is deemed not only admissible but proper. It was her fate to die young, and be denied the honors that later in life crowned the brow of her gifted husband. Had she survived, no more pleasant life could have been traced than this gentle, cultivated southerner's. Hers was no passive nature, swayed by every passing breeze, but a loving, strong heart, a rare and gifted intellect, cultivated by solid educational advantages, experience, and the society of the greatest statesman and scholar of his day. In the midst of all happiness, vouchsafed to humanity, she died; and with sincere respect and admiration for the talents she possessed, and the strength of character she discovered, we honor her sex by portraying her life.

Martha Jefferson, after the death of her mother was placed at school in Philadelphia at the age of eleven years, where she remained until her father took her, in 1784, to Europe. "His other two daughters, being too young for such a journey, were left with their maternal aunt, Mrs. Eppes, wife of Francis Eppes, Esquire, of Eppington, Chesterfield County, Virginia. Mary, the second of his surviving children, was six years old, and Lucy Elizabeth, the third, was two years old. The latter died before the close of 1784. The child of sorrow and misfortune, her organization was too frail and too intensely susceptible to last long. Her sensibilities were so precociously acute, that she listened with exquisite pleasure to music, and wept on hearing a false note.

After a short period of sight-seeing, Martha Jefferson was placed at a convent, and continued to reside there during her father's stay in Europe. In July, 1787, "the long-expected Mary (called Marie in France, and thenceforth through life, Marie) reached London." She had crossed the Atlantic with simply a servant girl, though doubtless they were both intrusted to the charge of some passenger friend, or some known and trusted ship commander, whom we do not find named. They were received by Mrs. Adams, and awaited an expected opportunity of crossing the Channel with a party of French friends of Mr. Jefferson. These continued to defer their return, and Mr. Jefferson became too impatient to await their movements. Accordingly, his steward, the favorite and trusty Petit, was sent to London after Marie, and she reached her father's hotel.

in Paris on the 29th of July, just three days before her ninth birthday.

Mrs. Adams thus describes her little guest, immediately after her departure, in a letter to her sister, Mrs. Cranch, of Massachusetts:

“I have had with me for a fortnight a little daughter of Mr. Jefferson’s, who arrived here with a young negro girl, her servant, from Virginia. Mr. Jefferson wrote me some months ago that he expected them, and desired me to receive them. I did so, and was amply rewarded for my trouble. A finer child of her age I never saw. So mature an understanding, so womanly a behavior, and so much sensibility, united, are rarely to be met with. I grew so fond of her, and she was so attached to me, that when Mr. Jefferson sent for her, they were obliged to force the little creature away. She is but eight years old. She would sit, sometimes, and describe to me the parting with her aunt, who brought her up, * the obligations she was under to her, and the love she had for her little cousins, till the tears would stream down her cheeks; and how I had been her friend, and she loved me. Her papa would break her heart by making her go again. She clung round me so that I could not help shedding a tear at parting with her. She was the favorite of every one in the house. I regret that such fine spirits must be spent in the walls of a convent. She is a beautiful girl, too.” †

Marie, (for so we shall henceforth call her, unless

* Mrs. Francis Eppes, of Eppington, Va.

† Mrs. Adams’ Letters, vol. ii., p. 179.

when adopting her father's sobriquet of Polly) was soon placed with Martha in the school of the Abbaye de Panthemont. Martha had now grown into a tall, graceful girl, with that calm, sweet face, stamped with thought and earnestness, which, with the traces of many more years on it, and the noble dignity of the matron superadded, beams down from the speaking canvass of Sully. The most dutiful of daughters, the most attentive of learners, possessing a solid understanding, a judgment ripe beyond her years, a most gentle and genial temper, and an unassuming modesty of demeanor which neither the distinction of her position, nor the flatteries that afterward surrounded her, ever wore off in the least degree, she was the idol of her father and family, and the delight of all who knew her.

The little Marie has been sufficiently described by Mrs. Adams. "Slighter in person than her sister, she already gave indications of a superior beauty. It was that exquisite beauty possessed by her mother—that beauty which the experienced learn to look upon with dread, because it betrays a physical organization too delicately fine to withstand the rough shocks of the world."

"In April, an incident of an interesting character occurred in Mr. Jefferson's family. His oldest daughter, as has been seen, had been educated in the views and feelings of the Church of England. Her mother had zealously moulded her young mind in that direction. Her father had done nothing certainly, by word or act to divert it from that channel; and it had flowed

on, for aught Martha knew or suspected to the contrary, with his full approbation. If she had then been called upon to state what were her father's religious beliefs, she would have declared that her impressions were that he leaned to the tenets of the church to which his family belonged. The daring and flippant infidelity now rife in French society, disgusted the earnest, serious, naturally reverential girl. The calm seclusion of Panthemont, its examples of serene and holy life, its intellectual associations, wooed her away from the turmoil and glare and wickedness and eruptions without. After meditating on the subject for a time, she wrote to her father for his permission to remain in a convent, and to dedicate herself to the duties of a religious life.

For a day or two she received no answer. Then his carriage rolled up to the door of the Abbaye, and poor Martha met her father in a fever of doubts and fears. Never was his smile more benignant and gentle. He had a private interview with the Abbess. He then told his daughters he had come for them. They stepped into his carriage, it rolled away, and Martha's school life was ended.* Henceforth she was introduced into society, and presided, so far as was appropriate to her age, as the mistress of her father's household. * * * Neither he nor Martha ever, after her first letter on the subject, made the remotest allusion to each other to her request to enter a convent. She spoke of it freely in after years, to her

* This happened April 22d, 1789.

children, and always expressed her full approbation of her father's course on the occasion. She always spoke of her early wish as rather the dictate of a transient sentiment, than a fixed conviction of religious duty; and she warmly applauded the quick and gentle way which her father took to lead her back to her family, her friends, and her country. Mr. Jefferson left the shores of Europe with his two daughters the 28th of October, 1789, and the following February Martha was married to Thomas Mann Randolph, jr., who had been a ward of her father's. "The young people were cousins, and had been attached to each other from childhood. He was tall, lean, with dark, expressive features and a flashing eye, commanding in carriage, elastic as steel, and had that sudden sinewy strength which it would not be difficult to fancy he inherited from the forest monarchs of Virginia."

Mr. Jefferson was immediately tendered, and accepted a position in President Washington's cabinet and made his home in New York and afterward in Philadelphia until his withdrawal from public life.

After President Washington declined a re-appointment, Mr. Adams was elected to fill his place, and Mr. Jefferson the second position in the gift of the nation. In 1801, he was inaugurated President of the United States. His daughter Martha was living at her husband's country home near Monticello, the mother of several children, and Marie, who had previously married Mr. Eppes of Eppington, was happily situated at

Monticello awaiting her father's promised visit in early summer.

Sir Augustus Foster, who was Secretary of Legation at Washington to the British Minister, Mr. Merry, has given some rather entertaining accounts of the state of society there in the time of Jefferson. "In going to assemblies, one had to drive three or four miles within the city bounds, and very often at the risk of an overturn, or of being what is termed stalled, or stuck in the mud, when one can neither go backward nor forward, and either loses one's shoes or one's patience. Cards were a great resource of an evening, and gaming was all the fashion, for the men who frequented society were chiefly from Virginia or the Western States, and were very fond of brag, the most gambling of all games. Loo was the innocent diversion of the ladies, who when they were looted, pronounced the word in a very mincing manner.

"The New Englanders, generally speaking, were very religious, but though there were many exceptions, I cannot say so much for the Marylanders, and still less for the Virginians. But in spite of its inconveniences and desolate aspect, it was, I think, the most agreeable town to reside in for any length of time. The opportunity of collecting information from Senators and Representatives from all parts of the country—the hospitality of the heads of the Government and the Corps Diplomatique of itself, supplied resources such as could nowhere else be looked for." In Mr. Jefferson's time, the population numbered about

five thousand persons, and their residences were scattered over an immense space. Society presented a novel aspect; unconnected by similarity of habits, by established fashions, by the ties of acquaintance or consanguinity, the motley throng became united into one close and intimate circle by a feeling common to all; they were strangers in a strange land, and felt the necessity of mutual aid and accommodation, and might be compared to a beautiful piece of mosaic, in which an infinity of separate pieces of diversified colors are blended into one harmonious whole. Mr. Jefferson, many years after his retirement from public life, recurring to that time, remarked to a friend that the peculiar felicity of his administration was the unanimity that prevailed in his Cabinet; "we were," said he, "like one family." The same spirit of union and kindness pervaded the whole circle of society—a circle, at that time very limited in its extent and very simple in its habits. The most friendly and social intercourse prevailed through all its parts, unshackled by that etiquette and ceremony which have since been introduced, to the no small detriment of social enjoyment. The President's house was the seat of hospitality, where Mrs. Madison always presided (in the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters) when there were female guests. Mrs. Madison and her husband spent three weeks at the White House after their arrival in the city, until they could make arrangements to obtain a suitable house. "A circumstance is remembered" (says Jefferson's biographer) "attending the abolition of levees, which provokes a smile. Some

persons in Washington, principally ladies, we believe, had come to the conclusion that the abolition was inexpedient; and they made up their minds to muster in force at the Presidential Mansion at the usual time. They accordingly did so. The President was out riding on horseback, but soon returned. Learning the extraordinary number of ladies that had called, and at once guessing the motive of the visit, he went immediately, hat in hand, spurs on, and soiled with dust, into their midst. He expressed himself overjoyed at such a happy coincidence. Never had he been seen so cordial and attentive. He allowed no one to go without urging her longer stay. The fair visitors finally departed, laughing heartily at each other and the result of their experience. They never repeated it."

In March, 1802, Mr. Jefferson wrote to his youngest daughter that he would be at home between the 15th and 20th of April, and that he wished her to be prepared to go back to Washington with him and her sister; but Congress did not adjourn as he expected, and he did not get off until the first of May. The measles broke out in the family of Mrs. Randolph, and she did not go to Washington. The same cause prevented Mrs. Eppes from seeing her father, but during the summer months he was at Monticello as usual.

From the letters of Mr. Jefferson of November and December to his youngest daughter, we find him advising her to have good spirits and profit by her sister's cheerfulness. "We are all well here," he says,

“and hope the post of this evening will bring us information of the health of all at Edgehill, and particularly that Martha and the new bantling are both well ; and that her example gives you good spirits.” “Take care of yourself, my dearest Maria, and know that courage is as essential to triumph in your case as in that of a soldier. * * * Not knowing the time destined for your expected indisposition, I am anxious on your account. You are prepared to meet it with courage, I hope.” And again he writes :—

“WASHINGTON, March 3, 1804.

“The account of your illness, my dearest Maria, was known to me only this morning. Nothing but the impossibility of Congress proceeding a single step in my absence, presents an insuperable bar. Mr. Eppes goes off, and, I hope, will find you in a convalescent state. Next to the desire that it may be so, is that of being speedily informed and of being relieved from the terrible anxiety in which I shall be till I hear from you. God bless you, my ever dear daughter, and preserve you safe to the blessing of us all.”

But she was not preserved, frail and sensitive, her nervous system gave way, and she never rallied after her confinement. She died on the 17th of April, between 8 and 9 A. M. The following letter in connection with this subject is replete with interest. It was written by a daughter of Mrs. Randolph's to Mr. Randall, in 1856 :—

* * * * *

“I find an old memorandum, made many years ago,

I know not when nor under what circumstances, but by my own hand, in the fly-leaf of a Bible. It is to this effect:—Maria Jefferson was born in 1778, and married in 1797, John Wayles Eppes, son of Francis Eppes and Elizabeth Wayles, second daughter of John Wayles. Maria Jefferson died April, 1804, leaving two children, Francis, born in 1801, and Maria who died an infant.

“I have no recollection of the time when I made this memorandum, but I have no doubt of its accuracy.

“Mrs. Eppes was never well after the birth of her last child. She lingered a while, but never recovered. My grandfather was in Washington, and my aunt passed the winter at Edgehill, where she was confined. I remember the tender and devoted care of my mother, how she watched over her sister, and with what anxious affection she anticipated her every want. I remember, at one time, that she left her chamber and her own infant, that she might sleep in my aunt’s room, to assist in taking care of her and her child. I well recollect my poor aunt’s pale, faded, and feeble look. My grandfather, during his Presidency, made two visits every year to Monticello, a short one in early spring, and a longer one the latter part of the summer. He always stopped at Edgehill, where my mother was then living, to take her and the whole family to Monticello with him. He came this year as usual, anxious about the health of his youngest daughter, whose situation, though such as to excite the apprehension of her friends, was not deemed one of im-

mediate danger. She had been delicate and something of an invalid, if I remember right, for some years. She was carried to Monticello in a litter borne by men. The distance was perhaps four miles, and she bore the removal well. After this, however, she continued as before steadily to decline. She was taken out when the weather permitted, and carried around the lawn in a carriage, I think drawn by men, and I remember following the carriage over the smooth green turf. How long she lived I do not recollect, but it could have been but a short time. One morning I heard that my aunt was dying; I crept softly from my nursery to her chamber door, and being alarmed by her short, hard breathing, ran away again. I have a distinct recollection of confusion and dismay in the household. I did not see my mother. By-and-by one of the female servants came running in where I was with other persons, to say that Mrs. Eppes was dead. The day passed I do not know how. Late in the afternoon I was taken to the death chamber. The body was covered with a white cloth, over which had been strewn a profusion of flowers. A day or two after, I followed the coffin to the burying-ground on the mountain side, and saw it consigned to the earth, where it has lain undisturbed for more than fifty years.

“My mother has told me that on the day of her sister’s death, she left her father alone for some hours. He then sent for her, and she found him with the Bible in his hands. He who has been so often and so harshly accused of unbelief, he, in his hour of intense

affliction, sought and found consolation in the sacred volume. The Comforter was there for his true heart and devout spirit, even though his faith might not be what the world called orthodox.

"There was something very touching in the sight of this once beautiful and still lovely young woman, fading away just as the spring was coming on with its buds and blossoms—nature reviving as she was sinking and closing her eyes on all that she loved best in life. She perished not in autumn with the flowers, but as they were opening to the sun and air in all the freshness of spring. I think the weather was fine, for over my own recollection of these times there is a soft, dreamy sort of haze, such as wraps the earth in warm, dewy spring time.

"You know enough of my aunt's early history to be aware that she did not accompany her father, as my mother did, when he first went to France. She joined him, I think, only about two years before his return, and was placed in the same convent where my mother received her education. Here she went by the name of Mademoiselle Polie. As a child she was called Polly by her friends. It was on her way to Paris that she staid awhile in London with Mrs. Adams, and there is a pleasing mention of her in that lady's published letters.

"I think the visit (not a very long one) made by my mother and aunt to their father in Washington, must have been in the winter of 1802-3. My aunt, I believe, was never there again; but after her death, about the winter of 1805-6, my mother, with all her

children, passed some time at the President's House. I remember that both my father and uncle Eppes were then in Congress, but cannot say whether this was the case in 1802-3.

"My aunt Mrs. Eppes was singularly beautiful. She was high-principled, just, and generous. Her temper, naturally mild, became, I think, saddened by ill-health in the latter part of her life. In that respect she differed from my mother, whose disposition seemed to have the sunshine of heaven in it. Nothing ever wearied my mother's patience, or exhausted, what was inexhaustible, her sweetness, her kindness, indulgence, and self-devotion. She was intellectually somewhat superior to her sister, who was sensible of the difference, though she was of too noble a nature for her feelings ever to assume an ignoble character. There was between the sisters the strongest and warmest attachment, the most perfect confidence and affection. My aunt utterly undervalued and disregarded her own beauty, remarkable as it was. She was never fond of dress or ornament, and was always careless of admiration. She was ever vexed by allusions to her beauty, saying that people only praised her for that, because they could not praise her for better things. If my mother inadvertently exclaimed, half sportively, 'Marie, if I only had your beauty!' my aunt would resent it as far as she could resent any thing said or done by her sister. It may be said the extraordinary value she attached to talent was mainly founded in her idea that by the possession of it, she would become a more suitable companion for her father. Both daughters considered

his affection as the great good of their lives, and both loved him with all the devotion of their most loving hearts. My aunt sometimes mourned over the fear that her father must prefer her sister's society, and could not take the same pleasure in hers. This very humility in one so lovely was a charm the more in her character. She was greatly loved and esteemed by all her friends. She was on a footing of the most intimate friendship with my father's sister, Mrs. T. Eston Randolph, herself a most exemplary and admirable woman, whose daughter, long years after, married Francis, Mrs. Eppes's son."

Ever delighting in the society of his two children and deeply attached to his home, Mr. Jefferson felt this blow with terrible anguish. Worthy of so good a man's affection, they were never so happy as in being with their father, contributing to his comfort in numberless ways. They both married cousins when quite young, but were never far from their childhood's home, and were always under his roof when he paid his semi-annual visits there. Mrs. Randolph was a brilliant woman; and had her tastes been less inclined to domestic life, she would have been a renowned belle. Educated abroad and strengthened mentally by travel and the society of the literary talent ever to be found about her father, she became conversant with knowledge's richest store, and surpassed most of the women of her day in accomplishments. Though widely different in other respects, there was much resemblance between the President and Vice President in the intensity of their love for their daughters. Theodosia Burr and

Martha Jefferson will be familiar names so long as the history of this country shall be among the things of earth. Both intellectual companions of their only parents, both ardently attached to fathers they deemed the wisest and greatest of earth—they have become forever linked with the life and times of each, and covers for the one a multitude of faults, and has made the other dear to his people. Both were great men, adored by daughters gifted and good. Theodosia Burr has thrown around her father's name a romantic interest which veils many infirmities, and adds lustre to the traits which in the eyes of the world redeemed him.

Mrs. Adams, who had known Maria Jefferson and loved her when a child, overcame the pride she had allowed to control her silent pen, and wrote to Mr. Jefferson, awakening in his heart tender feelings of friendship too long allowed to lie dormant. He replied that her former kindnesses to his lost child made a deep impression on her mind, and that to the last, on our meetings after long separations, "whether I had heard lately of you," and "how you did," were among the earliest of her inquiries. Mrs. Adams' letter was as follows:

"QUINCY, 20th May, 1804.

"Had you been no other than the private inhabitants of Monticello, I should, ere this time, have addressed you with that sympathy which a recent event has awakened in my bosom; but reasons of various kinds withheld my pen, until the powerful feelings of my

heart burst through the restraint, and called upon me to shed the tear of sorrow over the departed remains of your beloved and deserving daughter—an event which I sincerely mourn.

“The attachment which I formed for her when you committed her to my care, upon her arrival in a foreign land, under circumstances peculiarly interesting, has remained with me to this hour: and the account of her death, which I read in a late paper, recalled to my recollection the tender scene of her separation from me, when, with the strongest sensibility, she clung round my neck and wet my bosom with her tears, saying, “Oh! now I have learned to love you, why will they take me from you?”

“It has been some time, since I conceived that any event in this life could call forth feelings of mutual sympathy. But I know how closely entwined around a parent's heart are those cords which bind the paternal to the filial bosom; and when snapped assunder, how agonizing the pangs. I have tasted of the bitter cup, and bow with reverence and submission before the great Dispenser of it, without whose permission and overruling providence not a sparrow falls to the ground. That you may derive comfort and consolation in this day of your sorrow and affliction from that only source calculated to heal the wounded heart—a firm belief in the being, perfection, and attributes of God—is the sincere and ardent wish of her who once took pleasure in subscribing herself your friend,

“ABIGAIL ADAMS.”

Mr. Jefferson was inaugurated President a second time on the 4th of March, 1805, then in the sixty-second year of his age. The following winter, his only daughter, with all her children, passed most of the season at the White House. She never made but two visits there; one with her sister, the second year of his first term, and this last one in the winter of 1805-6, after her sister's death. Means of travel were not so rapid or pleasant as now, and the laborious and extremely tedious undertaking of travelling so far in a carriage was sufficient to dampen the desire of living for a few alternate months with her father. The unhealthy condition of Washington at that time, its low and marshy condition, engendering disease, rendered it absolutely necessary for those unacclimated to be out of its limits during the hot months of summer. The increasing cares of children and the duties of Virginia matrons, also deterred Mrs. Randolph from becoming, as we must only regret she did not, permanently located in the President's House.

Her memory is so fragrant with the perfume of purity and saintly sweetness, that it is a privilege to dwell and muse upon a theme so elevating. The world has not yet developed a more harmonious, refined, or superior type of womanhood than the daughters of Virginia in the last century. Reared in ease and plenty, taught the virtues that ennoble, and valuing their good name no less than prizing their family lineage, they were the most delightful specimens of womanhood ever extant. Most particularly was Martha Jefferson of this class, whose image is fast losing

originality in the modern system of utilitarian education. Her father's and her husband's great enemy pronounced her "the sweetest woman in Virginia;" and the assurance comes laden with the testimony of many tongues, that her existence was one of genial sunshine and peace. Are not such natures doubly blessed, first, in the happiness they secure to themselves, and, secondly, in the blessing they are to those who walk in the light of their example? With the retirement of Mr. Jefferson from public life, came a new trouble in the shape of innumerable visitors, and the seventeen years he lived at Monticello was one continued scene of new faces and old friends. Even after the loss of property and accumulated debts, he was compelled to entertain thoughtless crowds who made pilgrimages to his shrine. Time and again he would go to an adjoining estate to secure that rest and quiet so essential to his health; but these visits were never of long duration, for he could not consent to be separated from his daughter, even though accompanied by his grandchildren. As the shadows began to darken round his earth-life, and bankruptcy to hover over him, he turned with redoubled affection to this idol, and she was strong and faithful to the last. Mother and sister she had buried, and she was yet strong enough to see her husband and father taken.

"There were few eminent men of our country, except, perhaps, some political adversaries, who did not visit Mr. Jefferson in his retirement, to say nothing of distinguished foreigners." But all visitors were not as agreeable as "eminent men." "There are a number

of persons now living who have seen groups of utter strangers, of both sexes, planted in the passage between his study and dining-room, consulting their watches, and waiting for him to pass from one to the other to his dinner, so that they could momentarily stare at him. A female once punched through a window-pane of the house, with her parasol, to get a better view of him. When sitting in the shade of his porticoes to enjoy the coolness of the approaching evening, parties of men and women would sometimes approach within a dozen yards, and gaze at him point-blank until they had looked their fill, as they would have gazed on a lion in a menagerie."

Mrs. Randolph was "the apple of her father's eye." All his letters bear witness to his affection, and all his life records this prominent sentiment of his heart. A gentleman writing to him for his views on a proper course of education for woman, he takes the opportunity of complimenting her unconsciously. "A plan of female education," he says, "has never been a subject of systematic contemplation with me. It has occupied my attention so far only as the education of my own daughters occasionally required. Considering that they would be placed in a country situation where little aid could be obtained from abroad, I thought it essential to give them a solid education, which might enable them—when become mothers—to educate their own daughters, and even to direct the course for sons, should their fathers be lost, or incapable, or inattentive.

"My surviving daughter accordingly, the mother

of many daughters as well as sons, has made their education the object of her life, and being a better judge of the practical part than myself, it is with her aid and that of one of her *élèves*, that I shall subjoin a catalogue of the books for such a course of reading as we have practised."

Again, in a letter to his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, he says :

"You kindly encourage me to keep up my spirits; but oppressed with disease, debility, age, and embarrassed affairs, this is difficult. For myself, I should not regard a prostration of fortune; but I am overwhelmed at the prospect of the situation in which I may leave my family. My dear and beloved daughter, the cherished companion of my early life, and nurse of my age, and her children, rendered as dear to me as if my own, from having lived with me from their cradle, left in a comfortless situation, hold up to me nothing but future gloom; and I should not care were life to end with the line I am writing, were it not that in the unhappy state of mind which your father's misfortunes have brought upon him, I may yet be of some avail to the family."

Ex-President Jefferson died the 4th of July, 1826, and at nearly the same hour passed away the spirit of John Adams. He lingered a little behind Jefferson, and his last words, uttered in the failing articulation of the dying, were: "Jefferson still survives." Mrs. Randolph left no written account of the scene. On the 21 of July, Mr. Jefferson handed her a little casket. On opening it, after his death, she found a paper

on which he had written the lines of Moore, commencing :

“It is not the tear at this moment shed
When the cold turf has just been lain o’er him”——

There is also a touching tribute to his daughter, declaring that while he “goes to his fathers,” “the last pang of life,” is in parting from her; that “two seraphs” “long shrouded in death” (meaning doubtless his wife and younger daughter) “await him;” that he will “bear them her love.”

After this, all is sadness. To satisfy creditors all the property was sold, and the proceeds did not fully meet the debts.

“When it became known that Monticello had gone, or must go out of the hands of Mr. Jefferson’s family, and that his only child was left without an independent provision, another exhibition of public feeling took place. The Legislatures of South Carolina and Louisiana promptly voted her \$10,000 each, and the stocks they created for the purpose sold for \$21,800. Other plans were started in other States, which, had they been carried out, would have embraced a liberal provision for Mr. Jefferson’s descendants. But, as is usual on such occasions, the people in each locality obtained exaggerated impressions of what was doing in others, and slackened their own exertions until the feeling that prompted them died away.”

Two years passed, and Mrs. Randolph was called upon to see her husband die, and she of all her name remained to link the memory of her ancestors with those of her descendants.

Governor Thomas Mann Randolph died on the 20th day of June, 1828, two years after Mr. Jefferson's death.

At some period before, he was riding on horse-back, near night-fall, on a wet, cold day, when he overtook an aged man thinly clad and apparently suffering. They were remote from any dwelling. Randolph unsolicited unbuckled his cloak, threw it on the old man, and rode on. He had a number of miles to go, and the exposure proved fatal to him. The gloom and misanthropy which had clouded his later years, broke away at his dying couch. He expired at peace with all the world and invoking blessings on every member of his family.

An autograph letter, kindly furnished by Mrs. Lossing for this work, was written by Mr. Randolph to Mrs. Madison, soon after the death of Mr. Madison.

"MRS. MADISON, Montpelier, Orange Court House, Virginia.

"I believe I made a mistake, my dear friend, with regard to the hour of our reaching Orange Court House. I understood it to be night before the stage arrived. They tell me here that it gets to Orange Court House early in the day, where, if you can send your carriage for us, Cornelia, Mary Cutts, and myself will go immediately to Montpelier. Mary and Septimia will keep on in the stage to Albemarle. Friday then we shall be with you. I have merely written these few lines to rectify the mistake. God

bless you, dear friend, and support you under your present sorrow, is the daily and nightly prayer of

“Your most affectionate friend,

“M. RANDOLPH.

“ALEXANDRIA, July 6th, 1836.”

To her daughter, Mrs. Virginia Jefferson Trist of Philadelphia, I am indebted for this narrative of the closing eight years of Mrs. Randolph's life.

“MY DEAR MADAM:

“I wish it were in my power to answer your inquiries more satisfactorily than I am able to do. My recollections of my mother, at so early a period of my life as the one referred to, are altogether childish and imperfect. It is true, my very earliest recollections are connected with a winter passed in the White House during my grandfather's presidency, but they are so few and so scanty and childish, as they rise before me in the mists of long past years, that really nothing worth offering you suggests itself to my mind.

“My mother was born in September, 1772, and had therefore entered her 29th year when her father was elected President. She was then the mother of five children, having married at the early age of seventeen. Thus surrounded by a family of young children, she could not pass much of her time in Washington; she did, however, spend two winters there, the first in 1802-3, the second in 1805-6. Her health was very bad on the first of these two occasions of her visiting her father. Having an abscess on her lungs, she was

advised by her physician to go to pass the winter in Bermuda, and for this purpose left her home in Albemarle, Virginia, to go as far as Washington in her travelling carriage—the only mode at that day of making the journey of four days' duration. During this journey the abscess broke, and she felt so much relieved that her going to Bermuda was no longer considered necessary, and she passed that winter with her father. I believe my father was in Congress at that time. My mother's only sister, Maria Jefferson, then Mrs. John W. Eppes, was also a member of her father's family that winter, her husband being in Congress. There was a difference of six years in the ages of the sisters; my mother, who was the oldest, had accompanied her father to France where she was educated under his eyes. My aunt had afterward followed them to Paris under the wing of Mrs. John Adams, in whose correspondence mention is made of her. The three became thus reunited only two years before their return home, after which she (my aunt) was placed at school in Philadelphia. She grew up possessed of rare beauty and loveliness of person as well as disposition; but her health was delicate and her natural modesty and timidity was so great as to make her averse to society. Undervaluing her own personal advantages, she regarded with the warmest admiration, as well as sisterly affection, her sister's more positive character and brilliant intellectual endowments. My mother was not a beauty; her features were less regular than her sister's, her face owing its charms more to its expressiveness, beaming as it ever was with

kindness, good humor, gayety, and wit. She was tall and very graceful, notwithstanding a certain degree of embonpoint. Her complexion naturally fair, her hair of a dark chestnut color, very long and very abundant. I have always heard that her manners were uncommonly attractive from their vivacity, amiability, and high breeding, and her conversation was charming. These two sisters were the ladies of the White House in 1802-3. My mother was very sociable and enjoyed society. I remember hearing her mention a circumstance which seemed to illustrate the natural difference of their characters. She said one day, laughingly, 'Maria, if I had your beauty, I should not feel so indifferent as you do about it.' My aunt looked vexed and pained, and observed, 'Compliments to a pretty face were indications that no intellectual attractions existed in its possessor.'

"From their contemporary, Mrs. Madison, I have heard, that that winter when the sisters were going together into society, although on entering a room all eyes were turned on the younger, who became a centre of attraction, particularly to the gentlemen, that by degrees my mother's vivacity and the charms of her conversation and manners drew around her a circle of admirers who delighted in listening to her even more than in looking at her beautiful sister. These two sisters lived in perfect harmony, linked together by the warmest mutual affection, as well as their common devotion to their father whom both idolized.

"My mother's second visit to her father was in the winter of 1805-6. She had then lost her sister. My

aunt left two children, Francis and Maria Jefferson; the little girl was only a few months old and did not long survive her mother. Francis passed that winter under my mother's care, his father being still in Congress. One of my brothers was born that same winter, the first birth which took place in the White House. He was called James Madison. Mrs. Madison was an intimate and much valued friend of my mother's, and her amiable, playful manners with children attracted my sisters and myself and made her a great favorite with us. Among my childish recollections is her 'running away with us,' as she playfully expressed it, when she took us away with her in her carriage, to give us a drive and then take us home with her to play with two of her nieces near our ages, and lunch on cranberry tarts. My oldest sister, Anne, completed her fifteenth year that winter, and was not yet going into society; but my mother permitted her to go to a ball under the care of a lady friend, who requested that my sister might go to her house to dress and accompany her own daughter near her age to the ball. My sister excited great admiration on that occasion. She had a "remarkably classic head," as I remember hearing an Italian artist remark at Monticello upon seeing her there after she was the mother of several children. Her hair was a beautiful auburn, and her complexion had a delicate bloom very becoming to her, and with the freshness of fifteen I can readily imagine how strikingly handsome she was. My mother, accompanied by Mrs. Cutts—the mother of Gen. Richard D. Cutts—went to the ball at a later hour

She was very short-sighted, and, seeing my sister on entering the ball room she asked Mrs. Cutts, "Who is that beautiful girl?" Mrs. Cutts, much amused, answered, "Why, woman, are you so unnatural a mother as not to recognize your own daughter?"

"My sister died many years ago; if she were now living, she could no doubt tell much of what happened that winter in the White House. She formed some pleasant acquaintances in Washington, and made some friends with whom she corresponded for years. I have some recollections of the house as it was before being burned by the British, and as it was rebuilt on the same plan; I have since recognized parts of it most familiar to my eyes. A lasting impression was made upon my memory by the reception in one of the drawing-rooms, of the Tunisian Ambassador and suite; the brilliantly lighted room, the odd appearance to my puzzled senses of the rich Turkish dresses, and my alarm at receiving a kiss from the Secretary of the Ambassador, whilst one of my sisters, just two years old, whose Saxon complexion and golden hair made her a beautiful picture, was honored by a kiss from the Ambassador, of which she has no recollection. I heard of the elegant presents brought by them for my mother and aunt, and which were publicly exhibited and sold. My mother wished to purchase one of the shawls intended for her, but when Mrs. Madison went to make the purchase she found that she had been anticipated by another person. The talk about these presents could not, of course, fail to greatly excite my childish curiosity, but my desire to see them was not

gratified. My grandfather did not allow them to be brought to the President's House, as it was then called—a name which, it seems, was too plain English to suit modern notions of dignified refinement, for it has been superseded by the more stately appellation of 'Executive Mansion.'

"From its being the cause of my disappointment in seeing those beautiful specimens of Oriental luxury and taste, my grandfather's strictness on that occasion served to impress upon my mind, earlier than it otherwise would have been impressed, a trait of his character which afterward became as familiar to me, and as natural a part of himself, as the sound of his voice—I mean his scrupulousness in conforming to the laws in all things, great or small.

"To return to my mother, it is to that period that belongs a remark which long afterward I was told had been made of her by the Marquis de Yrugo, the Spanish Ambassador, that she was fitted to grace any court in Europe. I was then too young to know and appreciate her as I afterward came to do. I have never known any one who accomplished as much as she did, making use of all she had been taught, in an education which fitted her for the performance of the various duties which fell to her lot. After my grandfather retired from public life, she became the mistress of his house. My father visited his farm in the neighborhood of Monticello daily, and during the busy season of harvest my mother always staid with him while it lasted. My mother educated her six daughters unassisted by any one. During the summer months, the

crowds of visitors to my grandfather who filled the house and engrossed much of her time, interrupted our studies and made us lose much precious time ; but she had the art of awakening an interest in what she taught us, and exciting a desire for improvement, which made us make the most of the quiet winter months which she could devote to us. She was a good musician, and was fond of gardening ; she superintended personally all household matters, and in the winter evenings when my grandfather was seated in his arm-chair in the chimney corner, a small candle-stand was placed between them, and they spent the evenings reading. She had all the tastes which made country life agreeable, without losing her relish for the attractions of town life. Such was my mother as I knew her, and I remember her most perfectly. She was the mother of twelve children, eleven of whom lived to grow up.

“ My youngest sister's name was Septimia. She was my mother's seventh daughter, and her name was the occasion of a poetic compliment to my mother from an old Portuguese gentleman, the Abbé Correa de Serra, who visited my grandfather every year during his long residence in Philadelphia. He was for several years Portuguese Ambassador to the United States. His learning, his interesting and instructive conversation, the amiable, childlike simplicity of his character and manners, made this old philosopher alike attractive to the older and younger members of the family. His visits were enjoyed by us all, from my grandfather and mother down to the youngest child of the house, only

two years old. In allusion to her name of Septimia, he said to my mother, 'Your daughters, Mrs. Randolph, are like the Pleiades; they are called seven, but six only are seen.' The second daughter died an infant.

"I regret, dear madam, that the small contribution which I can make to the materials you have for your book should be so slow in reaching you, and it has been from no want of zeal on my part that this delay has arisen. I have been so much indisposed as to have to keep my bed since I received your letter, and Mr. Trist has been an invalid for more than two months past, requiring, of course, much of my time and attention. My two unmarried sisters, who have formed a part of my family since my mother's death, have nothing to add, they say, to what I have written; our recollections of those days are nearly the same. We are a household of infirm old people, and my bad sight is, of all my infirmities, that which is the most troublesome; it prevents my reading or writing in the winter evenings, except books with large clear print, and for months together I have sometimes been deprived of the power of using my eyes by daylight. I am glad they happen to be better at present. I am told that the letters of Mrs. Smith [the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Adams] were published by her daughter after her mother's death, and that in them she speaks of my mother, whom she saw in Paris when a young girl of sixteen years.

"The letters from which the enclosed extracts were made are the only ones of my mother's that we can procure at the present time. They are all addressed

to the same person, the youngest of her daughters, and being chiefly letters of advice and admonition to a young girl, may be wholly uninteresting to general readers, though the interest you express in the writer of them may make them not unacceptable to you. To us who knew her, they are eminently characteristic and expressive of her habitual feelings and opinions. The little note written in the winter of 1828—which she passed alternately with her daughter, Mrs. Coolidge, in Boston, and in the house of her kind friend, Mrs. Stearns, in Cambridge, where Septimia was at the time, going to a day-school—reminds us of her cheerfulness in adversity and the natural playfulness of her disposition, which, as well as her love of flowers, she never lost to the last days of her life. In writing to one of us, and speaking of this and other tastes of hers in which music was included, I remember her using these words, which to us had a touching significance: ‘The few useless pleasures which still strew my path would be heartless all, without my dear children.’ The note in question refers apparently to an invitation from a young friend in Boston to a former companion in Cambridge. The letters of the winters of 1832–33 need no explanation. I shall only observe that the impression made on my mother’s mind in favor of the Catholic religion, was the consequence of her having passed several years in a Catholic convent and house of education for young ladies in Paris, the ‘*Abbaye Royale de Panthemont*.’ The church of this building, considered rather remarkable on account of some peculiarity in its dome, is, I believe, still in exis-

tence, and has been used as a Protestant church. It stands on the corner of the Rue de Grenelle and the Rue de Bellechasse, Faubourg St. Germain, this at least is my recollection of it after a pilgrimage made to it many years ago. The attempt of the good nuns of this establishment to make a proselyte of my mother seems to have been prosecuted with zeal, as they thought it advisable, on this special occasion, to call into requisition the abilities and powers of persuasion of the Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, the same who afterward acted as confessor to Louis XVI. in the days of his adversity, and accompanied him to the guillotine. Of this truly pious and good man she always spoke with feelings of kindness and respect. If he failed in his efforts to convert to his faith one so young, so guileless, and so susceptible of strong religious impressions as my mother, it was simply because her devotion to her father was so great as to overpower all her other feelings. I have heard her speak of the overwhelming emotion with which her first request to be permitted to embrace the Catholic faith was received by him, and the earnestness of his entreaties that she would refrain from taking any decisive step at that time, and would at least allow herself time and opportunity for calm, deliberate, mature reflection. She felt, then, that she could never be the cause of so much unhappiness to her father, whatever might be the consequences to herself, and made no opposition to an immediate removal from the convent to her father's house in Paris. I do not believe that the subject was ever afterward discussed between them; but I have heard her say, in

relation to some books given her by the Abbé Edgeworth, not all on religious subjects, that for a long time after she had renounced all idea of professing the Catholic faith, she could not look upon them without their awakening such painful sensations in her mind that she desired to put them out of her sight.

“The letter of January, 1836, written nine months before her death, was in answer to one received from her daughter, giving an account of a journey to Pensacola. The incident alluded to, of the stage coach in which the travellers found themselves—the driver having carelessly quitted his seat leaving them to the mercy of excited horses just approaching the top of a steep and difficult descent, was by no means the greatest danger to which the travellers were exposed in this journey through Florida. The Indian hostilities were just breaking out there, and all was in a state of alarm and excitement wherever they passed. My sister’s destination was Donaldsonville, but having reached Pensacola, it became so manifestly unsafe for her to go farther, or to return, that she was, induced to accept a kind and pressing invitation from an old friend of her family, and remain where she was, enjoying the mild climate so requisite to her health under the roof of those hospitable Virginians until the difficulties which beset her path were removed. Mr. Trist, however, being relieved from the embarrassment of his female companion, was not to be deterred from pursuing his journey to New Orleans, where he was to embark for Havana.”

"BOSTON, Jan^y 4th, 1828.

"I have no objection, dear Septimia, to your going to this party, and will return an answer of acceptance for you. Mrs. Stearns will be so kind as to have a place taken for you in the Monday morning stage, and we will return together on Thursday to dinner or tea, as we see fit. Pray send a special invitation to the beautiful rose to come and shed its sweetness in the more genial clime of our little pleasant room, instead of wasting it in a cold cellar. Tell Mrs. Stearns I should not have expected such inhospitable treatment to a *dog-rose*, much less to this frail and beautiful exotic. It is really strange when Ponto and the cat can sport in the light and warmth of her entry, and even occasionally intrude into her parlor, that this elegant child of Flora should be consigned to a dreary, cold cellar. Invite her, by all means, to our chamber, and let her be second only to the lily. Give the wall-flower to understand that I expect her to do the honors of our domicile in such a style as not to discredit her native State, and present me kindly to the whole family, including the mignonettes, if they are still in the land of the living.

"Adieu, my dear daughter. Remember me most affectionately to Mrs. Stearns and the girls, and burn this foolish note as soon as you have read it. Your affectionate mother,

M. R."

"BOSTON, Dec. 9th, 1832.

"I have staid from church, dear Septimia, for the express purpose of answering your letter. I am not surprised at your predilection for the Catholic faith at

your age. I believed most religiously that it was the only road to heaven, and looked forward with fear and terror to the possibility of never again having it in my power to confess myself a member of that church which I believed the true and original one. My affection for my father prevented my taking any steps at so early an age without his approbation. He asked of me what I ask of you: do nothing precipitately. If, after your judgment is matured, you find it necessary for your happiness to embrace the Catholic faith, you will find no opposition from me. But at your age the imagination and our fears are all alive, and the judgment, which depends upon experience and reflection, is entirely unfounded. Listen to the arguments on both sides without fear; knowing, as you do, your own sincerity in the search of truth; wait a few years till you see what the result will be, and then decide according to your conscience. Confession I do not object to, because the self-examination to which it obliges us, leads to a knowledge of ourself, the more rigid as we dare not admit vanity or pride to bias the true and sincere exposition which we must humble ourselves to make, without indulgence or partiality to our weaknesses. And that thorough examination and knowledge of self to which it leads, enables us to be upon our guard to watch and correct our besetting sin.

“But I acknowledge that I see nothing of it in the Bible. Of course that is one of the additions to Christ's original doctrines. A belief in the Trinity, which we think was no doctrine of his, but added by one of the councils 300 years after him, is essential to

the most monstrous article of their creed, the transubstantiation. What a degrading idea of the Almighty Creator and Ruler of the Universe, to suppose that he would transform himself into a little bit of wafer, to be eaten and digested by his creatures. And, although there is but one God, yet most assuredly, according to their belief, every communion day there must be thousands, for all over the world where Catholics are taking it, each has his own God Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the body and blood of our Saviour along with it, in his stomach at the same time. And of what use is such a miracle, if it were possible? Those who do not believe in it are equally followers of Christ, and eat the bread *in remembrance* of the last supper which he took with his apostles. His miracles had all some definite purpose. He gave sight to the blind, restored the use of their limbs to the cripples, and raised the dead from the tomb, in presence of thousands, that, seeing his supernatural powers, they might know that his mission was a divine one. They saw those miracles with their eyes, and there was a reason for them. But when the Catholic priest tells us that he has converted a chalice full of wafers into so many Gods, we have only his word for it, for to our eyes they are still but wafers; and for what has he done this miracle,—that, like cannibals, we might eat our God? The idea to me is not only absurd and disgusting, but absolutely blasphemous; and we can only receive it in our minds by a sacrifice of reason and common sense. Those who are brought up in that opinion from their infancy, when impressions are deep

est, and who are taught that it is injurious to reason upon the subject, that every doubt is a temptation of Satan, are afraid to use the reason that God has given them. Their purgatory is a rational modification of hell, where the punishment is said to be eternal; but still I am forced to admit that there is no authority for it in the New Testament. The Catholics say that theirs is the true faith, to which Christ made the promise 'that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' If we take the promise on a broader basis, and suppose it to be made to the Christian religion at large, of which the Catholic is only a sect, it is much more conformable to reason; for certainly the Catholics have added so much to the single doctrines of Christ that it bears very little resemblance to the original system as we find it in the New Testament, which is the basis upon which every sect has built up a code according to the character of their reformer, or other circumstances. A straight-forward sincerity in our opinions, or, if they are unsettled, a sincere desire for truth, is all that is required of us as to faith. Strict morality, the control of our passions, is equally a part of religion, designated by the term 'good works.'

"Mr. Greenwood said very justly, that there was no such thing as religion without morality; that 'religion was virtue, and virtue was religion.' If we are in error, after having done everything in our power to come at the truth, we cannot in common sense believe that a just God will punish us for the weakness of an understanding which He himself gave us, and which we make the best use of according to our powers. If we

seek not to flatter or deceive ourselves, He will never punish us for the want of that judgment which He alone could give us. I think it is a duty to cultivate the talents he has given us, and to improve them by reading and other means. But infallibility is not demanded of short-sighted, imperfect beings like us. Let us feel that we have acted to the best of our judgment, and rest assured that nothing more can be required of us. I have written you a hurried scrawl, dear Septimia, upon a very important subject, but it is better to send this than run the risk of losing the opportunity by copying it over and methodizing what I have said. I write as I speak, but repetitions and incorrect modes of expression which do not strike us in conversation, make a bad appearance on paper. However, I write not for the critic, but for my dear children, who will excuse inelegancies of expression and carelessness of diction. I will still repeat what I said in the beginning of my letter: if, after a few years, you still persevere, I shall not oppose any step that your mature judgment may approve, and no difference of opinion can diminish the love I shall always feel for you; and if, as our Saviour says 'In my Father's house are many mansions'—so must there be many roads leading to that house.

"Now, with regard to Mrs. —, she has been uniformly kind and attentive to us. She may deserve what the world says of her, but I would not be the one to 'cast the first stone.' I never would take the lead in hunting a fellow-creature out of society, and making desperate one who may yet recover. I would

certainly visit her, and very particularly Mrs. * * * I am bound to South Carolina in gratitude for every thing of comfort we possess. If her political opinions are wrong, I am sorry for it; but our concern is with her kind acts to us, not her defective politics. Old Mrs. — also, I think, the girls should visit. Mrs. W., they will, of course; and when they do visit any friends of mine, particularly those I have mentioned, I wish to be kindly and respectfully mentioned to them.

“E. says I must tell you that at fifteen, she, too, had strong notions of Catholicism, but that she has outgrown them all.”

“BOSTON, January 31st, 1833.

“I wrote so often last week, dear Septimia, that I did not think it necessary to be so very punctual this time as I generally am. My health is so good at present that you need be under no apprehension on that score. I had, as Mrs. Trollope would say, ‘pretty considerable of headache’ and pain in the face last week, but I went to two evening parties in the rain, and it cured me. One at Mrs. G.’s was a complete take in. She asked E. and myself to meet Mrs. S. P. G. and her family, and no one else was either ‘expressed or understood.’ E. was unwell, and as Mrs. G. had repeatedly pressed us to take tea in a sociable way with her, I went, when to my surprise I found the room fill by degrees, and we had a party of between thirty and forty persons, mostly strangers. The next night was to Mrs. S. S.’s, who, as well as the Colonel, has been

so civil to me, and has asked us so often, that I did not feel at liberty to refuse. I met Mde. Audubon, waiting for some acquaintance to go in with, having, as well as myself, come alone, and we went in together. I am very much pleased with her, and the pleasure, or rather one of the pleasures, in visiting her, is, that we are admitted into the room where her husband and son are painting and working upon their birds—which she assures me does not disturb them.

* * * * * *

“I prefer very much the forms of the Episcopal Church, for, at least, the service can’t be destroyed. I admit that the Catholic Church has some most comfortable doctrines, *if you can believe them*; but there is the difficulty. Without giving up your reason, which God has given us as a guide through life, it is impossible to believe in the transubstantiation. Neither can rational beings believe that the prayer and fasting of one person can atone for the sins of another. Bringing the doctrine home to yourself—if you should have passed your life in vice and crime, and upon your death-bed a whole convent of priests should tell you, “die in peace, my daughter; though your life has been a tissue of crimes of the blackest in the catalogue of human depravity, we will give you absolution, and we will say so many prayers and masses for you that you will escape the punishment which your crimes have deserved,”—could you believe them? Or can you bring your mind to believe for one moment that the Almighty would give up his judgment-seat to a short-sighted mortal? Believe me, dear S., that he only

who made you, and knows exactly in what proportions the good and the bad are compounded, and the strength to resist, or the weakness of a poor imperfect being, can judge truly of the degree of merit or sin. The more difficulty we find in subduing our passions, the more merit. A quiet person, whose propensities to error are weak, deserves much less in the eyes of the Father than one in whom he himself has implanted stronger passions, and who has overcome them by dint of struggling; although in the eyes of the world the most quiet will be deemed the most meritorious. Those things must be between ourselves and our Maker. He alone can appreciate the efforts of the weak and erring, or know how much or how little trouble those in whom he has implanted weak passions have taken not to subdue them, but to stimulate their quiet and indolent tempers to the performance of active virtue. A knowledge of our own imperfections ought to make us indulgent to others whose difficulties are not the less great for being of a different description. Self-knowledge should teach us humility, and our ignorance of others, charity.

“But it is a hard case to send you a sermon, and an ill written one, instead of a letter that would, or ought to, enliven you with the news of the gay and fashionable world, of which, however, I am no longer a member.”

“BOSTON, January 18th, 1836.

“I cannot tell you, dear Septimia, how delighted I was to hear from you, and how much amusement, as well as pleasure, your letter afforded us. We received

it Saturday night, and Sunday your sister told the news at church, and some of your friends, amongst others Susan, came in to learn the particulars of your journey; your struggle with your fat neighbor to prevent his throwing himself under the wheels while the horses were running, diverted Susan and Mr. L. excessively. He said it was a scene for a painter; and I am commissioned to ask you whether it was consideration for him, or the selfish feelings so elegantly expressed by 'company in distress makes sorrow the less,' which induced you to cling to him so pertinaciously, and, it appears, so much against his will, although most probably you saved his life by so doing. I am very glad to hear that you are with Mr. Willis; out of your own family you could be nowhere more to my satisfaction. Mr. Willis is a most excellent, kind-hearted man, and besides the connection between the families by the marriage of his son to two of your cousins successively, he served a campaign under your father,* and was a great favorite of his. He is also well acquainted with many members of the family. You remember the first time we returned to Virginia, he was in the boat with us, and Cornelia made a blind for his eye, that was very much inflamed. So if you find that you are not in the way, and I cannot conceive how you should be, make yourself easy till you can finish your journey, which I hope the vicinity of our squadron will render safe.

"The climate of Pensacola is a divine one. Here,

* In Canada, during the war of 1812.

we have never seen the face of the earth since the 23d of November, and at present we have a fresh fall of from six to eight inches of snow to cleanse the old, which was getting to be very dirty, dripping enough from the eaves of the houses to make the side-walks sheets of ice, with an occasional avalanche to knock you down by way of variety; and the thermometer the night before last, and the night before that, was at 8° above zero. People have scrambled and slipped and plunged and tumbled down as usual, but as to walking, no one aspires to that commodious and graceful mode of proceeding; too happy to get to your journey's end without destroying your dress or breaking your bones at the least. Yet except some dreadful spells just after you left us, the winter has not been a very hard one; it is true, we never set eyes upon the sun, but that here is a mere circumstance.

"I am so glad you went to Pensacola instead of Tallahassee. In the first place, the climate is far preferable; you are much better where you are. Show the kind friends with whom you are staying a cheerful countenance and grateful temper, and, above all, dear Septimia, remember that you are under the protection of a Father, sleeping or waking, who never for a moment forgets or loses sight of those who put their trust in Him, and that however far and wide things may deviate from our calculations and plans, they will be more wisely ordered, and eventually will turn out for the best. You will not have much opportunity for reading, but you may do much with your music if there is a piano in the house, and at any rate with your

guitar. I will send you, if I have an opportunity, a beautiful song suited to your voice, called 'The Angels' Whisper,' it has a great run here, and has lately been reprinted. There is a phrenologist in town to whom Ellen, Mary, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Heard, with many others, have been, and his reports have really been wonderful. Susan came to-day for Ellen to go with her; she is very full of it—how I wish you were here to go also. I would give a great deal to have my opinion confirmed by a man who goes to work so scientifically. He says that a small organ kept in constant exercise will produce greater effect than one more fully developed that is neglected; so you see, Miss, if your memory is small, exercise will strengthen it. Often in reading I do not understand what I read, in fact, it makes no impression upon my brain; but reading it over perhaps once, or twice, or even more times, the ideas arrange themselves in such beautiful order, so clear, so distinct, that I know it is nothing but the loss of my memory which has occasioned the difficulty at first. 'A word to the wise,' so 'go thou and do likewise.'

"You have a whole cargo of letters directed to Donaldsonville, that I know of, and no doubt some from Virginia that I do not. Ellen wrote you a long letter full of news and gossip, I have written two besides this, and Susan wrote to you; write to her without waiting to receive her letter. In scenes so new and strange you cannot be at a loss for material, and travelling certainly does expand the mind; it gives it ideas, even poetical ones; but reading and good society must furnish language worthy of them, else we can not do

justice to our own minds. Ideas, in themselves beautiful and original, are frequently so mangled and mutilated by inadequate expressions of them, in language inappropriate, that we can never make our strength known, from the impossibility of doing justice to our own conceptions. I am sorry I have mislaid my close lines, for my paper is drawing to a close, and I have yet much to say; but I must still repeat, make yourself easy in your present residence. They are Virginians, whose hospitality is drawn in with their mothers' milk; and how often have we, dear Septimia, asked strangers to our house who have staid with us, not weeks, but months, and even years; yet when they were amiable we have often deeply regretted their departure; and this not of solitary individuals, but families.

"Mary will write to you next week; she would have done so sooner, but that I have written every week for the last three. I hope you will get the letters; it would be a pity to lose so much news, gossip, advice, and other interesting and valuable matter. With regard to Mrs. E.—'In Turkey you know you must do as the turkeys do.' You know the quotation.

"Cornelia was still with Mrs. Madison when I heard from her, the 7th. Mr. M. is much as usual; sinking by imperceptible degrees. He is so feeble that he can just walk. I think that when she loses him, she will probably remove to Washington.

"Adieu! Write often and fully, to me as carelessly as you please; but to correspondents out of the family be more careful not to mix the subjects higglety-

pigglety like a mince pie, but give to each distinct and separate places, not bringing in the 'pig-tail' at every other line. To me, dear child, write as carelessly as you please; tell me every thing that concerns you, and how you will; every thing about you interests and amuses me; if you stay to arrange your periods and smooth your style, you will neither have time nor inclination to write as long letters as you can when you let your pen, like your tongue, run on its own way. God bless you, and preserve you to your own devoted mother. Say every thing that is kind and respectful from me to Mr. and Miss Willis; thank them from me for harboring you in your distress, for I do not know what your situation would have been in a land of strangers, but for their kind attention in offering you an asylum. Once more adieu."

* * * * *

"My mother survived her father upward of ten years, and her husband about eight years; during that period losing a grown son, James Madison Randolph, born in the President's House.

"In the autumn after my grandfather's death, she went to Boston, and passed the winter in the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of that city, having with her the two youngest children, Septimia and George Wythe, who went to day schools during that winter. Septimia was the only one of her daughters who ever went to school at all; my other sisters and myself having our education conducted by our mother; she being our only teacher, assisted somewhat by her father. The following summer she accompanied my

sister, Mrs. Coolidge, to Cambridge, where the two children again attended day-schools. My eldest brother, Mr. Jefferson Randolph, was his grandfather's executor; he had been in all business affairs the staff of his declining years, and afterward became a father to his younger brothers. The sale of furniture, pictures, and other movables at Monticello took place the winter following my grandfather's death, after my mother's departure for Boston. The rest of the family passed that winter in my brother's house, then the ensuing summer at Monticello, a purchaser for which could not be found until two years or more after. My mother remained in Cambridge the second winter, as a boarder, with her two children, in the family of Mr. Stearns, law-professor of Harvard College, to whose excellent family she became much attached.

"My sister Cornelia went to join her in Cambridge, and the two were alternately in Boston and Cambridge, the one with Mrs. Coolidge, and the other with the children.

"In the spring of 1828, my mother returned to Monticello, accompanied by Cornelia and Septimia, leaving my brother at a boarding school in the country near Cambridge. This being their first separation, it was felt most acutely on both sides, for he, just ten years old, was an unusually sensitive and warm-hearted boy, and as the 'youngling of her flock,' was the darling of her heart. He was to remain behind among strangers, whilst his mother, the object of his passionate fondness and devoted attachment, was to return without him to that dear old home he so well

remembered and loved. My mother, on her return to Monticello after an absence of eighteen months, found my father very ill. He had been a part of the previous winter in Georgia, engaged as commissioner on the part of the United States in establishing a boundary line between that State and Florida. His letters spoke of his enjoying the climate, and he enjoyed also the opportunities which he there found of gratifying his fondness for botanical studies; but he returned home in very bad health, and after a few months of severe suffering, died on the 20th of June, 1828, in his sixtieth year. Monticello was sold the following winter. My mother took leave of her beloved home in December—that home which had been the scene of her happiest years, where she had enjoyed her dear father's society, and been the solace of his age; where her children had been, most of them, born and grown up around her, and where her own happy childhood had been passed before the death of her mother.

She removed with her family to the house of her son Jefferson. My mother lived a year with my brother's family, during which time she formed a plan of keeping a school for young ladies, assisted by her unmarried daughters, who were to be teachers under her superintendence. This plan was, however, rendered unnecessary by the donations so generously made her by the States of South Carolina and Louisiana, of \$10,000 each. About this time, also Mr. Clay, then Secretary of State, prompted by the wish to do something in aid of Mr. Jefferson's daughter, offered

to my husband, who had just then commenced the practice of the law, one of the higher clerkships in the State Department, with a salary of \$1,400. This offer was accepted by him, with the understanding that my mother and sisters would go with us to live in Washington as one family. In the autumn of 1829, we bade adieu to our native mountains, and removed to Washington. We occupied a small house with a pretty garden, pleasantly situated, where we lived together, forming one family, consisting of seven grown persons and four children, the two youngest being my own, and the other two orphans of my eldest sister, who had been taken by their grandmother to her home at Monticello while her father was still living.

“Upon her arrival in Washington, my mother was visited by every body, and received the most marked attentions. The President and the Heads of Departments called upon her; the lady of the White House of that day, Mrs. Donelson, and the wives of the cabinet ministers laid aside etiquette, and paid her the respect of a first call.

“General Jackson, during the whole time of her residence in Washington, never omitted making her a visit once a year, accompanied usually by the Secretary of State. As a tribute to her father's memory, these marks of respect were peculiarly gratifying. Her disposition was naturally cheerful and social, though she was not dependent on society for happiness. Her habits of regular occupation, possessing as she did various tastes, the cultivation of which afforded her variety, and increased her interest in life; and sur-

rounded as she was by a large, cheerful family circle, she lived contentedly in the country, even during the winters at Monticello, which were seldom enlivened by visitors. That season was devoted principally to the education of her children; the constant crowds of visitors during the rest of the year leaving her very little time not engrossed by household cares, arising from the duties of hospitality.

“During the years which she passed in Washington, she resumed many of her old occupations; her taste for flowers revived, and good music afforded her enjoyment, although she no longer played much herself after my grandfather’s death. Her habits of reading she never lost, and she always began the day with some chapter of the New Testament. She was an early riser in summer and in winter. She liked an east window in her bedroom, because it enabled her to read in bed before the household were stirring. Every year she visited alternately my elder brother at his residence near Monticello, in the southwest mountains of Virginia, or my sister, Mrs. Joseph Coolidge, in Boston.

“In the spring of 1831 she was called on to make a painful sacrifice, such as mothers only can appreciate—she gave her consent to George’s entering the navy. After passing a winter with her in Washington, he had entered a school near the University of Virginia, when a midshipman’s warrant was procured for him. At his boarding-school in Massachusetts, his conduct had gained for him the respect, confidence, and good-will of all, teachers and associates; but he was

yet a mere child, and his mother's heart sickened at the thought of his going forth alone to encounter the naval perils, as well as brave the hardships of a sea-faring life. She had, however, the fortitude to approve of what was judged best for his future, and her sorrow was borne with the patient and cheerful resignation which belonged to her character.

"The recollection of that parting as a trial for her, stirs up, even at this distance of time, the long dormant feelings which I thought my last tear had been shed for. You, dear madam, will excuse this revival of incidents not required for your sketch, and will use such things only as may have an interest for the public. His first cruise lasted eighteen months, in the U. S. ship John Adams, which went up the Mediterranean as far as Constantinople; and one of its incidents was the breaking out of the cholera on board. He got back to us safely, however, and my mother was rewarded for her sufferings by the encomiums elicited by his conduct and character from the officers under whom he had served, and their predictions as to the useful and honorable career which lay before him. She continued to hear him highly spoken of, and to learn that he was respected by all who knew him, and that his leisure hours on board the ship were devoted to reading and study. In the interval between his cruises, he was to stay with her in Washington.

"In the second year of her residence there, she had the happiness of having my brother Lewis, another of her younger children, added to her family. He obtained a clerkship, which afforded him a post whilst

he was qualifying himself for the practice of the law, and he remained with us until his marriage, which took place a few years later. He was highly gifted, remarkably handsome, and shone in the social circle, but never formed one of the idle throng always to be found in cities. Very domestic in his tastes and habits, his leisure hours were divided between his professional studies and associates belonging to the circle in which his family moved. He married Miss Martin, a niece of Mrs. Donelson, with whom he became acquainted at the 'White House,' where she was staying. He then moved to the young state of Arkansas, where a promising career at the bar was cut short by an early death from congestive fever, less than a year after his mother's death.

"In the summer of 1832, my mother parted with the orphan grand-daughter, Ellen Bankhead, whom she had adopted, and who, being then married to Mr. John Carter of Albemarle, returned to live on his estate in his native mountains, and among the scenes of her childhood. Willie, her little orphan brother, was about that time claimed by his paternal grandfather, and placed at a day-school near him. In the following spring, Mr. Trist purchased a house into which we all moved. I think my mother felt more at home in this pleasant, new abode than she had ever done since leaving Monticello. The house had been built by Mr. Richard Rush, our Minister to England for many years, and when we first moved to Washington, was occupied by this gentleman and his lovely wife and family. It was a spacious dwelling, admirably planned and built, with a large garden and out-buildings, the whole en

closed by a high brick wall. There the last three years of my mother's life were spent, although her death took place suddenly at Edgehill, my brother's residence in Virginia.

"The winter preceding had been marked by the death of my brother, James Madison Randolph, who had just completed his 27th year. He was buried at Monticello on a cold day in January. I remember the negroes assembled there, and made a fire to keep them warm while they waited for the procession which followed him to his early grave, who, they said, was the 'black man's friend,' and would have shared his last cent with one of them. At the time of our removal to that pleasant new home, my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, of Boston, having gone to China, was engaged in business in Canton; his family remaining in Boston. In the summer of 1834, and during the absence of her husband, my sister paid us a visit, passing the summer in Virginia at my brother's, and the following winter with us in Washington. On that occasion, my mother had all her daughters with her for the last time; and Lewis, yet unmarried, was still living with her. The season was remarkable for its severity, the thermometer falling so low as 16° below zero, on a gallery with a southern exposure of our house, and so late even as the 1st day of March, stood at zero—the snow a foot deep in the garden. Soon after the purchase of that house, Mr. Trist, whose health had been very delicate, was appointed by General Jackson to be United States Consul at Havana, which post had become vacant by the death of Mr. Shaler,

long distinguished as our Consul at Algiers. He proceeded there alone, and in the summer returned to Washington. After remaining with us a few months, he again went to Havana alone to pass one more winter there, and then return to take charge of the office of First Comptroller of the Treasury, which General Jackson had tendered to him. He was still in Havana in the spring of 1835, when my brother Lewis left us to be married in Tennessee, and Mr. Coolidge arrived from China and came immediately to Washington, where his wife and family were still staying with us. He found my mother slowly recovering from a very severe illness, considered by our friend and physician, Dr. Hall, as a 'breaking up of her constitution,' and which was regarded by my brothers, Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin (who repaired from their homes in Virginia to their mother's bedside), as seriously alarming. She, however, recovered to a certain point, but never perfectly. Mr. Coolidge and my sister with their children returned to Boston, whilst my mother was to follow them as soon as she was able to travel. Accordingly, when her strength became sufficiently restored, she made the journey, going from Washington to Baltimore by steamer down the Potomac and up the Chesapeake Bay, she not having strength for the stage-coach ride of forty miles, then the only direct public conveyance between the two cities. My sister Mary accompanied her, and she reached Boston safely. Mr. Trist returned from Havana in August after my mother's departure. He had then decided, most reluctantly yielding to the advice of his physi

cian, to prolong his residence in Havana: his continuance in that climate for several years being judged essential to his recovery from an affection of the throat, of which there were at that period a number of fatal cases. That winter, instead of accompanying my husband on his return to Havana, as I should have wished I had to take up my abode in Philadelphia to be near our little mute son Thomas Jefferson, whom I entered—the youngest pupil there—as a boarder at the institution for deaf-mutes. This last winter of her life my mother passed in Boston with but two of her children near her: Mrs. Coolidge and Mary—the others scattered far away from her, fortunately for their peace of mind unconscious how soon the last parting was to come. My own departure for Havana the following autumn was decided on, but dreaded by all—still nearer was that other parting scene at which we were to meet no more on earth.

“In the month of May, 1836, my mother left Boston for Virginia, accompanied by my sister Mary. A final adieu it proved to her daughter, Mrs. Coolidge—her favorite child, it was generally thought, but we never felt jealous of her. Our family was, I think, a very united one. On her journey south, she passed some weeks in Philadelphia on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hackley, the mother of Mrs. Cutts. I was still in Philadelphia with my little deaf-mute boy, and it was on that occasion that this precious portrait was secured by my prevailing on her to sit to Mr. Sully, then considered the best female portrait painter in our country. Twenty years previously, Mr. Sully had

passed some time as a guest at Monticello, having been employed to make a portrait of my grandfather for the Military Academy at West Point. Since that time my mother had changed very much. Mr. Sully had then found her living with her dear father in that happy home, surrounded by a large, cheerful family-circle unbroken by death. But in the long interval, many of its members had been taken away, and grief had left its traces not less plainly stamped upon her face than age. She was thinner and more feeble than I had ever seen her—it was just six months before her death. I accompanied her to Mr. Sully's studio for her first sitting, and as she took her seat before him she said playfully: 'Mr. Sully, I shall never forgive you if you paint me with wrinkles.' I quickly interposed,— 'Paint her just as she is, if you please, Mr. Sully, the picture is for me.' He said, 'I shall paint you, Mrs. Randolph, as I remember you twenty years ago.' He approved of her dress, particularly a large cape worn by old ladies, and requested her not to make any change in it. The picture does represent her twenty years younger than when she sat to him, but it failed to restore the embonpoint, and especially the expression of health and cheerful, even joyous, vivacity, which her countenance then habitually wore. While she was sitting for her portrait, her youngest daughter, Septimia, arrived by sea from Pensacola, where she had been taken by Mr. Trist to pass the winter with some friends, soon after which my mother pursued her journey to Virginia, accompanied by Mary and Septimia.

"Mr. Trist returned in August, and I set out with

him in September for Virginia to take leave of my friends. On our arrival at Washington, finding General Jackson there alone in the White House—soon to set out for Tennessee, where his family had preceded him—the General expressed a wish for my husband's company during the days he might still be detained there. This being acceded to, I pursued my journey alone, little dreaming that this detention of a few days was to deprive my husband of ever again seeing my mother, between whom and himself the warmest attachment existed. On reaching Edgehill, I found them all assembled under my brother's roof, soon to travel together northward again before the separation so dreaded by us all. My mother and Mary were to pass the winter with Mrs. Coolidge, in Boston, whilst Cornelia and Septimia were to accompany me to Havana. I found my mother still looking very delicate and troubled with sore throat, for which a gargle had been prescribed by my brother, Dr. Benjamin F. Randolph. She complained of a vertigo when she threw back her head in using it. The day appointed for our departure being close at hand, she had exerted herself more than usual in packing a trunk; the following day she had a sick-headache and kept her bed. She had all her life been subject to these headaches, but within the last few years had ceased to have them. One of my sisters expressed the hope that their recurrence might be a favorable symptom, a proof of returning vigor, as she had not had any thing of the sort since her illness eighteen months before, in Washington. We watched by her bedside, though feeling no

alarm at an affection which we had always been accustomed to see her suffer with for several days at a time. One of my sisters slept in the room with her, and before parting with her for the night, I gave my mother some arrow-root. Early next morning I was called and told she was worse. I hurried to her bedside but was too late to be recognized, a blue shade passed over the beloved face; it was gone and she lay as in sleep, but life had gone too. It was apoplexy. She died on the 10th of October, 1836, having just completed her sixty-fourth year on the 27th of September, ten years and three months after her father, and was laid by his side in the grave-yard at Monticello."





D. P. Madison

MRS. DOLLY P. MADISON.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in one of his letters, has given an amusing account of his troubles in Washington, in preparing to attend a levee given by President Madison. After a ludicrous description of his vexations, he says, he finally emerged into the blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room. Here he was most graciously received, and found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly and old women, and beautiful young ones. Mrs. Madison, he adds, was a fine, pretty, buxom dame, who had a smile and a pleasant word for every body. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, were also present on this occasion, and looked "like the merry wives of Windsor."

Dorothy Payne, the second child of John and Mary Coles Payne, was born the 20th of May, 1772. Her mother was a daughter of William Coles, Esq., of Coles Hill; and was a lady of pleasing social manners. The family were Virginians, and though Mrs. Madison was born in the State of North Carolina, she ever prided herself on a title so dear to all its possessors: that of being a daughter of the old commonwealth. Her parents removed to Philadelphia when she was quite young, and joined the Society of Friends at that place. Here their little daughter was

reared according to the strict system of the society, and by example and precept taught to ignore all those graceful accomplishments deemed so necessary in the formation of a woman's education. Attired in the close-fitting dress of her order, she would demurely attend to the duties imposed upon her, and the wonderful undertone of sweetness in her character kept the brow serene, and the heart ever bright and hopeful. Hers was a sunny elastic nature, even as a child; and if she was not permitted to learn the worldly arts she desired, her disposition was not soured by these restrictions, and the inner graces which afterward made her famous, blossomed and bloomed in native harmony. Nothing could conceal her beautiful character. Nor could the quaint bonnet of the Friends hide her sparkling eyes and perfectly rounded features from the admiring gaze of her young acquaintances. At the age of nineteen she was married to John Todd, a rising young lawyer of Philadelphia and a member of the Society of Friends. Her father had manumitted his slaves when he moved to the city, and Miss Payne was accustomed to a life of simplicity and plentifulness, but never to even comparative wealth. Nor was she remarkable for her literary abilities or acquired attainments; but her warm heart beamed goodness from her expressive lips and lent a fascination to her frank, earnest face. After her union with Mr. Todd, her time was spent in her modest home according to the secluded manner of her sect, and during her short married life she pursued the even tenor of her quiet way, unconscious of her rapidly unfolding beauty, or of the

admiration it was exciting. Soon she was left a widow with an infant son, and made her home with her widowed mother.

The personal charms of the young widow, united as they were, with manners cordial, frank, and gay, excited the admiration and awakened the kind feelings of all who came within their influence, and unaided by the extrinsic and accidental advantages of fortune or fashion, she became a general favorite, and the object not only of admiration, but of serious and devoted attachment.

In October, 1794, Mrs. Todd was married to Mr. Madison, then one of the most talented members of Congress, a statesman of wealth and social position, and withal a great and good man. She had been a widow less than a year, and was at the time of her second marriage in the twenty-third year of her age. The ceremony was performed at "Harewood," Jefferson County, Virginia, the residence of her younger sister, Lucy, the wife of George Steptoe Washington. From this time forward, she lived at "Montpelier," the rural home of Mr. Madison, until he was called again to public life. It was at this time of her life that she developed the loveliest traits of her noble character. Placed in a position where she could command resources, the warmth and generosity of her nature was displayed, not in lavish personal expenditures, but in dispensing the bounties bestowed upon her to all who came as suppliants, and in giving to her widowed mother and orphaned sisters a home. The blessings of her kindred, and the fond love of her husband,

gladdened these, the first years of her married life, and her relatives and friends were made partakers of her abundance; while the tender attentions of Mr Madison to her aged mother filled her heart to repletion. Had she not been placed in a position harmonious to her nature, it is probable that her days would have been spent in indifferent adherence to a dull routine, and the rills of her heart which bubbled and sang so gleefully in the summer of her content, never been discovered beneath the weight of circumstances. Fortunately hers was a disposition to rightfully appreciate the gifts of fortune and social consideration, and, in accepting her bright future prospects, determined to nourish the smothered generousness of her soul. Hitherto her lot had been circumscribed and the lofty emotions of her heart been hushed; but when the power was given her to do good, she filled the measure of her life with the benedictions of humanity, and reigned in the affections of her friends without a rival.

Mr. Jefferson appointed Mr. Madison Secretary of State in 1801, and in April of that year he removed with his family to Washington. Here her position was in perfect accordance with her disposition, and her house was a radiating point for every acquaintance. The great secret of her success lay in the innocence which dwelt in her noble nature; and this nobleness of innocence underlaid the dignity and high-mindedness which attested an elevated nature. She drank the wine of human existence without the lees, and inhaled the perpetual breath of summer, even after

the snows of winter had clogged the dull course of life. She was gifted with that which was better than Ithuriel's spear, whose touch reveals the beauty which existed in every thing, for she was humble-hearted, tolerant, and sincere. Entirely free from malignant cavil, her instinctive sympathy with the good and beautiful led her to seek it in every thing around her, and her life, if not devoted to the higher cultivation of the mind, developed the sunny brightness of her heart. The power of adaptiveness was a life-giving principle in Mrs. Madison's nature. With a desire to please, and a willingness to be pleased, she was popular in society, and was to her husband a support and friend. Washington was little more than a wilderness when, in the spring, she commenced life there as the wife of a cabinet officer. The elements which combined to form the society of the Capital were various, and difficult to harmonize, and her situation was a delicate one to fill; yet she was loved by all parties, and embittered politicians who never met save at her hospitable board, there forgot "the thorns of public controversy under the roses of private cheerfulness." In those days, steamboats were just beginning, railroads unknown, stage-coaches extremely inconvenient, national, indeed even turnpike roads were very rare, and the journeys were mostly performed in the saddle. The daughter of one of the Senators, who wished to enjoy the gayeties of the Capital, accompanied her father five hundred miles on horseback. The wife of another member not only rode fifteen hundred miles on horseback, but passed through several Indian settlements.

for many nights without a house to lodge in. Mrs. Madison herself had travelled from her Virginia home by easy stages, cumbered with household furniture, and stopping on the road to visit relatives; occupying what seems to us at this day an incredible length of time to perform such a journey. Her house, after the President's, was the resort of most company, and the cordial manners of the hostess lent a peculiar charm to the frequent parties there assembled. "Individuals who never visited at the President's, nor met at the other ministerial houses, could not resist the softening influences of her conciliatory disposition, of her frank and gracious manners, but frequented her evening circle, and sat at her husband's table." Political feuds ran high, and party spirit was more virulent than ever before experienced. Washington's administration had been a success, and in the eyes of the public he was not included in any party, but was above them all. Yet he placed himself, when the question was of a political order, under the banner of the republican party, and "was the declared advocate of the unity and force of the central power." He insured its triumph during his two terms, and let his mantle descend upon one of his most attached friends. The democratic party, desiring the rule of the majority, opposed to the preponderance of the higher classes, and to aristocratic tendencies, overcame the successor of Washington, who was succeeded by Mr. Jefferson, the leader of the opposition. At the commencement of this era, Mrs. Madison appeared upon the scene, and gave to her husband that support which enhanced his popularity

as a public man, and made his house the most popular place of resort in the city. During his eight years' life as Secretary of State, she dispensed with no niggard hand the abundant wealth she rightly prized, and the poor of the District loved her name as a household deity. In 1810, Mr. Madison was elected President, and after Mr. Jefferson left the city, he removed to the White House. Under the former administration, Mrs. Madison had, during the absences of Mr. Jefferson's daughters, presided at the receptions and levees, and was in every particular fitted to adorn her position as hostess of the mansion she was called to preside over. Every one in Washington felt that her watchful care and friendly interest would be in no wise diminished by her advancement to a higher position; and the magical effects of her snuff box were as potent in one capacity as another. The forms and ceremonials which had rendered the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Adams dull and tedious, were laid aside, and no kind of stiffness was permitted. Old friends were not forgotten, or new ones courted; but mild and genial to all, each person felt himself the object of special attention, and all left her presence pleased and gratified with her urbanity and refinement. Possessing a most retentive memory, she never mis-called a name, or forgot the slightest incident connected with the personal history of any one; and therefore impressed each individual with the idea of their importance in her esteem. Mrs. Madison's sole aim was to be popular and render her husband's administration brilliant and successful. Her field was the parlor;

and with the view of reigning supreme there, she bent the energies of her mind to the one idea of accomplishment. In her thirty-seventh year she entered the White House. Still youthful in appearance, denied the cares of maternity, which destroys the bloom of beauty on the delicate faces of American women, she assumed her agreeable position with no encumbrances, no crosses, in perfect health, the possessor of great beauty of feature and form, and eminently happy in the sincere regard of her husband. Contentment crowned her lot with happiness, and the first four years of her stay must have been one continued pleasure. With all her appreciation of admiration, she was not extravagant; her house, during the time of Mr. Jefferson's term, was very plainly furnished, and in no way elegant. Like most Virginians, she delighted in company, and her home was the most hospitable abode in Washington. Her table was her pride; and the superabundance of dishes, and their size, was a subject of ridicule to a foreign minister, who observed "that it was more like a harvest-home supper, than the entertainment of a Secretary of State." She heard of this and similar remarks, and only observed with a smile, "that she thought abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion so repugnant to foreign customs arose from the happy circumstance of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste for the less elegant, but more liberal fashion of Virginia." But this time of prosperity was doomed, and war insa-

tiatē was already treading upon the shores of the Atlantic. Mr. Madison, the peace-loving, humane Executive, was compelled to declare war with Great Britain; and after a time its actual presence was felt at the National Capital. June, 1812, is memorable as the second appeal of the United States to arms, to assert once more their rights as freemen; and for three years its fierceness was felt from Canada to New Orleans, and over the blue waters of the oceans of the world.

“Generous British sentiments revolted at the destruction of the American Capital: which might not have been branded with universal infamy if confined to navy yards, warlike implements, vessels of war, and even private rope-walks, if the enormity had stopped there. But no warfare can satisfy its abominable lust with impunity on libraries, public and private, halls of legislation, residences of magistrates, buildings of civil government, objects of art, seats of peace, and embodiments of rational patriotic pride.”

“The day before the fall of Washington was one of extreme alarm, the Secretary of State wrote to the President: ‘the enemy are advanced six miles on the road to the wood-yard, and our troops are retreating. You had better remove the records.’ Then commenced the panic which was destined to grow more general the coming day. Tuesday night, every clerk was busy packing and aiding in the removal of valuables. Coarse linen bags were provided, and late in the evening, after all the work was over, and the bags were hanging round the room, ready at a moment’s

warning to be moved, Mr. Pleasanton, one of the clerks, procured conveyances, and crossing the Potomac deposited them in a mill three miles off. But fearing for their safety, he determined to go farther into the interior, and the next night slept at Leesburg, a small town thirty-five miles from Washington. The light that shone against the cloudless sky revealed the fate of the city, and the doom of his charge had they delayed. Amongst the documents were the original Declaration of Independence, the Federal Constitution, and General Washington's commission as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Revolution, which he relinquished when he resigned it at Annapolis, (found among the rubbish of a garret). Scarcely had the wagon that bore the papers crossed the wooden bridge of the Potomac, than crowds of flying fugitives, men, women, and children, pressed upon it in such numbers as to render the threatened danger almost imminent. The frightened multitude swayed to and fro, seeking means of escape till night closed the horrible drama; then upon Capitol Hill appeared the red-coated soldiery of the British army. The sun sank beneath the golden sheen of fleecy clouds that floated softly over the southern horizon, but the going down of the king of day in no wise relieved the atmosphere. Dust and heat were intolerable, and a rumor that the water was poisoned rendered the sufferings of the weary soldiers painful in the extreme. For the seventh time that day, a retreat was commanded, and the city troops, mortified and enraged, refused to obey. Back from the city to the heights of Georgetown was

the order ; but how could they leave their families, their homes and property, and march by those they were sworn to protect ! Down the long, broad, and solitary avenue past the President's now deserted house, through Georgetown, and some as far as Tenlytown, the disorganized, demoralized remnant of the army strayed, and slept on the ground, lighted up by the fiery red glare from the burning buildings in Washington. All night they lay alarmed and distressed, while but few could steal a moment's repose. The bursting shells in the navy yard were heard for miles, and each boom was a knell to the agonizing hearts, who knew not where their helpless ones were in this hour of horrors.

“ When the British marched slowly into the wilderness city, by the lurid light that shot up from the blazing capitol, the population had dwindled down to a few stragglers and the slaves of the absent residents. The houses, scattered over a large space, were shut, and no sign of life was visible. The President had crossed the Potomac early in the afternoon, and Mrs. Madison had followed in another direction. The bayonets of the British guard gleamed as they filed down the avenue, and the fulminations from the navy yard saluted them as they passed. Nothing but the prayers and entreaties of the ladies, and the expostulations of the nearest residents, deterred the British General Ross from blowing up the Capitol ; but he ordered it to be fired at every point, and many houses near it were consumed. A house hard by, owned by General Washington, was destroyed, which, in justice to human

nature be it said, the General regretted. Not so the Admiral, who ordered the troops to fire a volley in the windows of the Capitol and then entered to plunder.

"I have, indeed, to this hour, (said Mr. Richard Rush, in 1855) the vivid impression upon my eye of columns of flame and smoke ascending throughout the night of the 24th of August from the Capitol, President's house, and other public edifices, as the whole were on fire, some burning slowly, others with bursts of flame and sparks mounting high up in the dark horizon. This never can be forgotten by me, as I accompanied out of the city, on that memorable night in 1814, President Madison, Mr. Jones, then Secretary of the Navy, General Mason, of Anacostia Island, Mr. Charles Carroll, of Bellevue, and Mr. Tench Ringgold. If at intervals the dismal sight was lost to our view, we got it again from some hill-top or eminence where we paused to look at it."

It was among the stories when Congress met near the ruins three weeks afterward, that the Admiral in a strain of coarse levity, mounting the speaker's chair put the question, "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned?" and when the mock resolution was declared unanimous, it was carried into effect by heaping combustibles under the furniture. The temporary wooden structure connecting the two wings, readily kindled. Doors, chairs, the library and its contents, in an upper room of the senate-wing, every thing that would take fire, soon disappeared in sheets of flame, illuminating and consternating the environs for thirty

miles around, whence the conflagration was visible. Through "the eternal Pennsylvania Avenue," the Admiral and General led their elated troops, where but a few hours before the flying, scattered Americans, dismayed, ashamed, and disgusted, had wended their sorrowing way. The Capitol behind them was wrapt in its winding robes of flame, and on through the darkness they passed to that other house of the nation.

An aged lady lived in the nearest residence to the Presidential Mansion, and here the ruffianly Cockburn and the quiet, sad General Ross halted and ordered supper, which they ate by the light of the burning buildings. A letter written by Mrs. Madison to her sister at Mount Vernon, gives us an insight into her feelings, although only detached items can be given.

"TUESDAY, August 23d, 1814.

"DEAR SISTER:—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's House until his return, on the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him written with a pencil; the last is alarming, because he desires that I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage and leave the city: that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen that

they would reach the city with intention to destroy it.
* * * I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself, until I see Mr. Madison safe and he can accompany me,—as I hear of much hostility toward him. * * * Disaffection stalks around us. * * * My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C., with his hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. * * * French John (a faithful domestic) with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

“Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock.—Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirits, to fight for their own firesides!

“Three o'clock.—Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle or skirmish near Bladensburgh, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly; but I wait for him. * * * At this late hour a wag-

on has been procured ; I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house ; whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in a very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments ; I have ordered the frame to be broken and the canvas taken out ; it is done—and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York for safe keeping. And now, my dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell !”

On the removal of the seat of government to Washington, in 1800, a magnificent portrait of General Washington, painted by Stuart partly, and completed by Winstanley, to whom President John Adams' son-in-law, Colonel Smith, stood for the unfinished limbs and body, hung in the state dining-room. Colonel W. P. Custis, of Arlington, a grandson of Mrs. Washington, called at the President's to save this picture of his illustrious grandfather, in whose house he was reared. Then, as now, it was one of the very few ornaments which adorned the White House, and at the risk of capture Mrs. Madison determined to save it. The servants of the house broke with an axe the

heavy gilt frame which protected the inner one of wood, upon which the canvas was stretched, and removed, uninjured, the painting, leaving the broken fragments screwed to the wall, which had held distended the valued relic. Mrs. Madison then left the house, and the portrait was taken whole in the inner frame by Mr. Baker beyond Georgetown and placed in a secure position.

“The Presidential household-god, the image of the Father of his Country—by whom its chief city was fixed near his home, and by whose name it was called—was thus snatched from the clutch or torch of the barbarian captors.” Half a century later, when the White House was undergoing a renovation, this portrait was sent, with many others subsequently added to this solitary collection, to be cleaned and the frame burnished. The artist found on examination that the canvas had never been cut, since the rusted tacks, time-worn frame, and the size compared with the original picture, was the most conclusive evidence that Mrs. Madison did not cut it out with a carving-knife, as many traditions have industriously circulated.

The frame was a large one, hanging high on the wall, and it was impossible that a lady could by mounting a table be enabled to reach any but the lower portion; then, too, in that moment of nervous alarm, the constant noise of cannon filling each heart with dread, it seems improbable that any hand, above all a woman's, could be steady enough to cut, without ruining the canvas.

Again, from the lips of a descendant, the assurance

is given that Mrs. Madison repeatedly asserted that she did not cut it, but only lingered to see it safely removed before she stepped into her waiting carriage and was driven rapidly toward Georgetown.

First to the residence of the Secretary of the Navy, then to Belleview, and joined by the family of Mr. Jones and Mr. Carroll, returned to town insisting that her terrified coachman should take her back toward the President's house to look for Mr. Madison, whom she unexpectedly found near the lower bridge, attended by Mr. Monroe and Mr. Rush, who had reached the White House soon after she left it and stopped for refreshments.

It has been related that the British found a sumptuous meal smoking on the table when they reached there after dark, and that they enjoyed the iced wines and cold ham, amusing themselves with the coarse assertion that "Jemmy" ran from his bacon "to save his bacon." The low pun found ears ready to credit and circulate it, but the porter, who died but a few years since, has repeatedly asserted that the occupants of the house had been in such constant fright that but little had been cooked; and no regular meal partaken of that day; that there was always plenty in the larder for any emergency, and a wine-cellar kept well stored, but that after the President's party had eaten on their arrival, soon after Mrs. Madison's departure, and given the remnants of their hasty meal to the tired, jaded soldiers of Col. Savol's regiment, that there was nothing left.

Water was furnished the troops in buckets, and al-

the wine in the house given them. John Siousa, the French porter, after seeing the President and his attendants off, took the parrot belonging to Mrs. Madison to the residence of Col. Tayloe, and then returned and fastened the house securely and took the keys with him to Philadelphia. All the afternoon, parties of straggling soldiers, on their way to Georgetown, hung about the house and grounds, and vagrant negroes pilfered in spite of the efforts of the servants. Many articles were taken from the house to be secured and returned, as some were, but much was never restored. The porter secreted the gold and silver mounted carbines and pistols of the Algerian minister, which are now in the patent office, but the revolvers belonging to the Secretary of the Treasury, which the President laid on a table, were stolen.

Gloating with *rèvenge*, at the escape of the President and his wife, "whom they wanted to show in England," the enemy broke open the doors of the White House, and ransacked it from cellar to garret, finding nothing of value, or as objects of curiosity, save a small parcel of the pencil notes received from her husband by Mrs. Madison, while he was with the troops, which she had rolled up together and put in a table drawer. To all the rest of the contents: furniture, wines, provisions, groceries, and family stores, which cost Mr. Madison twelve thousand dollars, together with an excellent library, the torch was applied. Fire was procured at a small beer house opposite the Treasury to light the buildings with, and while the commanders were eating their evening meal at the house

of Mrs. Suter, on the corner, the common soldiers, together with the negroes and thieves of all grades, were pillaging the rapidly burning buildings.

The White House was not so large or complete then as now; the east room, which had served Mrs. Adams for a drying room, was unfurnished and unoccupied, and the front vestibule not then added, which so greatly enhances the interior of the present mansion. The House was plain, unfinished, and totally destitute of ornament, the grounds uninclosed, and materials for building purposes lying scattered about the woods which have since become the ornament of this portion of the city. Nothing but the lateness of the hour, and the storm coming on, saved the War Department. The squadron which was to have coöperated with them, failing to come, filled the officers with timorous fear, and they determined to evacuate the city the next day unless it should arrive in the mean time. For over a week the unhappy citizens of Washington had not slept or pursued the avocations of daily life. Constant rumors and frights had unnerved the stoutest hearts, and families fleeing from a foreign foe rendered the situation of those who could not leave more distressing. Every vehicle had been pressed into service and valuables scattered over the country for safety. The city contained about eight thousand inhabitants, living at great distances, of whom not more than one tenth remained in its limits to see the entrance and exit of the British army. Over the long bridge, until it was in danger of giving way, through the country into the interior of Maryland and beyond

the Georgetown limits, the flying, frightened people wandered, not caring whither or how they went, so that they escaped from their remorseless foes. It was a whole week, said the aged Mrs. Suter (at whose house the intruders demanded supper), of great trouble, hardly sleeping at night and all the day spent in fright. After the terrors of that sad week and dreadful day, the capitol and other buildings blazing, the navy yard fearfully exploding, a rain set in which in intensity and duration was scarcely ever witnessed, and which continued during the following day. A British narrator states, "that the most tremendous hurricane ever remembered by the oldest inhabitant in the place came on. Of the prodigious force of the wind, it is impossible for you to form any conception. Roofs of houses were torn off by it, and whisked into the air like sheets of paper; while the rain which accompanied it resembled the rushing of a mighty cataract, rather than the dropping of a shower. The darkness was as great as if the sun had long set and the last remains of twilight had come on, occasionally relieved by flashes of vivid lightning streaming through it, which together with the noise of the wind and the thunder, the crash of falling buildings, and the tearing of roofs as they were stript from the walls produced the most appalling effect I shall probably ever witness. This lasted for nearly two hours without intermission; during which time many of the houses spared by us were blown down, and thirty of our men, besides several of the inhabitants, buried beneath their ruins. Our column was as completely dis-

persed as if it had received a total defeat; some of the men flying for shelter behind walls and buildings, and others falling flat upon the ground to prevent themselves from being carried away by the tempest; nay, such was the violence of the wind that two pieces of cannon which stood upon the eminence, were fairly lifted from the ground and borne several yards to the rear."

This second storm, which was most terrifying to the British, unaccustomed as they were to the grand forests and heavy rains of America, was, if possible, more destructive than the one of the night before. It commenced about one o'clock in the afternoon and was so awful to the troops that they neglected to fire the post-office, and Congress was thereby saved the necessity of being driven to Georgetown or Philadelphia, when it again met in three weeks. After an occupation of twenty-nine hours, the British withdrew and Washington was evacuated.

Mrs. Madison, after meeting her husband, accompanied him to the banks of the Potomac, where one small boat was kept ready—of the many others all sunk or removed but that one—to transport the President, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Rush, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Carroll to the Virginia shore. The boat was too small to carry all at once, so that several trips were necessary; and as the shades of night set in upon them, they looked like departing spirits leaving the world behind, to be ferried over an inevitable Styx. Bidding them adieu as the last one entered the frail bark, Mrs. Madison returned to her friends at Georgetown, but agreeably to her hus

band's orders, she started on to a more secure retreat. The roads were so blocked with wagons that their progress was very slow, and they left their carriages and walked to relieve their anxiety. Crowds of soldiers, panic-stricken, were retracing their steps to the remnant of troops with General Winder. Families, with their conveyances loaded down with household goods, moved slowly forward, amid the tumult, while the coming darkness increased the general alarm. Long after dark, the party accompanying Mrs. Madison reached the residence of Mr. Love, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, where they begged the privilege of remaining all night. There was little need of beds for that agitated band of frightened women, and the night was passed by some in tears; by Mrs. Madison in sitting by an open window, gazing back upon the weird and fantastic flames as they met and lapped in the far distance. Smothered rumbling noises started the listening ear, as ever and anon some huge edifice or wing of a building fell in. The gentlemanly owner of the house was away with the troops, and his wife was ill and alone with her servants, but the sudden visit of so many strangers was no check to the hospitality of the hostess. Every sofa and available substitute was brought into requisition, and all rendered comfortable. Sleep was banished from all eyes, even had any been inclined to repose. The clanking, clattering noise of several hundred disorderly cavalymen around the house kept every one awake, while all felt the desolate weariness of the night was but a harbinger of the coming day. "What must have been the feelings of

the occupants of that house that summer night, we of the present day cannot realize," writes an eminent historian in 1842; but those who had not "fallen asleep" when the summer of 1862 came upon us, endured similar hours of anguish, which seared their hearts forever. No scene of horror was enacted in or about Washington in that week of excitement that has not been repeatedly paralleled in these later years of civil war.

Long before day, the sleepless caravan, with Mrs. Madison at the head, started forward to the place appointed for a meeting with Mr. Madison, "Consternation was at its uttermost: the whole region filled with panic-struck people, terrified scouts roaming about and spreading alarm that the enemy were coming from Washington and Alexandria, and that there was safety nowhere." As the day wore on, in which the British were plundering and burning Washington, the storm that sent terror to their superstitious bosoms overtook the tired refugees. But the elemental war, with its bolts of thunder and zigzag lightning penetrating the darkened recesses of the forest, caused no feeling so insupportable as the flying rumor that the negroes were in revolt, and maddened with drink and promised liberty, were roaming in numbers, committing every excess, worse than those at Hampton the year before. As the day gradually drew to a close, the faint and drenched companions of Mrs. Madison reached the appointed place, sixteen miles from Washington. But the President was not there, and here occurred one of those disagreeable scenes that are a disgrace to the name

of humanity, and which, be it said to the shame of her sex, are oftener the acts of woman than of man. Crowds of persons from Washington occupied the tavern, and the women declared that the wife of him who had brought war upon the country, should not find shelter with them, its innocent victims. Jaded and exhausted from constant travel and want of sleep, the devoted band about Mrs. Madison waited in the storm, urging the tavern-keeper to give them an apartment until the President should arrive. The furious storm grew louder, the sky lowering before, was black as night now, and a tornado of tropical fury set in which spread desolation for many miles around. Women who had repeatedly enjoyed the hospitalities of the White House, been admitted with kind cordiality to drawing-rooms and dinings, now vied with the wife of the landlord in denouncing vehemently the inclination of the men present to admit the Presidential party. Embittered by their real and imaginary wrongs, they lost all sense of honor and refinement, and stood in their true colors before the lady who never for one moment forgot the dignity becoming her station. She preferred the fury of the storm to contention; but the escort with her, indignant at the contemptible conduct of the rude persons within, obliged the ungracious occupants to open the doors. The old tavern stood in the midst of an apple orchard laden with ripening fruit, and hardly had the travellers left their carriages when the hurricane dashed the apples, oftentimes the entire trees, with fearful strength against the house. Mrs. Madison spread the lunch she had prepared the

day before at the White House, and in silence, interrupted only by her inquiries for the welfare of her attendants, they ate their damp food and smothered the intense disgust they felt for families who only the day before they deemed firm friends. The hours dragged slowly on, and the anxious wife looked in vain for her absent husband. Did she, in that hour of grief and humiliation, think of her illustrious predecessors who had endured like her the black ingratitude of the women of her country? Had she forgotten that the ladies of Philadelphia, in 1776, refused to Mrs. Washington similar attention, and treated with scorn the wife of the Commander-in-chief, who was using every human endeavor to organize and establish a continental army? Or did it recur to her that a time would come when, like Mrs. Washington, she would again, through the brightening prospects of peace, receive the flattering adulation of those very persons, and the respect and admiration of the more cultivated throughout the land? Did she think of that strong, resolute "Portia" of the Revolution who, in her modest home near the sea, denied and scorned the report that her husband had deserted to the British, yet who patiently submitted to the averted looks, and silent reproaches of those whom she deemed her friends, and waited for the storm to blow over, and truth once more to triumph? Philadelphia was a great distance then from the coast of Massachusetts, and mails were brought only at rare intervals, but with her strong faith she trusted in her husband's honor and felt that it was not betrayed. Time corrected the false rumor,

but her heart had been deeply wounded, and it never forgot, if it forgave, the conduct of many who, in her hour of trial, turned against her.

Nervous and impatient, Mrs. Madison waited in her inhospitable quarters for the President's coming; and as night came on, her mind was relieved by seeing him approaching, accompanied by the friends with whom she left him the night before. He was careworn and hungry, and after devouring the remnants of her scanty meal, sought the repose he so needed. "That uneasy and humiliating repose, not the last of Mr. Madison's degradations, was, however, the turning point of his fortunes: for while he slept, Ross hastily and clandestinely evacuated Washington, victor and vanquished alike victims of, and fugitives from, imagined perils." But the terrified citizens knew not that the British were impotent, and dismayed at the non-appearance of their fleet. Every crash of thunder was to them a source of alarm, and its rumblings in the distant clouds the imagined noise of approaching troops. Toward midnight, a courier, breathless from fatigue and excitement, warned the President that the enemy were coming, and he was compelled to pass the rest of that miserable night in a hovel in the distant woods, with the boughs sobbing and sighing their requiem around him, and the last efforts of the storm expending itself in moans, while the wind swept through the tall trees. The atmosphere was cooled by the great and prolonged storm, but all nature seemed to weep from exhaustion, and the stillness of the closing hours of the night were in marked contrast to the roar and din of the past twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Madison was warned by her husband to use a disguise, and leaving her carriage and companions, procure another conveyance and fly further. Attended by a nephew of Judge Duvall, she set out accompanied by one soldier, and at the dawn of day left the inhospitable inn where the most unhappy night of her life had been passed. Her carriage and four horses were left with her friends, and a substitute obtained from a gentleman of Georgetown. Soon tidings reached her that Washington was evacuated, and retracing her steps, she reached after a weary ride the Long Bridge, which had been burned at both ends. Here the officer in charge positively refused to let an unknown woman cross in a carriage in his only remaining boat. No alternative was left her but to send for him and explain who she was, when she was driven in her carriage upon the dangerous little raft, which bore her nearer home. Reaching Washington, so disguised that no one knew her, in a strange carriage, she found her former home in ruins, and the noblest buildings reduced to blackened heaps of smoking timber. Desolation met her on every side, and the deserted streets were as quiet as the depths of the forest through which she had passed. Fortunately her sister, Mrs. Cutts, lived in the city, and she repaired there to await Mr. Madison's return. "The memory of the burning of Washington cannot be obliterated. The subject is inseparable from great international principles and usages. It never can be thought of by an American, and ought not to be thought of by an enlightened Englishman, but in conjunction with the deplorable and reprehensible scenes it recalls. It was

no trophy of war for a great nation. History cannot so record it. Our infant metropolis at that time had the aspect of merely a straggling village, but for the size and beauty of its public buildings. Its scattered population scarcely numbered eight thousand; it had no fortresses or sign of any; not a cannon was mounted."

Late in the morning, news reached the President at his hiding-place in the hovel, that the enemy were retreating to their shipping--and he, too, turned his steps toward the capital, and found his wife before him. He rented the house called the Octagon, owned by Colonel Tayloe, where his family passed the winter, and where he signed the treaty of peace.

It was situated on the north-east corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth street. He afterward removed to the north-west corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth street, where he resided until the President's House was repaired. This house had been previously occupied by the Treasury Department. On F street, in a house between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets, now numbered 246, Mr. and Mrs. Madison lived when he was Secretary of State. All three of these residences still remain.

At the last New Year's Reception held by President Madison, he was dressed in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture, made of the wool of merinoes raised in the United States.

"An old citizen has informed me," says Mr. Gobright, in his "Men and Things at Washington," "that the levee of Mr. Madison, in February,

1816, was remembered for years as the most brilliant ever held up to that date in the Executive Mansion. The Justices of the Supreme Court were present in their gowns, at the head of whom was Chief Justice Marshall. The Peace Commissioners to Ghent—Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, and Russell—were in the company. Mr. Adams alone was absent. The levee was additionally brilliant—the heroes of the war of 1812, Major-Generals Brown, Gaines, Scott, and Ripley, with their aides, all in full dress, forming an attractive feature. The return of peace had restored the kindest feeling at home and abroad. The Federalists and Republicans of both Houses of Congress, party politicians, citizens, and strangers were brought together as friends, to be thankful for the present, and to look forward with delight to the great future.

“The most notable feature of the evening was the magnificent display of the Diplomatic Corps, prominent in which was Sir Charles Bagot, special ambassador from our late enemy, Great Britain.

“It was on this occasion that Mr. Bagot made the remark, that Mrs. Madison ‘looked every inch a queen.’

“The only incident of a disagreeable character was the coolness toward the French minister (who was very popular with the Republicans) by the Representatives of the Holy Alliance.

“Mrs. Madison, like Mr. Clay, was very fond of snuff. The lady offered him a pinch from her splendid

box, which the gentleman accepted with the grace for which he was distinguished. Mrs. Madison put her hand into her pocket, and pulling out a bandanna handkerchief, said, 'Mr. Clay, this is for rough work,' at the same time applying it at the proper place; 'and this,' producing a fine lace handkerchief from another pocket, 'is my polisher.' She suited the actions to the words, removing from her nose the remaining grains of snuff."

Mrs. Madison at this time was represented as being a very gay lady, with much rouge on her cheeks, and always appearing in a turban. She was fond of bright colors and the elegances of the toilet; yet she generally wore inexpensive clothing, preserving always the simplicity of a quaker, with the elegance of a Southerner.

Two plain ladies from the West, passing through Washington, determined to see Mrs. Madison; but as they reached there late at night and were to leave early next day, they were much puzzled to know how the feat should be performed. Meeting in the street an old gentleman next morning, they timidly approached and asked him to show them the way to the President's House. Being an old acquaintance of Mrs. Madison's, he took pleasure in conducting the strangers to the White House. The President's family were at breakfast when the party arrived, but Mrs. Madison good-naturedly went in to be seen by the curious old ladies, who were evidently much astonished to find so august a personage in a dark-gray dress and white apron, with a linen handkerchief pinned about

her neck. Her friendly welcome soon put them at ease, and rising to leave, after a visit never to be forgotten, one of them said, "P'rhaps you wouldn't mind if I jest kissed you, to tell my gals about." Mrs. Madison, not to be outdone by her guest's politeness, gracefully saluted each of the delighted old ladies, who adjusted their spectacles with evident admiration, and departed.

At a drawing-room held by Mrs. Madison in 1813, "General Harrison was the subject of a dispute between a lady of great beauty and high connections, and the President. She observed when she went in, that General Harrison had received her commands to meet her at the levee. 'But that he cannot do,' said Mr. Madison, 'because he left Washington this morning, with his horses and attendants, all at the door of this house, and must now be some twenty or thirty miles on his way to the West.' 'Still,' replied the lady, archly, 'he must be here, for I laid my command upon him, and he is too gallant a man to disobey me.' The President rejoined, with his manner of gentle, but positive assurance, 'we shall soon see whose orders he obeys.' The question was presently settled by the General's appearance, with his military attendants, in full costume; the lady smiling at her triumph over the most successful General of that day and the President of the United States."

Mr. Madison was a silent, grave man, whose nature was relieved by a vein of quiet good-humor, which in his moments of relaxation gave an inexpressible charm to his presence. A statesman of vast mind and re-

search, he could not always descend to the graceful little accomplishments which were so attractive to many ladies, and hence he was not so universally admired by the fair sex as his charming wife was by the gentlemen; but nothing gave him more pleasant satisfaction than to feel that Mrs. Madison could do credit to both in the drawing-room, and he was willing to be banished to his cabinet.

When Mr. Madison was attending Congress in 1783, he became attached to an interesting and accomplished young lady, daughter of an old friend of Mr. Jefferson, who was a co-signer with him of the Declaration of Independence.* This attachment, which promised at one time the most auspicious result, terminated at last in disappointment. I cannot forbear to add the following extract of a letter addressed to him on the occasion by Mr. Jefferson, as connected with an event which is never without importance in the life of a man of virtuous sensibilities, and as affording a touching proof of the intimate and fraternal sympathies which united the two friends.

"I sincerely lament," he said, "the misadventure which has happened, from whatever cause it may have happened. Should it be final, however, the world still presents the same and many other sources of happiness, and you possess many within yourself. Firmness of mind and unintermitting occupation will not long leave you in pain. No event has been more contrary to my expectations, and these were founded on what I

* General William Floyd, one of the delegates of New York.

thought a good knowledge of the ground. But of all machines, ours is the most complicated and inexplicable."

A curious coincidence connected with three of the the four first Presidents is, that they married widows, and each had been at a previous time seriously interested in other ladies. It is also remarkable that neither Washington, Jefferson, Madison, or his successor, had sons, and two of them were childless.

Mrs. Madison was not a learned woman, but decidedly a talented one, and her name will ever be a synonym for all that is charming and agreeable.

A warm admirer of hers was convincing a friend that she was not vain; "But," said the other, "you tell me she used rouge and powder." "Yes, yes, she did," he replied, "but it was to please and gratify those who were thrown with her, not because she was fond of admiration."

An anecdote is related of Mrs. Madison in connection with Mrs. Merry, wife of the British Minister, and Thomas Moore, the poet. Mr. and Mrs. Merry were invited to dine with President Jefferson; when dinner was announced, Mrs. Madison happened to be standing and talking to the President, at some distance from Mrs. Merry, and he offered his arm to her and conducted her to the table, where she always presided when no members of his family were present. This attention to the wife of the Secretary of State was considered by Mrs. Merry as an insult. "Such a stir was made by the angry ambassador, that Mr. Madison wrote to Mr. Monroe (who had succeeded

Mr. King as our Minister to England) apprising him of the facts, to enable him to answer an expected call of the British Government for official explanations. Mr. Monroe, however, got his first information from a friendly British under-secretary, who intimated that he would soon probably hear of the matter through a different channel. The Minister was delighted. Within a very short period, the wife of an English under-secretary had been accorded precedence over his own, under analogous circumstances. He had no great fund of humor, but the absurdity of the whole affair, and the excellent materials in his possession for a reply to a call for explanations, struck him in a most amusing light. Shaking with merriment, he hinted to his informant the satisfaction the call would give him. He never afterward heard a lisp on the subject."

President Jefferson had abolished all etiquette in regard to official precedence when he went in office, and Mrs. Merry knew this, but she never forgave the occurrence, and never afterward went to the White House. Mrs. Madison regretted being the innocent cause of such a trouble, but she was spared further notoriety by the absence of the British Minister or his family ever afterward at the President's reunions. The affair was, however, not destined to end here, for after the first clamor had subsided, the President, through another foreign Minister, inquired if Mr. and Mrs. Merry would accept an invitation to a family dinner. It was understood that they would accept, and Mr. Jefferson wrote the invitation himself. Mr. Merry addressed a note to the Secretary of State to know if

he was invited in his private or official capacity ; “ if in the one, he must obtain the permission of his sovereign ; if in the other, he must receive an assurance in advance that he would be treated as became his position.” Mr. Madison ended the correspondence with “ a very dry note.” Thomas Moore, who was travelling in the United States at this time, and being a friend of Mrs. Merry’s, and disgusted with his reception, “ fell to lampooning the President and every thing American, except a few attentive Federal gentlemen and ladies.”

In 1817, President Madison’s term expired, and his Secretary of State, James Monroe, assumed the duties of President. Washington had so long been the home of Mrs. Madison, that it was with much regret she prepared to leave the city. Many and dear were her friends, and the society of relatives was another strong link binding her to the city. The National Republican of November 2d, 1831, thus speaks of Mr. and Mrs. Madison :

“ How must they look in these days on the tempestuous sea of liberty ; on the dangers incident to the little barks now floating on its agitated surface. Can they feel for the safety of that on which embarked the fortunes of Henry Clay ? We hope and trust they do ; and at any rate we rejoice that, safe in port, they can review with just pride and pleasure their own safe and triumphant voyage, and can recollect the auspicious day of their landing. One of them the rallying point, the beginning and end of the cabinet in all of its just works, and the other the chief ornament and glory

of the drawing-room, in the purest and most intelligent days of our Republic."

"Always fond of agricultural pursuits, Mr. Madison joyfully returned to his beautiful and peaceful home. Montpelier was within less than a day's ride of Monticello, and in the estimate of a Virginian, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were neighbors.

"Embosomed among the hills which lie at the foot of the South Mountain, is the paternal estate of Mr. Madison. A large and commodious mansion, designed more for comfort and hospitality than ornament and display, rises at the foot of a high wooded hill, which, while it affords shelter from the north-west winds, adds much to the picturesque beauty of the scene. The grounds around the house owe their ornaments more to nature than art, as, with the exception of a fine garden behind, and a wide-spread lawn before the house, for miles around the ever-varying and undulating surface of the ground is covered with forest trees. The extreme salubrity of the situation induced the proprietor to call it Montpelier.

"One wing of the house during her life-time, was exclusively appropriated to the venerable and venerated mother of Mr. Madison, to which were attached offices and gardens, forming a separate establishment, where this aged matron preserved the habits and the hours of her early life, attended by old family slaves, and surrounded by her children and grandchildren.

"Under the same roof, divided only by a partition wall, were thus exhibited the customs of the beginning and end of a century; thus offering a strange but

most interesting exhibition of the differences between the olden and the present age. By only opening a door, the observer passed from the elegancies, refinements, and gayeties of modern life into all that was venerable, respectable, and dignified in gone-by days; from the airy apartments—windows opening to the ground, hung with light silken drapery, French furniture, light fancy chairs, gay carpets, &c., &c., to the solid and heavy carved and polished mahogany furniture darkened by age, the thick rich curtains, and other more comfortable adjustments of our great-grandfathers' times. It was considered a great favor and distinction by the gay visitors who thronged Mrs. Madison's hospitable mansion, to be admitted to pay the homage of their respects to his reverend mother." The last time the writer * enjoyed that privilege, she was then in her ninety-seventh year. She still retained all her faculties, though not free from the bodily infirmities of age. She was sitting, or rather reclining, on a couch; beside her was a small table filled with large, dark, and worn quartos and folios of most venerable appearance. She closed one as we entered, and took up her knitting which lay beside her. Among other inquiries, I asked her how she passed her time, "I am never at a loss," she replied, "this and these (touching her knitting and her books) keep me always busy; look at my fingers, and you will perceive I have not been idle." In truth, her delicate fingers were polished by her knitting-needles. "And my eyes, thanks be to

God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day; but in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe every thing to her," pointing to Mrs. Madison, who sat by us. "She is my mother now, and tenderly cares for all my wants." My eyes were filled with tears as I looked from the one to the other of these excellent women, and thought of the tender ties by which they were united. Never, in the midst of a splendid drawing-room, surrounded by all that was courtly and brilliant, all that was admired and respected—the centre of attraction—the object of admiration—never was Mrs. Madison so interesting, so lovely, so estimable, as in her attendance on this venerable woman, the acknowledged object of her grateful affection.

"Much as she graced her public station, she has not been less admirable in domestic life. Neighborly and companionable among her country friends, as if she had never lived in a city; delighting in the society of the young, and never better pleased than when promoting every youthful pleasure by her participation; she still proved herself the affectionate and devoted wife during the years of suffering health of her excellent husband. Without neglecting the duties of a kind hostess, a faithful friend and relative, she soothed and enlivened, occupied and amused, the languid hours of his long confinement; he knew, appreciated, and acknowledged the blessing which heaven had bestowed on him in giving him such a wife."

From a daughter of Virginia, who was once an inmate of the White House, I have gathered the follow-

ing words of interest from a letter in reference to the subject of this sketch :

“My recollections of Mrs. Madison are of the most agreeable nature, and were formed from a long, intimate acquaintance beginning in my childhood and ending only with her life. She had a sweet, natural dignity of manner which attracted while it commanded respect; a proper degree of reserve without stiffness in company with strangers; and a stamp of frankness and sincerity which, with her intimate friends, became gayety and even playfulness of manner. There was, too a cordial, genial, sunny atmosphere surrounding her, which won all hearts—I think one of the secrets of her immense popularity. She was said to be, during Mr. Madison’s administration, the most popular person in the United States, and she certainly had a remarkable memory for names and faces. No person introduced to Mrs. Madison at one of the crowded levees at the White House required a second introduction on meeting her again, but had the gratification of being recognized and addressed by his or her own name. Her son, Paine Todd, was a notoriously bad character. His misconduct was the sorrow of his mother’s life. Mr. Madison, during his lifetime, bore with him like a father and paid many of his debts, but he was an incorrigible spendthrift. His heartless, unprincipled conduct embittered the last years of his mother’s life, and no doubt shortened it.”

At about sixty-six years of age Mr. Madison retired from public life, and ever after resided on his estate in Virginia, except about two months while at Richmond

as a member of the convention in 1829, which sat there to remodel the constitution of that state. His farm, his books, his friends, and his correspondence, were the sources of his enjoyment and occupation during the twenty years of his retirement. During most of that time his health, never robust, was as good as usual, and he partook with pleasure of the exercise and the conviviality in which he had always enjoyed himself.

At eighty-five years of age, though much reduced by debility, his mind was bright, his memory retentive, and his conversation highly instructive and delightful. Suffering with disease he never repined. Serene and even lively, he still loved to discuss the constitution, to inculcate the public good, and to charge his friends with blessings for his country. He was long one of the most interesting shrines to which its votaries repaired: a relic of republican virtue which none could contemplate without reverence and edification.

On the 28th of June, 1836, he died; as serene, philosophical, and calm in the last moments of existence as he had been in all the trying occasions of life.

In the winter of 1836, Mrs. Madison wrote to President Jackson in regard to a manuscript left by her husband and which he intended for publication. The copyright had been offered to several publishing houses, but their offers had fallen so far below her expectations that she determined to lay the matter before the Chief Magistrate. In a special message, the President communicated the contents of her letter to Congress, and the manuscript was purchased as a national work, and thirty thousand dollars paid her for it.

The novel and interesting features of the case, the venerable relict of one of the founders of the Republic coming before the country with a manuscript precious in its relation to its national destiny, were such that the proposition was not to be met with a cold appreciation of merits, or with nice questions of congressional power. It was this feeling also which induced Congress to pass a subsequent act, giving to Mrs. Madison the honorary privilege of a copyright in foreign countries. The work is a record of the Debates in the congress of the convention during the years 1782-1787.

Congress also conferred the franking privilege upon Mrs. Madison, and voted her a seat upon the floor of the Senate.

The last twelve years of Mrs. Madison's life were spent in Washington, where she mingled in the society of the young and happy, as well as the aged and re-cluse. Many remember her dignified bearing, and gentle, kind manner in her old age, and it was considered a pleasure to be a guest where she was to be present. On New Years and Fourth of July, she held public receptions, and the throng of visitors was equal to that which assembled at the President's house. She took up her residence in Washington in 1837, in the house in which she died. This house was built by President Madison in 1819; after her death it was purchased by Captain Wilkes and by him enlarged. Clark's unpublished reminiscences contains the following :—

“Mrs. D. P. Madison, the venerable widow of

James Madison, ex-President of the United States, died on the 12th of July, 1849, at her residence in Washington City, southeast corner of H street, North and Madison Place; aged about 82 years.

"Beloved by all who personally knew her, and universally respected, this venerable lady closed her long and well-spent life with the calm resignation which goodness of heart, combined with piety, only can impart. Her funeral took place on the 16th, from St. John's Episcopal Church. Her remains were deposited in the cemetery at Montpelier, Virginia, near the monument erected over the grave of her illustrious husband.

"Out of the twelve pall-bearers who bore her remains to the tomb, but one survives."

MRS. JAMES MONROE.

THE era in which Mrs. Monroe lived, was the most eventful in the history of nations, and her record is of interest and value, in a twofold degree. The women who stamp the influence of their virtues on a time of public excitement and wonderful changes, bear in their natures strength of character worthy of emulation; and they become the benefactors of succeeding ages, as they were the blessings of their own. The memorials of such should be familiar to the children of America, who under the genius of Republican institutions, are the inheritors of, and successors to, their fame and positions. No daughter of Columbia should be ignorant of the history and experiences of their national ancestors, whose lives were beautiful in their simplicity, and rich in varied experiences.

The richest treasure our country possesses is the fame of her children; and her noblest legacy to posterity should be the annals of those, who by their talents have adorned, and by their wisdom sustained, the pioneers of liberty in their first weak efforts. Of such a class was Mrs. Monroe, whose husband for half a century reaped the reward of his country's constancy, and filled in that period more important offices than any other man in the United States.

Statesmen in this country are too often forced to give way to politicians, and patriots to demagogues.

The perpetual agitations of a Republic carry up on the flood those who in turn are swept down with the tide; while in the commotion many are lost to history. But this is less the case with Virginia statesmen than with any other class of public men. Whatever may be said of the ingratitude of other States, the "Old Mother" has been true to her children, and the caprice and changeableness of younger commonwealths but renders her trust and confidence the more conspicuous. And if she has trusted implicitly the integrity of her offspring, she has been rewarded by the love and fidelity of the noblest public men of the nation.

The inauguration of Washington at New York, in 1789, was followed by the immediate assembling of Congress, and thither went Mr. Monroe as Senator from Virginia, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, the newly-appointed Secretary of State.

The ancient seat of the Dutch dynasty on this Continent was a place of much wealth; and not the least of its possessions were the bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked descendants of the rich old Patroons, whose delight knew no bounds when their city was chosen as the capital. No less pleased were their fathers who, in their capacities as merchants and capitalists, hoped to achieve new honors and increased wealth.

The festivities which subsequently followed the inauguration were attended by all the members of Congress, who, as strangers of distinction, received the largest share of the young belles' attention. Prominent among these belles was Miss Eliza Kortright, the daughter of Lawrence Kortright, a former captain

in the British army. After the peace of 1783, he remained with his family in New York, where his children were reared and educated. Of this interesting family there were one son and four daughters, two of whom, Mrs. Hileger and Mrs. Knox, were married, when Congress assembled in their adopted city.

The time and place of Mrs. Monroe's marriage cannot be definitely ascertained, as no record has been retained by any of her survivors; but it must have been during the year 1789, since Congress assembled there but one term, and it was during this session that Senator Monroe met her. Soon after their marriage they took up their abode in Philadelphia, whither the seat of the General Government had been removed. In this position he remained until 1794, when he was appointed from the Senate to be Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to France. Thus is shadowed forth the five years of Mrs. Monroe's life succeeding her marriage. Nothing more definite can be gathered. It is a matter of regret that no biographer of her day anticipated the needs of a coming generation, and did not, with all the facts and incidents fresh in his mind, give an impartial account of the every-day existence of the woman whose memory appeals now for justice. She had her troubles and trials, her triumphs and pleasures, doubtless, for no station is exempt from the one, or bereft of the other.

Sketches of women are too often fulsome panegyrics, alike unjust and disgusting, but such cannot be said of the admirers of Mrs. Monroe. Not a line was written of her during her life, save a mention after her husband's

election to the Presidency, nor has any history of his life been written from which to glean even a mention of her name. This is a remarkable fact, that in none of the public libraries of New York or Brooklyn, is there any history of a man who occupied the Presidential chair eight years, and whose record should be the inheritance of his descendants. A brief sketch, written many years ago, is all that could be found, and there is no mention of his wife in it.

All the details of Mrs. Monroe's existence are lost, and nothing of interest remains.

Misfortunes and sorrows, those blessings of a Divine Spirit through whose agencies are developed every latent gift, are forgotten now, for the meagre incidents narrated contain no allusion to the inner life of one who for so many years counselled as wife and friend, and shed a ray of light on the pathway of Mr. Monroe.

Some lives there are filled from the cradle to the grave with all material gifts requisite for happiness. Some natures there are never called to suffer agony; gentle, quiet characters, fragrantly blossoming through all the summer of their existence, and only leaving life when snows and wintry weather close the avenues of enjoyment. Such lives rarely attain for themselves great heights, or win an immortality, but gliding through the accustomed haunts of men receive their impressions from stronger natures and allow some master hand to influence and guide their lives. With this class of persons happiness is their only possible means of expansion. The entire formation of such characters requires absolute prosperity or it becomes

dwarfed. There is with them no rebound, no reaction in which is strength to loosen the inharmonious bonds or to declare themselves free agents, accountable to their own inner natures for any external error. A woman of this mould rightly married is winged for a successful life; discordantly mated, she leads an automaton existence from which there is no deliverance. If such lives are in distinct contradistinction to those intense fibrous-nerved persons whose joy ofttimes is in the heart of pain, they have one pleasing reflection, that if in their negative way they enjoy less, they evidently escape those shafts of agony which bury themselves in high-wrought natures, and inspire them to deeds of greatness.

Of gentle and winning manners was Mrs. Monroe, and possessed of a face upon which beauty was written in unmistakable lines. Tall and gracefully formed, polished and elegant in society, she was one fitted to represent her countrywomen at the court of St. Cloud. Her position, as the wife of a wealthy Virginia Senator, surrounded by luxury and prosperity, proud of her husband and of her country, was calculated to enhance the pleasure of a trip to Europe, while the comparative infrequency of a voyage across the Atlantic heightened the pleasure with which she received the announcement of his appointment.

Young and ambitious, full of enthusiasm and admiration for the principles of a free government, Mr. Monroe left the shores of his native land, whose liberty he had so recently assisted in establishing. He had entered the service of his country as a cadet in a

corps under the command of the gallant General Mercer, of Virginia. Soon afterward he was appointed a lieutenant, and joined the army at New York. Following the fortunes of the "chief," he was with him at Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. Retiring from the staff of Lord Stirling, where he had served two campaigns, after being wounded in the shoulder at Trenton, he repaired to Virginia to raise a regiment. From various causes he failed in this undertaking, and did not return to the army but entered Mr. Jefferson's office as a student at law. A member of the Legislature, and at the age of twenty-four elected to the Continental Congress, from which he passed to the Congress of the United States, we find him from his earliest boyhood devoted to the land of his birth, and serving it in these various positions of honor and eminence. But glowing with youthful admiration for the Republic he had left behind, he was not careful to conceal his feelings in imperial France, and hence made himself unpopular with those in power. He was deemed too enthusiastically engaged in the feelings of revolutionary France to do justice to his own country, and he was recalled by Washington.

In August, 1792, Lafayette was taken prisoner by the Austrians, and after being thrown like a criminal in the Prussian dungeon at Wesel on the Rhine, was transferred successively to Magdeburg, Glatz, Neisse, and finally to Olmutz. In this Austrian dungeon he was convinced by the rigor of his confinement and the brutal treatment of his captors that his fate was sealed. Down in his dark cell, ten paces deep, where the rain

through the loop-holes poured, and the sun did not shine, the young defender of American liberty lay chained, while the weary months dragged by, and no word of hope or certainty of death came from his wife and children left behind in Paris. Wasted by disease, deprived of light, air, and decent food,—the loathsome dampness and filth of his dungeon so reducing him that his hair fell from him entirely by the excess of his sufferings, his cruel tormentors cheered his gloom and oppression by no word or look of sympathy. America knew the fate of his loved ones, and while his estates were confiscated, his wife in the prison of La Force, and his little children, two of whom shared the confinement of their mother, awaiting the wrath of their oppressors, the agents of the country whose once hopeless cause he had espoused, were actively employed in behalf of their former friend.

It is not to be wondered that Mrs. Monroe shared the feeling entertained by her husband, or that her warmest womanly feelings were stirred by the recital of Madame Lafayette's woes. The Marquis de Lafayette was adored by Americans, and the indignities heaped upon his heroic wife could scarcely be borne by the Minister and his family, when they felt that the death of a martyr would be the result of her cruel and protracted confinement. The lofty position America had just assumed among the nations of the earth, and the respect engendered by her success, rendered her Ministers in foreign countries objects of special attention and regard. When Mr. Monroe decided to risk displeasure by sending his wife to see Madame Lafayette,

he appreciated the decided effect it would have for good or evil. He well knew that either it would meet with signal success and be of benefit to his unfortunate friend, or render her slight claim to clemency yet more desperate. Enlisted as his feelings were, he determined to risk the die, and Mrs. Monroe was consulted in regard to the plan. To her husband's anxious queries, she replied calmly, and assured him of her ability to control and sustain herself.

As the carriage of the American Minister, adorned with all the outward emblems of rank, halted before the entrance of the prison, the keeper advanced to know the object of the visit. Mrs. Monroe, with firm step and steady voice, alighted and made known her business, and to her surprise was conducted to the reception room, while the official retired to make known her request. Her heart beat loudly as she alone listened to the tread of the jailer as he closed the heavy door and passed down the long hall which separated the cells. After a lapse of time, which to one in her nervous state seemed an age, she heard the footsteps returning, and soon the opening of the ponderous door discovered to her astonished view the presence of the emaciated prisoner, assisted by her guard.

The emotion of the marchioness was touching in the extreme, and she sank at the feet of Mrs. Monroe, unable to articulate her joy.

All day she had been expecting the summons to prepare for her execution, and when the silence of her cell was disturbed by the approach of the gendarmes, her last hope was fast departing. Instead of the cruel

announcement,—the assurance that a visitor awaited her présence in the receiving-room of the prison, and on finding in that visitor the American Ambassadors, the representative of her husband's adopted home, her long-pent feelings found relief in sobs. The reaction was sudden, and the shock more than her feeble frame could bear.

The presence of the sentinels precluded all efforts at conversation, and both hesitated to peril the frail chance of life, or to abuse the unheard-of privilege of an interview. After a painful stay of short duration Mrs. Monroe rose to retire, assuring her friend in a voice audible to her listeners, for whom it was intended, that she would call the following morning, and then hastened to relieve the anxiety of her husband.

Madame Lafayette's long-delayed execution had been decided upon, and that very afternoon she was to have been beheaded, but the unexpected visit of the Minister's wife altered the minds of the officials, and to the surprise of all, she was liberated the next morning.

The prestige of the young Republic was appreciated by the French in power, and they dared not, from motives of self-interest, sacrifice a lady in whom the American Minister was so directly interested. They had not forgotten with what admiration the people of the United States looked upon her husband, the Marquis de Lafayette.

Deaf to all the entreaties of her friends, and firm in her determination to carry immediate consolation to the dungeon of her persecuted husband, Madame Lafayette sent her eldest son, George Washington, to

America for safety, to the care of General Washington, and she then left Paris accompanied by her two daughters in disguise, and under the protection of American passports.

Passing under the name of Mrs. Motier, she landed at Altona on the ninth of September, 1795, and after repeated difficulties eventually reached the prison, where she was notified that if she passed its threshold, she must remain.

The heroic woman signed her consent and determination, "to share his captivity in all its details," being "fully determined never again to expose herself to the horrors of another separation."

The two most conspicuous men of their age, George Washington and Napoleon Bonaparte, effected by their coöperation the release of Lafayette and his deeply-injured family,—the former after an imprisonment of more than five years, the latter, a period of twenty-two months.

Mr. Monroe was recalled, and after his return to America, he published a justification of his conduct while abroad; the pamphlet settled nothing, but justified both parties in the views which they had taken.

Thus was Mrs. Monroe's short stay in Europe brought to a termination. In many ways it had been pleasant and beneficial, and, although she regretted her husband's unfortunate recall, she rather joyed in the conduct which had produced this result. Unacquainted with diplomacy and the line of action necessary between nations, she allowed her own feelings to decide her movements, and honored the same

spirit in her husband. The privilege of being a succor and means of relief to Madame Lafayette satisfied her more than ministerial honors, and she would rather have performed this deed prompted by Mr. Monroe's advice than remained the wife of the Ambassador.

Paris then, as now, though in a less degree, was the centre of all that was to be enjoyed, and Mrs. Monroe did not regret her stay there, though so abruptly ended. This first trip over the tedious waters was fraught with interest and improvement to both. New fields of thought were explored by them, and the expanse of their souls, under a sense of freedom and change, gained for their ultimate happiness more than mere worldly honors could give or take away.

Thus in the devious windings of life we are constantly reminded that after the lesson is the application, and experience pronounces both, though hard to bear, necessary for ultimate progression.

Mrs. Monroe returned to New York with her husband, who was looked upon as a disgraced minister, and being the first who had been so designated, was viewed by his friends with deep sympathy. For a time the society of her family and friends soothed the sensitive feelings of Mrs. Monroe, but she soon afterwards accompanied her husband to Virginia, where he was at once chosen governor.

This evidence of affection gladdened the hearts of both recipients, and during the constitutional term of three years, through which he served, Mrs. Monroe added to the dignity and success of his official life by her uniform and acceptable course. The capital of

the State at that time was Williamsburg, a place of refined hospitality and sociability, and here the true beauty of the Governor's wife was discovered under the most delicate circumstances, as well as during the most pleasing occasions.

After President Jefferson came into power, he appointed Mr. Monroe Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of France, to act with Mr. Livingston in negotiating for the purchase of Louisiana. As soon as he arrived on the French soil, Mr. Livingston wrote as follows to him:—

PARIS, 10th of April, 1803.

DEAR SIR:—I congratulate you on your safe arrival. We have long and anxiously wished for you. God grant that your mission may answer your and the public expectation. War may do something for us; nothing else would. I have paved the way for you, and if you could add to my memoirs an assurance that we were now in possession of New Orleans, we should do well. But I detain Mr. Beutalon, who is impatient to fly to the arms of his wife. I have apprized the minister of your arrival, and told him you would be here on Tuesday or Wednesday. Present my compliments and Mrs. Livingston's to Mrs. Monroe, and believe me, dear sir, your friend and humble servant,

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

After the business of the treaty was arranged, Mr. Monroe was sent as Minister to London, to succeed Mr. King, who wished to return home. From there he

was ordered to Spain, which country he visited by way of Paris. Mrs. Monroe accompanied him in all his wanderings, and returned with him to England soon after the death of Mr. Pitt.

Mr. Monroe was minister to England when the attack upon the frigate Chesapeake placed the two countries already irritated, in a hostile attitude, and finding his position at the St. James anything but pleasant, he returned to this country. Thus did Mrs. Monroe spend almost ten years in Europe, returning only when the country was plunging again into a second war with the mother land. She gladly sought retirement at Oak Hill, her husband's Virginia home, and the following years passed in the enjoyment of the serene pleasures of country life. Mr. Monroe, engaged during the day in reading and taking the general supervision of his plantation, left her the care of their two daughters, and the household duties, which in a Virginia home were always arduous.

But this quiet home life was not destined to last, and the husband and father resumed the duties of a politician, and was elected to the Legislature. In a few months he was again chosen Governor of the old commonwealth, and continued to discharge the duties of that office until chosen Secretary of State by President Madison.

When the war of 1812 was declared, Mrs. Monroe was living in Washington City, dispensing the duties of a minister's wife and enjoying the society of her two daughters.

As the strife came nearer home and the capital

was threatened, she returned to Oak Hill, and there remained until peace was finally proclaimed. Anxious and uneasy about her husband, who was ever beside the President, she yet felt that her place was at her own home, that he might feel assured of the safety of herself and children.

In 1817, Mr. Monroe became President of the United States and removed his family to the White House, where they continued to reside during both terms of his administration. Mrs. Monroe was spoken of at this time by the leading paper of the day as follows:—

“Mrs. Monroe is an elegant, accomplished woman. She possesses a charming mind and dignity of manners which peculiarly fit her for her elevated station. Her retired domestic habits will be much annoyed by what is here called society, if she does not change the etiquette (if it may be called so), established by Mrs. Washington, Adams, and Madison, a routine which her feeble constitution will not permit her to encounter. To go through it, she must become a perfect slave to the sacrifice of her health. The secretaries, senators, foreign ministers, consuls, auditors, accountants, officers of the navy and army of every grade, farmers, merchants, parsons, priests, lawyers, judges, auctioneers and nothingarians—all with their wives and some with their gawky offspring, crowd to the President’s house every Wednesday evening; some in shoes, most in boots, and many in spurs; some snuffing, others chewing and many longing for their cigars and whiskey-punch left at home. Some with powdered heads,

others frizzled and oiled, with some whose heads a comb has never touched, half hid by dirty collars, reaching far above their ears as stiff as paste-board."

And an English writer comments in a similar strain:

"Mrs. Monroe is a lady of retired and domestic habits, not ungraceful and apparently very amiable.

"Having resided in Europe with her husband, she has acquired some of its manners and a good deal of its polish. She receives company, but returns no visits; she seems more attached to the silence and peace of obscurity, than the bustle, confusion and glare of public assemblies. But to preserve a custom established by her predecessor, a lady it is said, of great elegance of manners and much dignity of deportment, she gives what are termed 'drawing rooms' for the purpose of gratifying the wishes and curiosity of such strangers as may please to visit her and the President.

"These drawing rooms are conducted on principles of republican simplicity, and are widely different from the magnificence and splendor of the English levees. They appeared to me, however, very unpleasant; the rooms are so crowded, the hum of voices so loud, and the motion of the company so incessant, that the possibility of continuing a conversation on any subject is wholly precluded, and you are jostled every instant without the power of enjoying the 'feast of reason,' or even the pleasure of the senses."

The White House had been partly rebuilt when Mr. Monroe became President, but it possessed but few comforts and no elegance. The furniture was not of the kind nor quality befitting the house of the Chief

Magistrate, and the débris of the former ill-fated building lay in heaps about the mansion. The country being once more at peace, Congress ordered Consul Lee, then residing at Paris, to purchase a silver service of plate, which was forwarded at once, and which has continued in use until replaced by a more modern and expensive set in March, '69.

About the same time was bought for the East Room the furniture which now adorns that famous apartment. When the purchase was made in Paris, each article was surmounted by the royal crown of Louis XVIII. This ornament of gilt was removed, and the American Eagle substituted before it was sent from France. To the thoughtful mind this furniture is of interest in so far as it recalls the dead who have long since crumbled back to dust, yet, whose memory is associated with the chairs and ottomans still remaining where they were placed years ago. True, they have been often repaired, but the original eagles are as bright as when they left the shores of the Empire, to grace the house of the Republic.

Mrs. Monroe mingled but little in the society of Washington, and always secluded herself from the observation of the throng. Her health was frail during the latter years of her life in the White House, and she became more than ever a recluse.

In a recent publication there is a copy of an old letter written by Mr. Cooper, in which he thus mentions a dinner and a reception at the White House during Mr. Monroe's time.

"On this occasion we were honored with the pres-

ence of Mrs. Monroe, and two or three of her female relatives. Crossing the hall we were admitted to a drawing-room, in which most of the company were already assembled. The hour was six. By far the greater part of the guests were men, and perhaps two-thirds were members of Congress.

"There was great gravity of mien in most of the company, and neither any very marked exhibition, nor any positively striking want, of grace of manner. The conversation was commonplace, and a little sombre, though two or three men of the world got around the ladies, where the battle of words was maintained with sufficient spirit. * * * * * To me the entertainment had rather a cold than a formal air. When dinner was announced, the oldest Senator present (there were two, and seniority of service is meant) took Mrs. Monroe and led her to the table. The rest of the party followed without much order. The President took a lady, as usual, and preceded the rest of the guests.

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"The dining-room was in better taste than is common here, being quite simple and but little furnished. The table was large and rather handsome. The service was in china, as is uniformly the case, plate being exceedingly rare, if at all used. There was, however, a rich plateau, and a great abundance of the smaller articles of table plate. The cloth, napkins, &c., &c., were fine and beautiful.

"The dinner was served in the French style, a little Americanized. The dishes were handed around, though

some of the guests, appearing to prefer their own customs, coolly helped themselves to what they found at hand.

"Of attendants there were a good many. They were neatly dressed, out of livery, and sufficient. To conclude, the whole entertainment might have passed for a better sort of European dinner-party, at which the guests were too numerous for general or very agreeable discourse, and some of them too new to be entirely at their ease.

"Mrs. Monroe arose, at the end of the dessert, and withdrew, attended by two or three of the most gallant of the company.

"No sooner was his wife's back turned than the President reseated himself, inviting his guests to imitate the action. After allowing his guests sufficient time to renew, in a few glasses, the recollections of similar enjoyments of their own, he arose himself, giving the hint to his company, that it was time to rejoin the ladies.

"In the drawing-room coffee was served, and every one left the house before nine."

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"On the succeeding Wednesday, Mrs. Monroe opened her doors to all the world. No invitation was necessary, it being the usage for the wife of the President to receive company once a fortnight during the session, without distinction of persons. We reached the White House at nine. The court (or rather the grounds) was filled with carriages, and the company was arriving in great numbers. On this occasion, two

or three additional drawing-rooms were opened, though the frugality of Congress has prevented them from finishing the principal reception-room of the building. I will acknowledge the same sort of surprise I felt at the Castle Garden fête, at finding the assemblage so respectable in air, dress, and deportment. The evening at the White House, or drawing-room, as it is sometimes pleasantly called, is, in fact, a collection of all classes of people who choose to go to the trouble and expense of appearing in dresses suited to an ordinary evening party. I am not sure that even dress is much regarded, for I certainly saw a good many there in boots. The females were all neatly and properly attired, though few were ornamented with jewelry. Of course, the poor and laboring classes of the community would find little or no pleasure in such a scene. The infamous, if known, would not be admitted, for it is a peculiar consequence of the high tone of morals in this country, that grave and notorious offenders rarely presume to violate the public feeling by invading society.*

"Squeezing through the crowd, we achieved a passage to a part of the room where Mrs. Monroe was standing, surrounded by a bevy of female friends. After making our bow here, we sought the President. The latter had posted himself at the top of the room, where he remained most of the evening, shaking hands with all who approached. Near him stood all the secretaries, and a great number of the most dis-

* This was nearly fifty years ago.—AUTHOR.

tinguished men of the nation. Individuals of importance from all parts of the Union were also here, and were employed in the manner usual to such scenes. Besides these, one meets here a great variety of people in other conditions of life. I have known a cartman to leave his horse in the street and go into the reception-room to shake hands with the President. He offended the good taste of all present, because it was not thought decent that a laborer should come in a dirty dress on such an occasion; but while he made a trifling mistake in this particular, he proved how well he understood the difference between government and society. He knew the levee was a sort of homage paid to political equality in the person of the First Magistrate, but he would not have presumed to enter the house of the same person as a private individual, without being invited, or without a reasonable excuse in the way of business."

After Mr. Monroe retired from office, he returned to his home in Loudon County, and engaged with Messrs. Jefferson and Madison in establishing the University of Virginia. This occupation formed a pleasant pastime to him, and was of lasting benefit to his beloved State. Afterward, he was chosen President of the Virginia Convention to amend the Constitution of his native State. Meanwhile Mrs. Monroe found womanly employment for hands and heart in caring for those dependent upon her bounty, and entertaining the various throngs who delighted to do honor to the three ex-Presidents of the United States, and sons of the old commonwealth.

Her two daughters were married and gone from home, the eldest, Eliza, the wife of Judge Hay, of Virginia, and Maria, wedded to her first cousin Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York. She was now alone and becoming aged, and was pleasing herself with the delusion that after so many years of public life, her husband would spend the evening of his days with her, around the fireside. But he felt as if he could never cease to serve Virginia. Long after his duty to his country had been performed and she had dismissed him with plaudits and laurel wreaths, he struggled under accumulated infirmities and trials, and to the last hearkened to the voice of his State. The last public position he held was a magistracy in the county of Loudon, where he resided, and was as attentive and devoted to the performance of every duty as when holding the highest office in the gift of the people.

Mrs. Monroe died suddenly in 1830, and thus was ended the old home-life. Oak Hill was closed, and the crushed husband sought refuge from loneliness in the home of his youngest daughter, whose devoted affection soothed his pathway to the grave.

Less than a year after Mrs. Monroe's death her husband was preparing to join her in her spirit-home. On the 4th of July, 1831, the anniversary of American Independence, just five years after his predecessors had quitted this scene of their labor and their triumph, he, too, joined them, and past the shadow of death he was reunited with the friends of his earthly life.

"There is a quiet, beautiful cemetery on the north

side of Second street, in this city (New York) between First and Second Avenues, separated from the sidewalk by a tall iron fence, placed upon a granite foundation.

The shrubbery is always clean and vigorous; the grass is always the greenest, and the walks are scrupulously neat. There are many tasteful and appropriate monuments to the dead that sleep within this beautiful inclosure; but to the memory of the most famous of its dumb inhabitants there is no marble shaft, no obelisk, not even a head-stone, erected. But upon a simple slab of marble that lies flat, some two feet square, upon the earth, and is almost covered by grass, is the following inscription:

JAMES MONROE,
ROBERT TILLOTSON,
vault No. 147.

There is nothing to indicate that the James Monroe mentioned is the Monroe who was in the battle of White Plains, and received a ball in the shoulder at the attack on Trenton, who fought by the side of Lafayette at Brandywine, who was Minister to France in 1794, and afterward to England; who was Secretary of State in 1811, and for two full terms President of these United States. Yet such is the fact, and that weather-stained slab of marble, two feet square, is all the monument that Ex-President Monroe has. It is a curious neglect that leaves the precious dust of one of the proudest patriots that our country has been blest

with, to rest in such obscurity. Thousands pass every day by the spot admiring the well-kept grounds, pausing for the fragrance of the flowering shrubs, listening to the songs of the birds that find this oasis in the city's desert, but never dreaming that the author of the Monroe Doctrine, the fourth President of the United States, lies within a few feet of them.

Monuments to men of half his intellectual stature, and a tithe of his industry and goodness of heart, are going up all over the land. Shall he who was re-elected to the Presidency by a vote unanimous with a single exception, and who never disgraced his position have no more than this? As Mr. Monroe was a Virginian, it is the supposition of most people that he died and was buried within the Old Dominion, but this is an error.

Mr. Monroe, in his last days, resided with Samuel Gouverneur, late postmaster of this city (New York) who married his daughter; their residence was on the corner of Prince and Elm Streets.

The venerable Dr. Francis tells us that he often met Mr. Monroe walking out when the weather was fine, and that on these occasions he was the object of the most affectionate attentions. He has often met him making purchases for the family, at the Centre Market, where all the stallmen knew and honored him.

He was tall and spare, very modest in his bearing, dignified and gentlemanly. In his address, he was hesitating and diffident, and polite to the poorest and humblest as to any. He was one of the most industrious of men, a hard student, and his cares left their

marks on his face. The wound that he received at Trenton was felt for many years afterward—indeed, throughout all his life he occasionally suffered from it.

His last illness was a long and tedious one. His attendant was his son-in-law's family physician, Dr. Berger. He expired at 10½ o'clock on the morning of the 4th of July, 1831.

His funeral was a very imposing one—the largest that at that time had ever been seen in New York. The military, under Gen. Jacob Morton, Grand Marshal, filled Broadway from Prince to Broad Street, through which it passed to the cemetery. The day was fine, and the signs of mourning were generally adopted by our citizens.

The vault in which his dust still lies, is on the east side of the cemetery, just to the right of the main walk as you look in from the entrance. The passer-by will note a small pole, on which a dove-house is perched. Within a yard of that pole is the sacred spot.*

Many years afterward, by order of the Virginia Legislature, the remains of Ex-President Monroe were removed to Richmond, and a monument befitting his glorious past deeds reared above him.

The property of Oak Hill is now owned by Mr. Fairfax, and about one thousand acres of land. Three hundred acres are comprised in the McGowan estate.

The second daughter of President Monroe, Mrs. Maria Gouverneur, died in 1850 at Oak Hill, where she was buried by the side of her mother. There are at this time but few descendants of Mrs. Monroe; two

* From an old newspaper printed more than thirty years ago.

grandsons and several great-grandchildren, comprise the number now living.

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The tale is quickly told, the history soon written of such a life as was Mrs. Monroe's. Little of interest or variety is there connected with one whose identity was so completely merged in her husband's existence. She has passed on, leaving only here and there a link to form a chain of events, by which to weave the barest outlines.

At this short remove from her day, we are discouraged in every effort to obtain facts and incidents. She lived in the bosom of her small family, serenely happy in her retirement, and the memory of so quiet an existence is swallowed up in the ever-varying changes of time.

MRS. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

It was the happy fortune of Mrs. Adams to be the occupant of the "White House" when Lafayette visited the United States, and at the request of the President he spent the last weeks of his stay at the Executive Mansion, and from there on the 7th of September, 1825, bade an affecting farewell to the land of his adoption. As the last sentence of the farewell address was pronounced, Lafayette advanced and took President Adams in his arms, while tears poured down his venerable cheeks. Returning a few paces, he was overcome by his feelings, and again returned and falling on the neck of Mr. Adams, exclaimed in broken accents, "God bless you." The sighs and tears of the many assembled, bore testimony to the affecting solemnity of the scene. Having recovered his self-possession, the General stretched out his hands, and was in a moment surrounded by the greetings of the whole assembly, who pressed upon him, each eager to seize, perhaps for the last time, that beloved hand which was opened so freely for our aid when aid was so precious, and which grasped with firm and undeviating hold the steel which so bravely helped to achieve our deliverance. The expression which now beamed from the face of this exalted man was of the finest and most touching kind. The hero was lost in the father and the friend. Dignity melted into subdued affection, and



Louisa Catherine Adams

the friend of Washington seemed to linger with a mournful delight among the sons of his adopted country.

A considerable period was then occupied in conversing with various individuals, while refreshments were presented to the company. The moment of departure at length arrived; and having once more pressed the hand of Mr. Adams, he entered the barouche, accompanied by the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and of the Navy, and passed from the capital of the Union.

The whole scene—the peals of artillery, the sounds of numerous military bands, the presence of the vast concourse of people, and the occasion that assembled them, produced emotions not easily described, but which every American heart can readily conceive.

Mrs. Adams was the sixth in the succession of occupants of the Executive Mansion, and with her closed the list of the ladies of the Revolution. A new generation had sprung up in the forty-nine years of Independence, and after her retirement, younger aspirants claimed the honors. Born in the city of London on the 12th of February, 1775, she received advantages superior to those enjoyed by most of the ladies of America. Her father, Mr. Johnson of Maryland, although living at the outbreak of the war, in England, was ever a patriotic American, and soon after hostilities commenced, removed with his family to Nantes, in France. “There he received from the Federal Congress an appointment as Commissioner to examine the accounts of all the American functionaries then entrust-

ed with the public money of the United States, in Europe; in the exercise of the duties of which he continued until the peace of 1782. Our National Independence having then been recognized, he returned to London, where he continued to reside, and where he acted as consular agent for the United States until his final return in 1797, to his native soil."

It was fortunate for Mrs. Adams that her husband was a strong, intellectual nature; he both satisfied and sustained her, and rendered her sojourn on earth contented and agreeable. In her father's house in London he first saw her, in 1794, and on the 26th of July, 1797, they were married at the church of All-Hallows. Soon afterward his father became President, and he was transferred to Berlin, where he repaired with his wife as a bride, to play her part in the higher circles of social and political life. It need scarcely be added that she proved perfectly competent to this; and that during four years, which comprised the period of her stay at that court, notwithstanding almost continual ill-health, she succeeded in making friends and conciliating a degree of good will, the recollection of which is, even at this distance of time, believed to be among the most agreeable of the associations with her varied life. In 1801, after the birth of her eldest child, she embarked with Mr. Adams on his return to the United States. Not to Maryland, the home of her childhood, but, a stranger to their habits and manners, she went among the New England people, and settled with her husband in Boston. Here she determined to be satisfied and live with a people whom in feeling she was not

unlike, but scarcely was she beginning to feel at home when Mr. Adams was elected Senator, and she removed with him to Washington. A sister was already established there, and she met once more the members of her own family, where to her the winter months passed pleasantly away. Each summer she returned to Boston, and thus alternating between there and Washington in winter, she passed the pleasant years of Jefferson's term. To many, the capital was an out of the way place, and not always pleasant to Congressmen's wives who left the gaieties of larger cities to be detained six or eight months; but Mrs. Adams was peculiarly fortunate in her position, having around her near and dear relations from whom she had been separated many years. It became home to her, and to a Southerner, the climate was more congenial than the regions of her husband's birthplace.

Mr. Adams, called by President Madison to embark for Russia as its first accredited minister, Mrs. Adams determined to go, even at the cost of leaving her two eldest children with their grandparents, and taking with her a third, not yet two years old. They sailed from Boston early in August, and after a long and somewhat hazardous passage arrived in St. Petersburg toward the close of October.

What voyages those must have been, when nearly three months was consumed in getting from one country to another; when weary weeks of summer merged into winter ere the barrier between the old and the new world could be passed. Yet how often had members of that family braved dangers un-

known to perform some duty in the other world. Far back into the past, their Puritan ancestors had found a refuge on "wild New England's shore," and in that interval, the waters of the sea had wafted the children of the third and fourth generations over its crested waves, to ask for the heritage their forefathers claimed—liberty of conscience and actions, and freedom to worship God.

Years before, a brave, strong woman had, with streaming eyes, seen the form of her eldest boy start over the same track he was now treading, and she had gone back to her lonely home to suffer. Now, through its well-known and treacherous path, that son, grown to man's estate, with children of his own left behind, wends his tedious way, to bear to the halls of remotest nations the wishes and intentions of his young country.

His wife, preferring an uncertain exile in a foreign country to a separation from her husband, suffered extremest anguish as she thought of her weeping children, for the first time separated from her. She felt the great distance and uncertain prospects of hearing from them, not less keenly than she did the length of time which might elapse ere she again would tread the shores of her native land. And the bleak climate to which she was hastening in no wise tended to make her cheerful; nor did the fact that Mr. Adams was the first Minister, allay her anxious sadness. Never, perhaps, in the history of the world, were such scenes being enacted as now. Europe was literally a battle-field, and Napoleon, the scourge of the continent, was ruling, by the mighty force of his great skill, the des-

tinies of the old world. Shut up in St. Petersburg, Mrs. Adams gathered rumors of the progress of that "man of destiny," and listened for his knock even at the gates of the imperial capital.

During the six years of her stay in Russia, what wondrous things transpired! What intense interest marked the era, we, of comparative quiet, can scarcely conceive. Death took from her an infant, born whilst there, and the twofold affliction of public and private trouble weighed upon her.

"Mr. Adams lived there, poor, studious, ambitious, and secluded, on the narrow basis of the parchment of his commission, respected for learning and talents, but little given to the costly entertainments of an opulent and ostentatious court circle. But the extraordinary mission could afford and was entitled to more expensive circulation in the splendid palaces of a magnificent city, inhabited by the owners of thousands of serfs, and some of them of Ural Mountains containing mines of gold." Living frugally, withdrawn from all but indispensable parade, Mr. Adams laid the basis of a modest competency for his return to America, whose official acquisition American, republican parsimony induces, if not justifies."

The war between England and America broke out in the mean time, and communication was almost entirely cut off. British ships cruised about our ports to capture peaceful vessels, and thundered their cannon at the capital of the country. While Mrs. Adams grew tired and weary of her cheerless abode in that far, northern climate, British troops were busy devasta-

ting the country round about her old home, and burning the mansion which later in life she was to occupy. Completely cut off from all that made life dear, Mr. Adams hoped for some opportunity to be recalled, and restore his divided family to each other. Emperor Alexander unconsciously prepared the way for their return by proposing to be mediator for England and the United States. In consequence of this offer, the Commissioners repaired to St. Petersburg accompanied by Mr. Payne Todd, the step-son of President Madison, whose simple position in America was exaggerated by European mistake to princely position. "Architecture, luxury, and comfort combined their attractions in palaces warmed by double windows and heated air-flues to the temperature of delightful summer weather, while the cold without was intense and destructive. Costumes of oriental richness, precious ornaments, furs of excessive price, and labor so low that large retinue and costly equipages are the least expensive outlays of noble households. The most delicious fruits from hot-houses, far-fetched game of the mildest flavor, tea by land carriage in caravans, transported five thousand miles from China, incomparably better and much dearer than the costly sea-born and sea-sweated beverage so much sought in America and England. The purest coffee of Mocha, wines of every wine-growing region are the common fare of the entertainments of Russian nobles of countless riches and continual fêtes, where much more numerous assemblies than elsewhere meet in the freedom of social enjoyments to counteract the rigors of climate, and from the terrible severities of

despotic government, seek that solace by which almost every mortal privation is somehow compensated. The younger members of the American mission found in such enjoyments compensation for its political failure, while their seniors were treated with general and imperial attention." Their coming was a source of pleasure to Mrs. Adams, whose time had been spent so quietly, and it was her hope to return with them; but while the commissioners enjoyed themselves with the sights of the Russian capital, great changes were taking place on the Continent, and they were unaware how radical they were. The return ship to the United States brought the news to Boston that Napoleon was banished to Elba, Louis the XVIII. propped on the throne of his ancestors by foreign armies, and England was at the zenith of her power and greatness. Never were the prospects of republican America so low since its independence, and the hearts of those patriots trembled when they thought of the future. The Russian mediation failed, but the commissioners afterward met at Ghent, where delays succeeded each other until on Christmas eve, Saturday, 24th December, 1814, the treaty was signed. It was the desire of Mr. and Mrs. Adams to have returned home this winter, but the failure of the commissioners at St. Petersburg necessitated the presence of Mr. Adams at Ghent, and it was thought best she should remain in Russia. The state of Europe, rocking and unsettled, was considered another argument in favor of her remaining, and consequently Mr. Adams set out without her. Alone in that place where she had lived five

years, where she had buried one child, and where she hoped her husband would soon rejoin her, she passed the sixth winter, and wished only for the spring to come to release herself and son from their exile. How her heart must have yearned, in days short only because the darkness was so long, for her little ones over the wide Atlantic, and with what zeal must she have prepared for that homeward-bound trip, so near in anticipation, yet in reality so far off. But her trial was in proportion to her strength, and if she did not go home, her children came to her afterward.* Spring at last came, on the almanac at least, if not in the gorgeous beauty it was wont to appear in her far-off southern home, and she was advised to travel by land to rejoin her husband at Paris, whither he had gone from Ghent. The difficulties and dangers of a land route through the late theatre of a furious war, had no influence to bear upon her determined idea to go, and braving solitary journeys, rogues, and dangers of every conceivable kind, set on with her child to travel to France. Hers must have been an indomitable spirit, else the lonely days of constant motion through villages and wild, uncultivated countries, where every inanimate thing bore traces of grim-visaged war, would have convinced her

* Mrs. Adams had four children, three sons and a daughter. 1. George Washington Adams, born in Berlin, 12th April, 1801. 2. John Adams, born in Boston, 4th July, 1803. 3. Charles Francis Adams, born in Boston, August 18th, 1807. 4. Louisa Catharine Adams, born in St. Petersburg, August 12th, 1811, and died there the next year.

of the risk she was running. With the passports of the Russian government, and the strong recommendation of being the American minister's wife, she bade adieu to all apprehensions and risked all to only get nearer home and children. "In such circumstances, to be fastened in a snow-drift with night coming on, and to be forced to rouse the peasants of the surrounding country to dig them out, which happened in Courland, was no slight matter. But it was of little significance compared to the complicated anxieties incident to the listening, at every stopping-place, to the tales of robbery and murder just committed on the proposed route, so perpetually repeated at that time to the traveller; and to the warnings given by apparently friendly persons of the character of her own servants, corroborated by the loss of several articles of value, and, most of all, to the observation of the restless contention between jarring political passions under which the whole continent of Europe was heaving until it burst forth at the return of Napoleon from Elba. Hardly a day passed that did not require of Mrs Adams some presence of mind to avoid becoming implicated in the consequences of party fury. For even the slight symbol of a polish cap on the head of her servant came near making food for popular quarrel."

On her way she heard of Napoleon's return from Elba, heard that a little brig and three transports had borne back to France the nation's idol. All along the route she witnessed the effect of the most marvellous act of Napoleon's life, "and yet," adds Abbott, "there was nothing in it rash or inconsiderate. He was driven to

it by inexorable circumstances. He could no longer remain in safety at Elba. The Allies recognized no sanctity in their oaths. They had already violated their solemn treaty, and were meditating a piratic expedition for the seizure of his person. He could not flee in disguise, to be hunted a fugitive over the face of the earth. There was no resource open before him but boldly to throw himself into the arms of the people of France, who still loved him with deathless constancy. His resolve was honorable and noble." As Mrs. Adams approached Paris through the hostile country of the Allies, Napoleon with his few hundred men had commenced his march of seven hundred miles through a kingdom containing thirty millions of inhabitants, to capture the strongest capital in Europe. "An army of nearly two hundred thousand men under Bourbon leaders, and stationed in impregnable fortresses by the way, and the combined despots of Europe, had two millions of bayonets still glistening in the hands of their soldiers, all of which were pledged to sustain the iniquitous sway of the Bourbon usurpers. Romance in her wildest dreams never conceived of such an enterprise before. Yet the adventure had been carefully considered, and profound wisdom guided every step. The millions of France loved Napoleon almost to adoration. He knew it; and he knew that he deserved it. Napoleon was well aware that all the great elements of success were in his favor, and he had no misgivings." Mrs. Adams found, as she neared Paris, the dangers to which she was exposed, and dismissing her servants who were afraid to go farther, hired others and con-

tinued her approach to her husband. But every cross road and tangled path was filled with soldiers wild with enthusiasm, rushing forward to join their great chief, and at one time she found herself surrounded by them. This was a very awkward position, as the troops seemed disposed to require from all around them the most unequivocal declaration of political faith. Mrs. Adams appealed to the commander of the detachment, and by his advice she was enabled to fall back, although not without the exercise of considerable prudence, until the last of the men had passed, when she diverged into another road, and by making a considerable circuit, avoided any further meeting.

Having proved, in this manner, that calmness and presence of mind render many things perfectly practicable which imagination at first invests with insuperable difficulties, she arrived in Paris safe and well, there to be greeted by her husband, on the evening of the 21st of March, 1815, immediately after that of the memorable arrival of Napoleon and the flight of the Bourbons.

It was the privilege of Mrs. Adams to witness the adoration of the French for their Emperor, and to see with what enthusiastic delight they greeted his appearance, at a window or balcony of the Tuileries. With what pleasure she must have listened to the account of his entry; crossing the bridge of Concorde, and dashing at full galop along the quay of the Tuileries, he entered the court-yard of the palace by the arched gallery of the Louvre; and of the frantic joy of the people as they bore him aloft in their arms,

amid deafening cheers to the entrance and up the great staircase into the saloon of reception, where a splendid array of the ladies of the imperial court, adorned with a profusion of violet bouquets half-concealed in the richest laces, received him with transports, and imprinted fervent kisses on his cheeks, his hands, and even his dress. Never was there such a scene witnessed in history, and it was worth years of pain to listen to the myriad voices shouting their *Vive l'Empereur!* and to read in each happy face the heartfelt welcome extended to their exiled Emperor. Curses followed the retreating footsteps of the imbecile old man who was again begging the combined power to reinstate him on his throne, but Napoleon's throne was in the bosoms of the people, and everywhere excitement prevailed as the Imperial troops gathered for—Waterloo.

The advantages thus thrown in the way of an American woman were justly appreciated by Mrs. Adams, and she, free from prejudice, studied the strange perversities of fortune. The events of the hundred days were enough to crowd the memory of a life-time, and fills us at this day as we ponder over them, with awe and amazement. All was activity and eagerness, all bustle and confusion. The armies were reviewing in the square of the Place Carousel, and the inspiring notes of martial music added grandeur to the grandness of the time and place. Perhaps we of a later generation understand the sublimity of the scenes through which she was passing better than she at the time could comprehend. Throughout Europe

Napoleon was belied and blasphemed, and scurrilous abuse heaped upon his name; but to us he was the "Man of Destiny," and the day for speaking contemptuously of him has passed. The few who are malevolent toward him are to be pitied rather than scorned. "Some persons cannot discern difference of colors; others cannot perceive discord or harmony; and there are those who are incapable of appreciating grandeur of character. They are not to be judged harshly. It is their misfortune."

Passing events are not so sublime to spectators as they appear to those who come upon the scene after the drama is concluded; then history rehearses it over again, and cautiously the motives are examined and judgment accorded. After Napoleon has been dead nearly half a century, the children of another generation rise up to vindicate his greatness. "In death he has become the victor over all his foes." Every generous heart now does homage to his lofty character. France has reared for him a mausoleum which is a nation's pride, and he is enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen as monarch was never enthroned before." But Mrs. Adams, an actor on the stage herself, could not feel the glow which prevades the hearts of her descendants, as they live over in imagination the everyday occurrences of her life in Paris, yet she felt rewarded for the effort she had made to reach it, and ever considered it among the most fortunate events in her existence.

The arrival of her children in England, from whom she had been separated since the autumn of 1809,

nearly six years, was of more interest to her than the events happening around her. On the 25th of May, 1815, Mr. Adams arrived in London with his family, and soon afterward learned that he was appointed Minister to the court of St. James. The impression made upon the most eminent circles during his residence in London, has been retained up to the present time. "His simple habits, his plain appearance, his untiring industry, his richly stored mind, his unbending integrity, his general intercourse and correspondence with foreign courts and diplomatists of the greatest distinction, all tended to elevate, in a high degree, the American character in the estimation of European nations."

Mrs. Adams had advantages in London which scarcely any American woman has ever had since; true, she had not wealth to make a great display, but her home was one of pleasant comfort, and enjoying as she did the society of one of the most intelligent of men, and of the best informed circle in the great capital, she had signal opportunities for cultivation. Charles King, in his eulogy on John Quincy Adams, speaks thus: "It was while Mr. Adams was Minister of the United States in London, that it was my personal good fortune to be admitted to his intimacy and friendship. Being then in London on private business, and having some previous acquaintance with Mr. Adams, I found in his house an ever kind welcome, and in his intercourse and conversation unfailing attraction and improvement. Under an exterior of, at times, almost repulsive coldness, dwelt a heart as warm, sympathies as

quick, and affections as overflowing, as ever animated any bosom. His tastes, too, were all refined. Literature and art were familiar and dear to him, and hence it was that his society was at once so agreeable and so improving. At his hospitable board, I have listened to disquisitions from his lips on poetry, especially the dramas of Shakespeare, music, painting, sculpture—of rare excellence and untiring interest. The extent of his knowledge, indeed, and its accuracy, in all branches, were not less remarkable than the complete command which he appeared to possess over all his varied stores of learning and information.”

Mr. Monroe succeeded Mr. Madison in the Presidential chair in 1817, and immediately appointed Mr. Adams his Secretary of State. On receiving notice of his appointment to this responsible office, Mr. Adams with his family embarked for the United States, on board the packet-ship “Washington” and landed in New York on the 6th of August, 1817. A few days after his arrival, a public dinner was given him in Tammany Hall, New York. The room was elegantly decorated. In the centre was a handsome circle of oak leaves, roses, and flags—the whole representing, with much effect, our happy union—and from the centre of which, as from her native woods, appeared our eagle, bearing in her beak this impressive scroll:

“Columbia, great Republic, thou art blest,
While Empires droop, and monarchs sink to rest.”

Soon afterward, Mr. Adams and family went to

Boston to visit his father's family, where he was the recipient of another public dinner: the last meeting with his mother on earth, it was one which he never forgot. It was gratifying to her sensitive nature to see him thus rising from one elevated position to another, and it soothed her aged heart beyond any power of expression. Many years of his life had been spent far away from her, and his absences were long and unbroken. She had always written regularly to him, and by example and precept endeavored to instil into his nature some portion of her own aspirations. When his talents had won for him this last position, she bowed her head and thanked God. Perhaps her spirit recognized his still higher promotion, and the natural conclusion, arrived at from former precedents, that by gradual ascent he would reach the place his father occupied, occurred to her. When she was gathered to the graves of her ancestors, he was in Washington, busy with the manifold duties of his place, whither he had gone to reside permanently, in September, 1817.

The performance of the duties of the State Department necessarily required a residence at Washington, and the manner in which Mr. Adams thought proper to devote himself to them, devolved upon his lady the entire task of making his house an agreeable resort to the multitudes of visitors who crowd to the capital on errands of business, or curiosity, or pleasure, from the various sections of the United States during the winter season. A large diplomatic corps from foreign countries, who feel themselves in more immediate relations with the Secretary of State, and a dis-

tinguished set of public men, not then divided by party lines in the manner which usually prevails, rendered the society of that time, and Mrs. Adams' house where it most often concentrated, among the most agreeable recorded in our annals.

Much as it has been ridiculed since, the "era of good feelings" had some characteristics peculiar to itself. For an instant, sectional animosities relented, the tone of personal denunciation and angry crimination, too generally prevailing in extremes, yielded; and even where the jealous rivalry for political honors still predominated in the hearts of men, the easy polish of general society removed from casual spectators any sense of its roughness, or inconvenience from its impetuosity. Washington may have presented more brilliant spectacles since, but the rancor of party spirit has ever mingled its baleful force too strongly not to be perceptible in the personal relations which have existed between the most distinguished of our political men.

The following letter from Mrs. Adams to her father-in-law will be read with interest. She corresponded regularly during her life in Washington, with him, until his death, in 1826. At no distant day we hope to see this interesting correspondence published:—

To John Adams.

“WASHINGTON, 16th April, 1819.

“Yes! my dear sir, was my mind sufficiently strong, or capacious to understand, or even to comprehend the

study of ancient and modern philosophy, I am certain I should derive very great advantage from that study ; but you certainly forgot when you recommended it, that you were addressing the weaker sex, to whom stoicism would be both unamiable and unnatural, and who would be very liable in avoiding Scylla, to strike upon Charybdis, or to speak without metaphor, to rush into skepticism. Have you perceived any thing like fatalism in my letters ? I am unconscious of it, though I fear there may sometimes be a little inclination toward it. The woman you selected for your wife, was so highly gifted in mind, with powers so vast, and such quick and clear perception, altogether so superior to the general run of females, you have perhaps formed a too enlarged opinion of the capacities of our sex, and having never witnessed their frailties, are not aware of the dangers to which they are exposed, by acquirements above their strength.

“The systems of the ancients have been quite out of my reach, excepting the Dialogues of Plato, which Mr. A. recommended to me last year, and which I read attentively. I cannot say that I am entirely unacquainted with their different theories, but that acquaintance has been too superficial to make them well understood, and I have been too much inclined to view them, as difficult of practice, and not tending much to the real benefit of mankind. With the modern philosophers I have become more intimate, if I may make use of such a word, speaking of works which I have read, but which I could not understand or digest. Locke has puzzled me, Berkley amused me, Reid astonished

me, Hume disgusted me, and Tucker either diverted me or set me to sleep. This is a very limited sort of reading, and you will laugh at my catalogue of names, which have at best, I believe, but little title to the rank of philosophers, or at least must come in at the fag end. I have dipped into others and thrown them aside, but I have never seen any thing that would satisfy my mind, or that would compare with the chaste and exquisitely simple doctrines of Christianity.

“I fear you will find this letter more extravagant than any you have ever received from me, but I have made it a rule to follow where the current of my ideas carried me, and to give them to you in a perfect undress. My reading has been too general, and too diffuse to be very beneficial. French authors have occupied my attention the largest portion of my life, but their venom was destroyed, by the events which were continually passing almost before my eyes, and which showed how wicked was the practice resulting from such theories. You, my dear sir, have ever possessed a nature too ardent, too full of benevolent feelings to all your race with a mind too noble, and a capacity too enlarged, to sink into the cold and thankless state of stoicism. Your heart is too full of all the generous and kindly affections for you ever to acquire such a cold and selfish doctrine. No, my dear sir, it was, it is impossible. Look at your past life, retrace all the eminent services you have rendered to your country, and to mankind, and if you, by unforeseen and uncontrollable events, have been prevented from doing all you wished, all you desired, toward promoting their

felicity, let their unequalled prosperity (in producing which, you had so large a share) soothe your latest hours, and cheer your heart with the conviction, that to you, in a great measure, they owe it; and this sentiment alone will be sufficient reward. I set out in life with the most elevated notions of honor and principle; ere I had entered it fairly, my hopes were blasted, and my ideas of mankind, that is, all the favourable ones almost, were suddenly chilled, and I was very near forming the horrid and erroneous opinion, that no such thing as virtue existed. This was a dreadful doctrine at the age of little more than twenty, but it taught me to reflect and not to 'build my house in the sand.' My life has been a life of changes, and I had early accustomed myself to the idea of retirement. The nature of our institutions, the various turns of policy to which an elective government is ever liable, has long occupied my thoughts, and I trust I may find strength to sustain any of the changes which may be in store for me, with fortitude, dignity, and I trust cheerfulness. To these changes, I can never attach the idea of disgrace. Popular governments are peculiarly liable to factions, to cabals, to intrigue, to the juggling tricks of party, and the people may often be deceived for a time, by some fair speaking demagogue, but they will never be deceived long; and though they may, in a moment of excitement, sanction an injustice toward an old and faithful servant, they appreciate his worth, and hand his name down with honor to posterity, even though that 'name may not be agreeable to the fash-ionables.' It is one which I take a pride in bearing.

and one that I hope and pray my children may never dishonor.

“What you say concerning the Floridas is, I believe, universally allowed, and as to the effect upon the name, why, it is of little importance, provided the substance is left, and the act undeniable. There is the lance, let the lance speak—I can safely swear as an individual I never set my heart on what the world calls a great reward. I am too well assured that ‘uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,’ and the station is too full of thorns to render it very desirable. I have no relish for being absolutely crucified for the sake of a short preëminence. You have, I suppose, seen the correspondence between Gen. Scott and old Hickory? How do you like the epistle of the former? What do you think of De Witt Clinton’s reply to the charge insinuated against him? We hear of nothing but complaints of the times, and our commercial world are in great distress. In Baltimore (that city where the South American Privateers are owned and fitted out by native citizens in the very face of the public, and committing depredations on the property of their fellow-citizens) there are failures every day, and it is said the mischief will extend to all parts of the Union. In Virginia, a man who broke out of the jail in this city, has offered himself as a candidate for Congress, telling the electors that he would take only six dollars a day, as he thinks eight too much; because if he found his pay insufficient, he would play, and by this means insure himself a living. That he had often played with their late member, and with many of the most distin-

guished members of Congress, who used to send for him to play with them. Such things are—

“Adieu, my dear Sir.”

“During the eight years in which Mrs. Adams presided in the house of the Secretary of State,” writes her son, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in 1839, “no exclusions were made, in her invitations, merely on account of any real or imagined political hostility; nor, though keenly alive to the reputation of her husband, was any disposition manifested to do more than to amuse and enliven society. In this, the success was admitted to be complete, as all will remember who were then in the habit of frequenting her dwelling. But in proportion as the great contest for the Presidency, in which Mr. Adams was involved, approached, the violence of partisan warfare began to manifest its usual bad effects, and Mrs. Adams decided to adopt habits of greater seclusion. When at last the result had placed her in the President’s mansion, her health began to fail her so much, that though she continued to preside upon occasions of public reception, she ceased to appear at any other times, and she began to seek the retirement which ever since her return to private she has preferred. Mr. Adams has been, it is true, and still continues, a representative in Congress, from the state of Massachusetts, and this renders necessary an annual migration from that State to Washington and back again, as well as a winter residence within the sound of the gayeties of that place; but while her age and health dispense her from the necessities of attending them, severe domestic afflictions have contributed to remove the dis-

position. Thus the attractions of great European capitals, and the dissipation consequent upon high official station at home, though continued through that part of her life when habits become most fixed, have done nothing to change the natural elegance of her manners, nor the simplicity of her tastes. In the society of a few friends and near relatives, and in the cultivation of the religious affections without display, she draws all the consolation that can in this world be afforded for her privations. To the world Mrs. Adams presents a fine example of the possibility of retiring from the circles of fashion, and the external fascinations of life, in time still to retain a taste for the more quiet though less showy attractions of the domestic fireside. A strong literary taste which has led her to read much, and a capacity for composition in prose and verse, have been resources for her leisure moments; not with a view to that exhibition which renders such accomplishments too often fatal to the more delicate shades of feminine character, but for her own gratification and that of a few relations and friends. The late President Adams used to draw much amusement, in his latest years at Quincy, from the accurate delineation of Washington manners and character, which was regularly transmitted, for a considerable period, in letters from her pen. And if as time advances, she becomes gradually less able to devote her sense of sight to reading and writing, her practice of the more homely virtues of manual industry, so highly commended in the final chapter of the book of Solomon, still amuses the declining days of her varied career."

On the fourth of March, 1825, John Quincy Adams was inaugurated as President of the United States, and took the executive chair, which had been entered twenty-eight years before by his venerated father. The scene at the inauguration was splendid and imposing. At an early hour of the day, the avenues leading to the capitol presented an animated spectacle. Crowds of citizens on foot, in carriages, and on horseback, were hastening to the great centre of attraction. Strains of martial music and the movements of the various military corps heightened the excitement.

At 12 o'clock, the military escort, consisting of general and staff officers and several volunteer companies, received the President elect at his residence, together with President Monroe and several officers of government. The procession, led by the cavalry, and accompanied by an immense concourse of citizens, proceeded to the capitol, where it was received with military honors by the U. S. Marine Corps, under Col. Henderson.

Meanwhile the hall of the House of Representatives presented a brilliant spectacle. The galleries and the lobbies were crowded with spectators. The sofas between the columns, the bar, the promenade in the rear of the Speaker's chair, and the three outer rows of the members' seats were occupied by a splendid array of beauty and fashion. On the left, the Diplomatic Corps, in the costume of their respective courts, occupied the place assigned them, immediately before the steps which lead to the chair. The officers

of the army and navy were scattered in groups throughout the hall. In front of the clerk's table chairs were placed for the Judges of the Supreme Court.

At twenty minutes past 12 o'clock, the marshals, in blue scarfs, made their appearance in the hall, at the head of the august procession. First came the officers of both Houses of Congress. Then appeared the President elect, followed by the venerable ex-President Monroe, with his family. To these succeeded the Judges of the Supreme Court, in their robes of office, the members of the Senate, preceded by the Vice-President, with a number of the members of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Adams, in a plain suit of black, made entirely of American manufactures, ascended to the speaker's chair and took his seat. The Chief Justice was placed in front of the clerk's table, having before him another table on the floor of the hall, on the opposite side of which sat the remaining judges, with their faces toward the chair. The doors having been closed, and silence proclaimed, Mr. Adams arose, and in a distinct and firm tone of voice, read his inaugural address.

The congratulations which then poured in from every side, occupied the hands, and could not but reach the heart, of President Adams. The meeting between him and his venerated predecessor had in it something peculiarly affecting. General Jackson was among the earliest of those who took the hand of the President; and their looks and deportment toward each other were a rebuke to that littleness of party

spirit which can see no merit in a rival, and feel no joy in the honor of a competitor. Shortly after 1 o'clock, the procession commenced leaving the hall. The President was escorted back as he came. On his arrival at his residence, he received the compliments and respects of a great number of ladies and gentlemen, who called on him to tender their congratulations. The proceedings of the day were closed by an "inaugural ball" in the evening. Among the guests present were the President and Vice-President, Ex-President Monroe, a number of foreign ministers, with many civil, military, and naval officers.*

Mrs. Adams gave up the comforts of her home, and took possession of the White House soon after the inauguration. The spring and summer wore quietly away, for even in the White House, sociability is confined to the winter season, and save the visits of friends, nothing occurred to vary the monotony of every-day life. Her children were a consolation to her in her infirm condition, for her health failed her soon as she moved in the President's house. In the following September, she accompanied her husband on a visit to his aged father at Quincy, but being taken very ill at Philadelphia, the President was compelled to proceed without her. He did not remain long, and on the 14th of October set out again for Washington. It was the last time Mr. Adams ever saw his father! "The aged patriarch had lived to see his country emancipated from foreign thralldom, its independence acknowledged, its union consummated, its prosperity and perpetuity rest-

* National Intelligencer, 1825.

ing on an immovable foundation, and his son elevated to the highest office in its gift. It was enough! His work accomplished—the book of his eventful life written and sealed for immortality—he was ready to depart and be at peace. The 4th of July, 1826, will long be memorable for one of the most remarkable coincidences that have ever taken place in the history of nations. It was the fiftieth anniversary, the jubilee of American Independence! Preparations had been made throughout the Union to celebrate the day with unusual pomp and display. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson had both been invited to participate in the festivities of the occasion, at their several places of abode. But a higher summons awaited them: they were bidden to a ‘jubilee’ above, which shall have no end! On that half-century Anniversary of American Independence, at nearly the same hour of the day, the spirits of Adams and Jefferson took their departure from earth! Amid the rejoicings of the people, the peals of artillery, the strains of music, the exultations of a great nation in the enjoyment of freedom, peace, and happiness, they were released from the toils of life, and allowed to enter on their rest.”

These two patriarchs had been corresponding regularly, and their letters had attracted the attention of Europe as well as America. Mr. Adams had written the last letter in which occurs the following expression: “Half an hour ago, I received, and this moment have heard read, for the third or fourth time, the best letter that was ever written by an octogenarian, dated June 1st.”

The editor of the London *Morning Chronicle* prefaces his notice of this correspondence with the following remarks:—

“What a contrast the following correspondence of the two rival Presidents of the greatest republic of the world, reflecting an old age dedicated to virtue, temperance, and philosophy, presents to the heart-sickening details occasionally disclosed to us, of the miserable beings who fill the thrones of the continent. There is not, perhaps, one sovereign of the continent, who in any sense of the word can be said to honor our nature, while many make us almost ashamed of it. The curtain is seldom drawn aside without exhibiting to us beings worn out with vicious indulgence, diseased in mind, if not in body, the creatures of caprice and insensibility. On the other hand, since the foundation of the American Republic, the chair has never been filled by a man, for whose life (to say the least), any American need once to blush. It must, therefore, be some compensation to the Americans for the absence of pure monarchy, that when they look upward, their eyes are not always met by vice, and meanness, and often idiocy.”

The administration of Mr. Adams was remarkable for the peace and prosperity of the country, and there was therefore no event in Mrs. Adams life of a stirring nature. “No crisis occurred in national affairs, no imminent peril from without, or danger within, threatened the well-being of the country! Quietness reigned throughout the world, and the nations were allowed once more to cultivate the arts of peace, to enlarge the

operations of commerce, and to fix their attention on domestic interests, the only true fountain of national prosperity. During no Presidential term since the organization of the Government, has more been done to consolidate the Union, and develop its resources, and lay the foundations of national strength and prosperity."

Mr. Adams was certainly the most learned man who has yet occupied the Presidential chair. No one at all acquainted with his life, will deny this assertion. Profoundly versed in the lore of the ancients, he was yet more thoroughly acquainted with the history of modern governments, and was a deep thinker, as well as an eloquent speaker. A southern clergyman visited him during his administration and was astonished to find he was intimately acquainted with all sects and creeds, and had read every book he could mention. Finally he remembered one work of importance, and asked if he had read it. Mr. Adams had not, whereupon the minister, delighted with his success, told it everywhere and was afterward known as the man who had read one more book than John Quincy Adams.

Mrs. Adams retired from the White House with heartfelt pleasure, and sought the quiet her delicate health demanded.

The following interesting account of an interview with ex-President Adams, by a southern gentleman, in 1834, affords some conception of the home of Mrs. Adams at Quincy.

"Yesterday, accompanied by my friend T., I paid a visit to the venerable ex-President, at his residence in Quincy. A violent rain setting in as soon as we ar-

rived, gave us from five to nine o'clock to listen to the learning of this man of books. His residence is a plain, very plain one; the room into which we were ushered (the drawing-room, I suppose), was furnished in true republican style. It is probably of ancient construction, as I perceived two beams projecting from the low ceiling, in the manner of the beams in a ship's cabin. Prints commemorative of political events, and the old family portraits hung about the room; common straw matting covered the floor, and two candlesticks, bearing sperm candles, ornamented the mantlepiece. The personal appearance of the ex-President himself, corresponds with the simplicity of his furniture. He resembles rather a substantial, well-fed farmer, than one who has wielded the destinies of this mighty confederation, and been bred in the ceremony and etiquette of a European court. In fact, he appears to possess none of that sternness of character which you would suppose to belong to one a large part of whose life has been spent in political warfare, or, at any rate, amidst scenes requiring a vast deal of nerve and inflexibility. Mrs. Adams is described in a word—a lady. She has all the warmth of heart and ease of manner that mark the character of the southern ladies, and from which it would be no easy matter to distinguish her.

The ex-President was the chief talker. He spoke with infinite ease, drawing upon his vast resources with the certainty of one who has his lecture before him ready written. The whole of his conversation, which steadily he maintained for nearly

four hours, was a continued stream of light. Well contented was I to be a listener. His subjects were the architecture of the middle ages; the stained glass of that period; sculpture, embracing monuments particularly. On this subject, his opinion of Mrs. Nightingale's monument in Westminster Abbey differs from all others that I have seen or heard. He places it above every other in the Abbey, and observed in relation to it, that the spectator "saw nothing else." Milton, Shakspeare, Shenstone, Pope, Byron, and Southey were in turn remarked upon. He gave Pope a wonderfully high character, and remarked that one of his chief beauties was the skill exhibited in ranging the cesural pause, quoting from various parts of his author to illustrate his remarks more fully. He said very little on the politics of the country. He spoke at considerable length of Sheridan and Burke, both of whom he had heard, and could describe with the most graphic effect. He also spoke of Junius; and it is remarkable that he should place him so far above the best of his cotemporaries. He spoke of him as a bad man; but maintained, as a writer, that he had never been equalled. The conversation never flagged for a moment; and on the whole I shall remember my visit to Quincy as amongst the most instructive and pleasant I ever passed."

Mrs. Adams enjoyed the pleasures of her home but one year, when Mr. Adams was elected a Member of Congress, and from that time forward to the hour of his death he represented the Plymouth district with "unswerving fidelity and distinguished honor." Mr.

Adams took his seat in the House of Representatives in December, 1831, and from that time forward his family resided in Washington, in a house owned by them situated on I street. For fifteen years he was a Member of Congress, residing continually at Washington, although making frequent visits to his old home.

More than four-score years had left their impress upon Mr. Adams' brow, and he was still in the midst of his usefulness. In November, 1846, he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered. On the morning of that day, while sojourning at the residence of his son, in Boston, preparing to depart for Washington, he was walking out with a friend to visit a new medical college, and was attacked by the way. After several weeks, he recovered sufficiently to return to his duties at the capital, but never afterward entirely recovered. On Monday, the 21st of February, 1848, at half-past one o'clock, whilst in his seat in the House, he was struck a second time with the same disease. He was removed to the Speaker's apartment, borne on a sofa by several members, and plasters applied, which seemed to relieve him. Mrs. Adams was sent for, and on his recovering consciousness, was gladdened by her presence in answer to his inquiry for her. She was in extreme illness and suffering acute sorrow, but remained beside him, sustained by her niece and nephew. Mr. Adams lay in the Speaker's room in a state of apparent unconsciousness through the 22d and 23d,—Congress, in the mean time, assembling in respectful silence, and immediately adjourning from day to day. At seven o'clock on the evening of the 23d he died.

President Polk issued a Proclamation announcing his death, and orders were issued from all the Departments directing that suitable honors should be paid the illustrious dead. The funeral took place in the capitol, at twelve o'clock, Saturday, 26th of February, after which the body was conveyed to the Congressional burying-ground to remain until the completion of the preparations for their removal to Quincy.

The following letter of thanks from Mrs. Adams, addressed to the Speaker, was laid before the House of Representatives:—

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 29th, 1848.

“SIR:—The resolutions in honor of my dear deceased husband, passed by the illustrious assembly over which you preside, and of which he at the moment of his death was a member, have been duly communicated to me.

“Penetrated with grief at this distressing event of my life, mourning the loss of one who has been at once my example and my support through the trials of half a century, permit me nevertheless to express through you my deepest gratitude for the signal manner in which the public regard has been voluntarily manifested by your honorable body, and the consolation derived to me and mine from the reflection that the unwearied efforts of an old public servant have not even in this world proved without their reward in the generous appreciation of them by his country.

“With great respect, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

“LOUISA CATHARINE ADAMS.”

On the following week, the remains of the deceased ex-President were conveyed to Quincy, accompanied by a committee of one from each State and Territory in the Union.

After this sad event in Mrs. Adams's life, she lived uninterruptedly at her home in Quincy, enjoying the society of her children and relations. From a distinguished member of her family, I have received the following letter, which although marked private, I take the liberty of extracting a few items of particular interest.

"I should be very glad to be of service to you if I were possessed of the material which you seem to desire in connection with the life of my mother. But I fear they are not to be found among the papers left by her. She wrote much and read a great deal, both of French and English literature, and translated from the former for the amusement of her friends. She also wrote verses frequently in the same way. But all these accomplishments of hers, including a nice taste in music and a well cultivated voice, are matters of little moment in a publication, however much they may contribute to the refinement of the social circle at home. Although she lived to quite an advanced age, her health was always delicate and variable, so as to interrupt the even tenor of her life and disincline her to the efforts required for general society, especially during her twelve years spent at different courts in Europe. This also was very much the case during her residence in the President's House, which I have always considered as the period she enjoyed the least during the pub-

lic career of my father. All this appears more or less in her letters, and especially in a species of irregular diary which she kept for some time at Washington for the benefit of my grandfather, John Adams, then living at Quincy, and her brother who was residing at New Orleans."

Mrs. Adams died the 14th of May 1852, and was buried by the side of her husband, in the family burying grounds at Quincy, Massachusetts.

MRS. ANDREW JACKSON.

NOT as a Lady of the White House is Mrs. Jackson's life sketched in this volume, for the cruel misrepresentations of her husband's political opponents had crushed her heart, and ended her days before he took possession of the home of the Presidents. She was denied the gratification of accompanying him to Washington, and of gracing the White House, but she was even in death the President's wife, and as such is ranked. In his heart she lived there, the object of the most deathless and exalted affection, the spiritual comforter and companion of his lonely hours. The friends and visitors of the new President saw her not, nor was she mentioned by the throng; but to him she was ever present in the form of memory and eternal, undying love.

The day of party strife and bitterness toward General Jackson has passed away forever, and the nobility and refined sensibility of his nature are at last appreciated. The slanders and falsehoods which embittered his earthly life, have been eclipsed by the sunlight of truth, and over the lapse of years comes ringing the prophetic assertion of the immutability of right. He is avenged. Once it was the fashion to revile him, and multitudes in this country who had no independent judgments of their own, took up the gossip of the day and pursued their congenial calling, even after death had taken him from their sight forever.





Down from the canvas beams his speaking eye upon us, and its meaning seems to say, justice to her is honor to me. With feelings an American only can appreciate, the task is undertaken, and whatever its defects may be, its merit is its truthfulness.

In 1779, Col. John Doneldson, a brave and wealthy old Virginia surveyor, started to the banks of the Cumberland with a party of emigrants. He had been preceded by Captain James Robertson and his companions, nine sturdy pioneers, who had engaged to build huts, plant corn, and make as comfortable a home as possible for the band that was to follow. This consisted of families, and among them the families of several of those adventurous pioneers.

The country was full of Indians, the forests deep, wild, and unexplored, and the perils very great. In order to escape the toil and danger of travelling through the wilderness, Colonel Donelson accomplished the journey by water. It was a distance of more than two thousand miles, and never before had any man been bold enough to project such a voyage. They sailed down the Holston river to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to its junction with the Ohio, up the Ohio till they reached the Cumberland, and up this stream to the French Salt Springs, on the spot where now stands the city of Nashville. Colonel Donelson kept an account of this remarkable and perilous voyage, entitled, "Journal of a voyage, intended by God's permission, in the good boat Adventure, from Fort Patrick Henry on Holston river, to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland river, kept by John Donel-

son," and the thrilling incidents and remarkable personal adventures are deeply interesting.

They were four months on the journey, the sufferings and privations of which can scarcely be appreciated by the more fortunate who now travel the same way amid quiet woods, green fields, and peaceful country homes. To those adventurers, the dangerous points of the rivers were unknown, and many were the accidents that befell them. They started in the depths of winter and were obliged to encounter excessive cold and frosts. But worse than all, the Indians were ever on the watch to entrap them. The journal says, "we still perceived them, marching down the river in considerable bodies, keeping pace with us." The wildest, most romantic, and lonely spot on this continent is the "Whirl," in the Tennessee river, where the river is compressed within less than half its usual width by the Cumberland mountain which juts in on both sides. Its beauty is only equalled by its danger. In passing through this place, a large canoe containing all the property of one of the emigrants, was overturned and the little cargo was lost. The family had gone into a larger boat for safety. "The company," says Col. Donelson, "pitying their distress, concluded to halt and assist in recovering the property. We had landed on the northern shore, at a level spot, and were going up to the place, when the Indians, to our astonishment, appeared immediately over us on the opposite cliffs, and commenced firing down upon us, which occasioned a precipitate retreat to the boats. We immediately moved off."

One of this intrepid little band of emigrants, sharing in its hardships and dangers, was Rachel Donelson, the daughter of Col. John Donelson. She was then a bright-eyed, black-haired, sprightly, pretty child of about twelve years. On the 24th of April, 1780, they reached the little settlement of log-cabins that Captain Robertson and his band had made ready for them. But perils and privations were not past. The Indians were wily and untiring in laying their crafty ambushes, and many were the victims that fell within their deadly grasp, and were despatched by their murderous weapons. With all these troubles, however, the settlement grew in numbers and in strength; such was the intrepidity and the perserving energy which inspired these heroic men and women. As Colonel Donelson was one of the most influential, he became one of the wealthiest of the settlers. He had owned extensive iron works in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, which he had sold when he started to the West. Prior and subsequent to the revolution, he was a member of the House of Burgess, and had repeatedly represented the counties of Campbell and Pittsylvania. Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were his personal friends; he held commissions under each of them to execute important trusts, such as the survey of state lines, the negotiating of treaties with Indians, or establishing the authority of the State over distant territory. His confidence in General Washington was implicit, and the earnestness with which he spoke his sentiments had a most happy and conservative influence over the people of the West. The little

colony soon began to suffer from the insufficient supply of corn and of powder and lead, and as the family of Colonel Donelson numbered many children and servants, he concluded to remove with them to Kentucky. He had in that State, moreover, land claims which he could more easily attend to and secure by being there. During his residence there, his daughter Rachel was married to Lewis Robards, a man of good family. She had grown up amid the trials and dangers of a frontier life, but the examples that she daily saw of noble fortitude, of calm bravery, and of heroic labor were worth many a tamer and weaker lesson of more civilized life. She grew up accomplished in the higher art of making home attractive and relatives happy. She was at the same time lively and gentle, gifted with patience and prudence, and winning in her simple and unaffected manners.

Soon after his daughter's marriage, Colonel Donelson returned to Tennessee with his family. In the fall of 1785, while surveying in the woods far from home, this brave and gallant gentleman was pierced by bullets from an unseen foe, and died the same night. Judge John Overton, then a young lawyer, in the fall of 1787, went to Mercer County, Kentucky, and became a boarder in the family of Mrs. Robards, where Lewis Robards and his wife were living. Judge Overton was not long in discovering that they lived very unhappily, because Captain Robards was jealous of a gentleman named Short. His disposition was extremely unfortunate, and kept the whole family in uneasiness and distress. This unpleasant state of

affairs continued to increase until Captain Robards wrote to his mother-in-law, the widowed Mrs. Donelson, requesting that she would take her daughter home, as he did not intend to live with her any longer. Some time in the latter part of 1788, Samuel Donelson came and started away with his sister. Judge Overton says, "my clear and distinct recollection is, that it was said to be a final separation, at the instance of Captain Robards; for I well recollect the distress of old Mrs. Robards on account of her daughter-in-law, Rachel, going away, and on account of the separation that was about to take place, together with the circumstance of the old lady's embracing her affectionately. The old lady always blamed her son Lewis, and took the part of her daughter-in-law."

Judge Overton farther remarks, that he never heard any of the family censure young Mrs. Robards on account of the unhappy difference between her husband and herself; but that he frequently heard them express the most favorable sentiments regarding her.

As stated in his narrative, published in 1827, Judge Overton deciding to fix his residence in Tennessee, left old Mrs. Robards, with the promise that he would use his best endeavors to effect a reconciliation between her son Lewis and his wife, particularly as her son seemed unhappy, and regretful of what had occurred. The Judge took occasion to speak with him upon the subject, and he said he was convinced that his suspicions were unfounded, and that he wished to live with his wife. Upon arriving at his destination in Tennessee, by a remarkable and romantic coincidence, the judge

again became a boarder in the same house with Mrs. Lewis Robards. Mrs. Donelson, her mother, was not only willing to accommodate him but was glad to add to the number of her protectors against the Indians. Another lawyer, Andrew Jackson, became a boarder with Mrs. Donelson at the same time, being introduced by Judge Overton. "Soon after my arrival," continues the judge in his narrative, "I had frequent conversations with Mrs. Lewis Robards, on the subject of living happily with her husband. She, with much sensibility, assured me that no effort to do so should be wanting on her part; and I communicated the result to Captain Robards and his mother, from both of whom I received congratulations and thanks.

"Captain Robards had previously purchased a pre-emption in this country on the south side of the Cumberland river, in Davidson County, about five miles from where Mrs. Donelson then lived. In the arrangement for a reunion between Captain Robards and his wife, I understood it was agreed that Captain Robards was to live in this country instead of Kentucky; and that until it was safe to go to his own land, he and his wife were to live at Mrs. Donelson's." They became reunited in the year 1789.

"Not many months elapsed before Robards became jealous of Jackson, which, I felt confident, was without the least ground. Some of his irritating conversations on this subject with his wife, I heard amidst the tears of herself and her mother, who were greatly distressed. I urged to Robards the unmanliness of his conduct, after the pains I had taken to produce har-

mony as a mutual friend of both families, and my honest conviction that his suspicions were groundless. These remonstrances seemed not to have the desired effect. As much commotion and unhappiness prevailed in the family as in that of Mrs. Robards, in Kentucky. At length I communicated to Jackson the unpleasant situation of living in a family where there was so much disturbance, and concluded by telling him that we would endeavor to get some other place. To this he readily assented.

"Being conscious of his innocence, Jackson said he would talk to Robards. What passed between them, I do not know. Mrs. Donelson related that Robards became violently angry and abusive, and said that he was determined not to live with Mrs. Robards. Jackson retired from the family and went to live at Mansker's Station. Captain Robards remained several months with his wife, and then went to Kentucky. Soon after this affair, Mrs. Robards went to live at Colonel Hays', who married her sister.

"Some time in the fall of 1790, there was a report afloat that Captain Robards intended to come down and take his wife to Kentucky. This created great uneasiness both with Mrs. Donelson and her daughter, the latter of whom was much distressed, being convinced after two fair trials, as she said, that it would be impossible to live with Captain Robards; and of this opinion was I, with all those I conversed with, who were acquainted with the circumstances. During the winter of 1791, Mrs. Donelson told me of her daughter's intention to go down the river to Natchez, to

some of their friends, in order to keep out of the way of Captain Robards, as she said he had threatened to haunt her. Knowing, as I did, Captain Robards' unhappy disposition, and his temper growing out of it, I thought she was right to keep out of the way, though I do not believe that I so expressed myself to the old lady or to any other person.

"The whole affair gave Jackson great uneasiness. In his singularly delicate sense of honor, and in what I thought his chivalrous conceptions of the female sex, it occurred to me that he was distinguishable from every other person with whom I was acquainted. About the time of Mrs. Donelson's communication to me respecting her daughter's intention of going to Natchez, I perceived in Jackson symptoms of more than usual concern. Wishing to ascertain the cause, he frankly told me that he was the most unhappy of men, in having innocently and unintentionally been the cause of the loss of peace and happiness of Mrs. Robards, whom he believed to be a fine woman. It was not long after this before he communicated to me his intention of going to Natchez with Colonel Stark, with whom Mrs. Robards was to descend the river, saying that she had no friend or relation that would go with her, or assist in preventing Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards from being massacred by the Indians, then in a state of war and exceedingly troublesome. Accordingly, Jackson, in company with Mrs. Robards and Colonel Stark, a venerable and highly esteemed old man, and friend of Mrs. Robards, went down the river from Nashville to Natchez, in the win-

ter or early spring of 1791. It was not, however without the urgent entreaties of Colonel Stark, who wanted protection from the Indians, that Jackson consented to accompany them.

"Previously to Jackson's starting, he committed all his law business to me, at the same time assuring me that as soon as he should see Col. Stark and his family and Mrs. Robards situated with their friends, he would return and resume his practice. He descended the river, returned from Natchez to Nashville, and was at the Superior Court, in the latter place, in May, 1791, attending to his business as a lawyer and solicitor-general for the government. Shortly after this time, we were informed that a divorce had been granted by the Legislature of Virginia.

"The divorce was understood by the people of this country to have been granted in the winter of 1790-1791. I was in Kentucky in the summer of 1791, remained at old Mrs. Robards', my former place of residence, a part of the time, and never understood otherwise than that Captain Robards' divorce was final, until the latter part of the year 1793. In the summer of 1791, General Jackson went to Natchez, and, I understood, married Mrs. Robards, then believed to be freed from Captain Robards, by the divorce in the winter of 1790-1791. They returned to Nashville, settled in the neighborhood of the city, where they have lived ever since, esteemed and beloved by all classes.

"About the month of December, 1793, after General Jackson and myself had started to Jonesborough,

in East Tennessee, where we practised law, I learned for the first time that Captain Robards had applied to Mercer Court, in Kentucky, for a divorce, which had then recently been granted; and that the Legislature had not absolutely granted a divorce, but left it for the Court to do. I need not express my surprise, on learning that the act of the Virginia Legislature had not divorced Captain Robards. I informed General Jackson of this, who was equally surprised; and during our conversation, I suggested the propriety of his procuring a license on his return home, and having the marriage ceremony again performed, so as to prevent all future cavilling on the subject.

"To this suggestion, he replied that he had long since been married, on the belief that a divorce had been obtained, which was the understanding of every person in the country; nor was it without difficulty he could be induced to believe otherwise.

"On our return home from Jonesborough, in January, 1794, to Nashville, a license was obtained, and the marriage ceremony again performed.

"The slowness and inaccuracy with which information was obtained in Tennessee at that time, will not be surprising when we consider its insulated and dangerous situation, surrounded on every side by the wilderness, and by hostile Indians, and that there was no mail established until about 1797."

Subsequent events proved this marriage to be one of the very happiest that was ever formed. A romantic person would say that it was made in Heaven, and certainly it had the requisites of a heavenly union.

Nothing could exceed the admiration, and love, and even deference of General Jackson for his wife. Her wish to him was law. It was a blessed ordering of Providence that this kind, good heart should find at last, after so many troubles, a tender and true friend and protector, understanding her perfectly, and loving her entirely.

Mrs. Jackson was a noble woman, and abundantly blessed with superior sense. She was a good manager, a kind mistress, always directing the servants, and taking care of the estate in her husband's frequent absences, and withal a generous and hospitable neighbor.

She had a great many nieces and nephews, some of whom were nearly all the time staying with her. She was very lively in her manners, well knowing how to tell stories, and amuse the young people of the neighborhood, who were much attached to her, all calling her affectionately Aunt Rachel, as her nieces and nephews did.

About the year 1804, General Jackson fixed his residence upon a superb estate of a thousand acres, twelve miles from Nashville, which he named the Hermitage. They lived at first in an ordinary frame building, sufficiently comfortable, but rather small. No lack of space in the house, however, could contract the liberal and hospitable spirit of the master and mistress of the Hermitage. When the Marquis de Lafayette visited Nashville on his return to America, there was an entertainment given in his honor at the Hermitage, to which many ladies and gentlemen were

invited. At this banquet, and during his stay in Nashville, General Lafayette was particularly respectful and attentive to Mrs. Jackson; and after his return to France, he never failed, in writing to General Jackson, to send her his compliments.

But the General was the "prince of hospitality," as one of his neighbors said, "not because he entertained a great many people, but because the poor belated pedlar was as welcome as the President of the United States, and made so much at his ease that he felt as though he had got home."

One who often visited General Jackson's house, wrote that "it was the resort of friends and acquaintances, and of all strangers visiting the state; and the more agreeable to all from the perfect conformity of Mrs. Jackson's character to his own. She had the General's own warm heart, frank manners, and hospitable temper, and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. She was always doing kind things in the kindest manner. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty set them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention any more than the titled gentlemen at her right and left."

She had no children of her own, and it was a source of regret to both; but a fortunate circumstance threw a little child across her pathway, and she gladly took the babe to her home and heart. Her brother had twin boys born to him, and wishing to help her sister in a care which was so great, took one of

them to the Hermitage when it was but a few days old.

The General soon became extremely attached to the little guest, and adopted him, giving him his own name, and treating him from that time with unremitting kindness and affection, as if he were indeed his only son. A traveler, who arrived at the Hermitage one wet, chilly evening in February, says, "I came upon General Jackson in the twilight, sitting alone before the fire, a lamb and a child between his knees. Seeing me, he called a servant to remove the two innocents to another room, and said that the child had cried because the lamb was out in the cold, and begged him to bring it in, which he had done to please the child—his adopted son, then not two years old. This son, Andrew Jackson, jr. was the sole heir of the General's large estate. His widow resides yet at the Hermitage, at the request of the State of Tennessee, which has lately purchased the place.

A few days after the battle of New Orleans, Mrs. Jackson arrived in that city with a party of Tennesseans, bringing with her the little Andrew, then about seven years old. She participated in the attentions that were showered upon the General, who showed her, himself, the most marked respect and deference. The ladies of New Orleans presented her with a valuable and beautiful set of topaz jewelry. In her portrait, at the Hermitage, Mrs. Jackson wears the dress which she appeared in at the grand ball given in New Orleans, in honor of the General. It is white satin, ornamented with lace, and jewelry of pearls. This

portrait was painted by Earl, an artist who married a niece of Mrs. Jackson's and resided many years in General Jackson's family.

In 1816 Mrs. Jackson joined the church, while attending the ministry of the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, a Presbyterian divine, whom she ever after regarded with the deepest veneration. To gratify her, General Jackson built a little church on the estate, a quarter of a mile from the house. It was plain and simple, and small, but very dear to Mrs. Jackson, who spent in it many happy hours. It was a blessing to the neighbors, who found it convenient and pleasant to send their children to Sunday school, and to attend church themselves when it was impossible to go farther.

A new house was built during the summer of 1819. It was erected expressly for Mrs. Jackson, and every thing regarding it was done exactly in accordance with her wishes. Major Lewis, who visited the site, recommended a more elevated position to the General. "No, Major," said he, "Mrs. Jackson chose this spot, and she shall have her wish. I am going to build this house for her; I don't expect to live in it myself." He was at the time very feeble and exhausted from the severe illness succeeding his return from the Seminole war, and was, as he supposed, not long for this world.

The house is situated in a level place, rather lower than the avenue which leads to it, and from the gate only glimpses of it can be obtained. The surrounding country is exceedingly beautiful. The long stately avenue of cedars ends in an oval-shaped lawn in which stands the mansion. Both in front and in the rear of

the house, there are grand double piazzas, with stone floors supported by large fluted columns, round which cling and bloom beautiful rose vines. Under the shade of these drooping tendrils, General Jackson and his cherished wife were wont to saunter, occasionally stopping to more distinctly hear the rich notes of the southern songsters, or to catch the mournful cry of the ring-dove in the distant cotton field.

The walls of the hall are covered with scenes from *Telemachus*, which was formerly so fashionable for papering. The fairy beauty of Calypso's enchanted island, with its sparkling fountains, its flowery groves, its elegant pillared palaces, its dancing nymphs, its altars of incense and votive wreaths, its graceful groups of statues on the sea-shore, and above all, its lovely queen and the noble youth and his wise Mentor, lend an air of interest and beauty to this cool hall, which is delightful. There is hanging here a handsome portrait of Columbus. The furniture is old-fashioned and dignified, and there are several busts of distinguished men. That of General Jackson was taken by Mr. Persico, made in Italy and presented to the General.

The parlors are large, pleasant rooms, in which there are many curiosities, and various odd and exquisite pieces of furniture that were presented at different times to General Jackson. The house is spacious and handsome. When first built, it was the most elegant one in all the country around. It was a gift of love from the General to his beloved wife, when he did not expect to survive her; and it was arranged to suit her slightest wish, that nothing might be wanting

to her satisfaction, which it was possibly in his power to provide. The extensive and carefully ordered garden was tended and overlooked by her, and contains a great many sweet shrubs and evergreens and beautiful flowers, a large number of which she planted herself.

In 1821 General Jackson was appointed Governor of Florida, and left the Hermitage the 18th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson and the "two Andrews," the adopted son and nephew—Andrew Jackson Donelson.* The following September she wrote

* After General Jackson landed at Blakely, near Mobile, he proceeded up the river about forty miles, to a military post under the command of Colonel Brook, and called "Montpelier." Here he was detained some days, during which time he learned that the Indian Chief "Weatherford," who commanded at the destruction and massacre of Fort Mims, was living but a few miles off. General Jackson remembered the brave conduct of the Chief at the battle of "Horse Shoe," where, losing the most of his warriors, he surrendered alone, remarking, that "he had fought as long as he had men, and would fight longer if he could;" † and at his suggestion Colonel Brook invited the Chief to dinner the following day. The next day his appearance attracted much attention at the fort, and when dinner was announced, General Jackson escorted him to the presence of the ladies, introducing him to Mrs. Jackson as the Chief of the Creek Indians and the bravest of his tribe. She smilingly welcomed him and said, "she was pleased to meet him at the festive board, and hoped that the strife of war was ended forever." "I looked up," he said, "and found all eyes upon me, but I could not speak a word. I found something choked me, and I wished I was dead or at home." Colonel Brook came to his rescue by replying to Mrs. Jackson, and the dinner passed off pleasantly, but the Chief related the occurrence a few years later, and said, "he was never caught in such quarters again."

† Weatherford's words were, "I am in your power. Do with me what you please. I have done the white people all the harm I could. I fought them, and fought them bravely. There was a time when I had a choice; I have none now; even hope is dead. Once I could animate my warriors; but I cannot animate the dead. They can no longer hear my voice; their bones are at Tallushatches, Talladega, Emucfaw and To-ho-pé-ka."

to a friend at Nashville: "The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it a wild-goose chase, his coming here. He tells me to say to you and Captain Kingsley, that in the multiplicity of business, if he had or could have seen any advantages for your better prospects, he would have written Captain Kingsley long since. You are in the best country in America. Oh, how has this place been overrated. We have had a great many deaths; still I know it is a healthy climate. Amongst many disadvantages, it has few advantages. I pity Mr. J., he will have so much fatigue. Not one minister of the gospel has come to this place yet; no, not one; but we have a prayer meeting every Sabbath. The house is crowded so that there is not room for them. Sincere prayers are constantly sent up to the Hearer of prayer for a faithful minister. Oh, what a reviving, refreshing scene it would be to the Christians, though few in number. The non-professors desire it. Blessed be God, he has a few even here that are bold in declaring their faith in Christ. You named, my dear friend, my going to the theatre. I went once, and then with much reluctance. I felt so little interest in it, however, I shall not take up much time in apologizing. My situation is a peculiar one at this time. I trust in the Lord my dear child, Andrew, reached home in safety. I think you all must feel a great deal for me, knowing how my very heart recoiled at the idea of what I had to encounter. Many have been disappointed. I have not. I saw it as plain as I now do when it is passing. Oh Lord, forgive, if thy will,

all those my enemies that had an agency in the matter. Many wander about like lost sheep; all have been disappointed in offices. Cragge has a constable's place of no value. The President made all the appointments and sent them from the City of Washington."

General Jackson, in a letter to Captain John Donelson, Sr., speaks thus of his wife:

"I hope we will be able to leave here by the 1st of October for home. Mrs. Jackson's health is not good, and I am determined to travel with her as early as my business and her health will permit, even if I should be compelled to come back to settle my business and turn over the government to my successor. I am determined to resign my office the moment Congress meets, and live near you the balance of my life. * * Before this reaches you, Colonel Butler and our little son will be with you, I hope. I trust you will extend your care over him until we are where he has gone. You may be sure your sister will not remain long behind. We all enjoy tolerable health at present, but I am wearied with business and this hot weather."

Mrs. Jackson sighed for her quiet home and her little church, during her stay in Florida. Pensacola was so different, and the people so entirely divided in all their tastes and pursuits from the devout Christian matron, that she could not be satisfied. "Three Sabbaths," she says, "I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. The Sabbath profanely kept, a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open, trade going on I think more than on any other day. The were so bois-

terous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. And must I say, the worst people here are the outcast Americans and negroes! Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day; cursing not to be heard.

Pensacola is a perfect plain: the land nearly as white as flour, yet productive of fine peaches, oranges in abundance, grapes, figs, pomegranates, &c. Fine flowers grow spontaneously, for they have neglected the gardens expecting a change of government. The town is immediately on the bay. The most beautiful water prospect I ever saw; and from 10 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night we have the finest sea-breeze. There is something in it so exhilarating, so pure, so wholesome, it enlivens the whole system. All the houses look in ruins, old as time. Many squares of the town appear grown over with the thickest shrubs, weeping-willows, and the Pride of China: all look neglected. The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude you nor any of us ever had an idea of. There are fewer white people far than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven, almost in nature's darkness."

On the 3d of November, General and Mrs. Jackson arrived at the Hermitage, delighted to be again at that home within whose doors the angels, Peace and

Happiness awaited their return, and sat with folded wings.

General Jackson set out for Washington, accompanied by his wife, in 1824, going all the way in their own coach and four, and being twenty-eight days on the journey. In a letter to a friend in Nashville, she says, "We are boarding in the same house with the nation's guest, General Lafayette. When we first came to this house, General Jackson said he would go and pay the Marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire, and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. At Charleston, General Jackson saw him on the field of battle; the one a boy of twelve, the Marquis, twenty-three."

A great many persons paid their respects to Mrs. Jackson. She says, "there are not less than from fifty to a hundred persons calling in one day." While wondering at "the extravagance of the people in dressing and running to parties," she speaks with enthusiasm of the churches and the able ministers.

Soon after their return home, Mrs. Jackson's health began to decline, and in the succeeding years of General Jackson's campaign for the presidency, it continued delicate. She went with the General to New Orleans, in the beginning of the year 1828, and witnessed his splendid reception there. "She was waited on by Mrs. Marigny and other ladies, the moment she landed from the Pocahontas, and conducted to Mr. Marigny's house, where refreshments had been prepared, and where she received the salutations of a large and brilliant circle. The festivities continued four days, at the

end of which, the General and Mrs. Jackson and their friends reëmbarked on board the Pocahontas and returned homeward."

Mrs. Jackson's health continued to fail, and no excursions or remedies were found availing. She had suffered from an affection of the heart; a disease which, increased and heightened by every undue excitement, was, in her case, exposed to the most alarming extremes and continually liable to aggravation. The painful paragraphs in regard to her character with which the papers of the country abounded, wounded and grieved her sorely. The circumstances of her marriage, so easily misconstrued and so lamentably misunderstood by many whom distance and meagre information had kept in ignorance, were used by the political enemies of General Jackson as lawful weapons wherewith they might assail his fair fame and obstruct his rapid progress to the highest place in the land. Considered in all its bearings, there is not in the whole world a position more honorable, more important, or more responsible, than that of the President of the United States. Well were it needful to choose with circumspection the Chief Magistrate of a country so vast, of a people so intelligent and brave, and possessing the elements of such greatness and glory; who holds in his grasp such a multitude of destinies; and who is able, by his decisions, to continue the sunshine of prosperity, or to bring the bitter blasts of adversity and discord. Hence the ardor and even the desperation of the struggles for victory in each presidential campaign. The same enthusiasm which actuated

the friends of General Jackson, actuated also his enemies; and nothing could exceed the earnestness and rancor with which they attacked him. Not content with reviling him, they must needs drag before the public the long-forgotten circumstances of his marriage, and wrest them to suit their unworthy purposes. The kind heart of Mrs. Jackson, though wrung with mortification and grief, prompted no utterance of impatience. She said very little, but was often found in tears. Meanwhile, her health continued to decline. It was too hard to bear that he to whom she had devoted the affections and energies of her long life, should be taunted, for her sake; that he should, for her sake, be considered unworthy of the trust of that nation for whose defence and honor he had undergone unnumbered fatigues and conflicts and perils. This silent suffering told upon her spirits, but anxiety to know the event sustained her.

When the news arrived of General Jackson's election to the presidency, it was received with rejoicings and hilarity in Nashville as everywhere else, but with calmness by him and her who were so highly honored. Her gratification must have been too deep and heartfelt to be expressed with noise and mirth. Despite the calumnies which their enemies had heaped upon her and the General, the nation had bestowed upon him its highest gift; and had confided, for a time, the keeping of its honor and well-being into his hands. The sorrows through which she had passed, those clouds that had hung over her thorny way, had been dispersed by the favoring wind of truth, and the bright

rays of peace shone upon her heart. But she was not dazzled by the new prospects opening before her. The splendors and gayeties of a life in the White House could offer her no attractions. Her domestic and simple tastes found more pleasure in her own home and family-circle at the beloved Hermitage. "For Mr. Jackson's sake," said she, "I am glad ; for my own part, I never wished it." She seemed to regret the necessity of a residence in Washington, and remarked to a friend with an expression of the utmost sincerity, "I assure you that I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to live in that Palace in Washington."

Mrs. Jackson always purchased all the clothing and household articles, both for her own and the servants' use. Desiring to arrange every thing comfortable during the winter, for she knew that General Jackson would have many friends at the Hermitage, she made frequent visits to Nashville, and on one occasion heard the thoughtless remarks of persons who probably forgot a moment afterward the words which broke the heart of their victim. It was her custom usually to go to one of her most intimate friends on reaching the city, and have the horses and carriage put in the stable, and then go out shopping ; but on this occasion, she went early in her cumbrous coach, and as she had many places to visit, determined to send the driver to a livery stable and meet it in the afternoon at the Nashville Inn, then the principal hotel in the city.

Weary and exhausted after a tedious day's shopping, she went at the appointed hour to the parlor of the hotel, and while waiting there, she heard her name

called in the adjoining room. It was impossible for her not to hear, and there she sat, pale and excited, listening to a repetition of calumnies which political strife had magnified and promulgated. The bare truthful outlines of her early unfortunate marriage were given, but so interwoven with false misrepresentations, that she could hardly believe herself the subject of remark. All she did hear was never known, but on her death-bed she told the circumstance to her husband, and then he understood the cause of her violent attack. He had tried to keep every paragraph and abusive line out of her sight, and hoped that now, after the election was decided, this unhappy subject of "her marriage before a divorce was granted," would be dropped forever. She had acted as she thought was the best, and indeed, in every act of her life she discovered the fine sense she displayed in her conduct towards her first husband. But the malicious envy of people who could not bear her elevation, caught at every straw to revile her pure and blameless life. Had she lived unhappily with General Jackson, there might have been some excuse for considering her a weak woman; but her long, happy and beautiful existence as his wife, was a convincing proof of her affectionate nature, and religious, high-minded soul. The fatal error of her youth, in marrying a man her intellectual and moral inferior, was more than atoned for in the miserable years she spent as his unappreciated wife. She was sensitive and refined, and her nature revolted at his coarseness. She had acted rashly in marrying him, but she was loth to part with him. Was she

to blame that she did not know his character thoroughly before her marriage? The sigh that heaves from the hearts of thousands of women as they recall a similar experience attests her innocence. Was she to blame for marrying again, when she and every one who knew her believed her free? He had never provided a home for her, she had always been compelled to live either with her mother or his, thereby sealing her doom, for no wife, however kind her husband may be, can be as happy in the home of her parents as she could in one of her own, be it ever so lowly. Captain Robards never tried to make her comfortable or contented, but augmented the sorrows of her young heart by a course of conduct revolting in even the most degraded of men, and inexcusable in him, since he was of a respectable family, and supposed to be somewhat cultivated.

But her offence was the acceptance of a protector and friend, who would shield her from poverty and unhappiness, and add to her life, what she had never known, a husband and a home. The bonds of a civil marriage had been dissolved, not by her efforts, but by her ungenerous, narrow-minded husband, and she had become the wife of a man eminently suited to her. With all the bitter experience of her short married life, she trustingly confided her happiness into the keeping of one who never betrayed it, and who made her existence a continued source of joy. In the higher courts, in her conscience, but one marriage tie was recognized, and but one possessed the entire affection of her young and chastened heart.

It had been arranged that a grand dinner and ball should be given on the 23d of December, to General and Mrs. Jackson, that day being the anniversary of the night-battle below New Orleans; a day rendered celebrated in the annals of his country by his own heroic achievements.

A week previous to this intended festival, and a few days after her visit to Nashville, Mrs. Jackson was seized with a spasmodic affection of the muscles of the chest and left shoulder, attended with an irregular action of the heart, and great anxiety of countenance. The suspense and uneasiness occasioned by the late political strife being at an end, and the uncertainty of the event no longer torturing her, she could bear up no farther. One of the physicians in attendance upon her, gives the following minute and interesting account:

"Being hastily sent for, I lost no time in rendering her all the assistance in my power. Finding she had been bled before my arrival, without any manifest abatement of the symptoms, I repeated the operation, which was again had recourse to in the evening, on the arrival of Dr. Hogg, an eminent physician of Nashville, who had been sent for simultaneously with myself. These successive bleedings, together with other treatment, produced great relief, and an entire subsidence of all the alarming symptoms. The three following days she continued to improve; she was cheerful, and could sit in her chair and converse with her friends. On Monday night, however, she sat up too long, caught cold, and had slight symptoms of

pleurisy. These soon yielded to the proper remedies. a profuse perspiration ensued, which it was thought proper to encourage with mild, diluent drinks; every thing promised a favorable issue. In this situation, after Dr. Hogg and myself had retired to an adjoining room, our patient unfortunately got up twice and sat by the fire. The perspiration became suddenly checked. She cried out, 'I am fainting,' was placed in bed, and in a moment afterwards she was a lifeless corpse!

"All our efforts for her restoration were vain and fruitless. No blood could be obtained, either from the arm or the temporal artery. Sensibility had ceased, life had departed; and her meek and quiet spirit sought that rest with her God and her Redeemer, which a cruel world refused to grant.

"From a careful review of the case, there seems to be no doubt but that there was a sudden reflux of the blood from the surface and the extremities, upon the heart and other organs, producing an engorgement and consequent spasm of that important viscus. That her death is to be attributed to this cause, rather than to an effusion of the brain, seems to be inferable from the fact of the total and instantaneous cessation of the functions of the heart. Not a pulsation could be perceived; her lungs labored a minute or two, and then ceased.

"How shall I describe the agony—the heart-rending agony—of the venerable partner of her bosom? He had, in compliance with our earnest entreaties, seconded by those of his wife, left her chamber, which he could seldom be persuaded to do, and had lain down in an

adjoining room, to seek repose for his harassed mind and body. A few minutes only had elapsed, when we were hastily summoned to her chamber; and the General, in a moment, followed us. But he was only in time to witness the last convulsive effort of expiring nature. Then it was that all the feelings of the devoted husband burst forth. His breast heaved, and his soul seemed to struggle with a load too oppressive for frail humanity. Nor was he the only mourner on this melancholy occasion. A numerous train of domestics crowded around the bed of their beloved mistress, and filled the room with their piercing cries. They could not bring their minds to a belief of the painful reality that their mistress and friend, for such indeed she was, lay before them a lifeless corpse. 'Oh! is there no hope?' was their agonizing question; and vainly would they flatter themselves with the belief, that perhaps 'she was only fainting.'

"The distressing event spread with the rapidity of the wind; and neighbors and relatives thronged the house from midnight until late the following morning. Soon the painful tidings reached Nashville, twelve miles distant, and a fresh concourse of friends pressed forward to show their respect for the dead and to mourn with the living."

Early on the morning of the 23d December, while active preparations for the expected banquet were going on, and many bright eyes and gay hearts were already, in anticipation, beginning the pleasures of the day, the afflicting news reached the city, of the President's unlooked-for and terrible bereavement. This

sad paragraph appeared in the papers and cast a gloom over the breakfast-tables where so many had assembled in joy. "In the midst of preparations for festivity and mirth, the knell of death is heard, and on the very day which it was arranged and expected that our town should be a scene of general rejoicing, we are suddenly checked in our career, and are called on to array ourselves in garments of solemnity and woe. Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of General Andrew Jackson, President elect of the United States, died last night, at the Hermitage, in this vicinity. The intelligence of this awful and unlooked-for event has created a shock in our community almost unparalleled. It was known, a few days since, that Mrs. Jackson was violently attacked by disease; which, however, was supposed to have been checked, so as to afford a prospect of immediate restoration to health. This day, being the anniversary of an interesting and important event in the last war, was appropriately selected to testify the respect and affection of his fellow-citizens and neighbors to the man who was so soon to leave his sweet domestic retirement, to assume the responsibilities and discharge the important duties of Chief Magistrate of the nation. The preparations were already made; the table was well-nigh spread, at which all was expected to be hilarity and joy, and our citizens had sallied forth on the happy morning with spirits light and buoyant, and countenances glowing with animation and hope,—when suddenly the scene is changed, congratulations are converted into expressions of condolence, tears are substituted for smiles, and sincere and general mourn-

ing pervades a community where, but a moment before, universal happiness and public rejoicing prevailed. But we have neither time nor room, at present, to indulge in further reflections on this melancholy occurrence. Let us submit with resignation and fortitude to the decrees, however afflicting, of a just and merciful, though mysterious and inscrutable Providence."

The preparations making for the festivity were immediately stopped, upon the arrival of the melancholy information; and, in their stead, the committee of arrangements, together with the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, recommended to the citizens, as an evidence of their deep regret and sympathy for the calamity which had befallen their honored fellow-citizen, to suspend for one day the ordinary business of life, which was cordially observed. In the course of the morning, a card eight inches long and six inches wide, with a mourning border one-third of an inch in width, was printed, containing the following announcement:

"The committee appointed by the citizens of Nashville to superintend the reception of General Jackson on this day, with feelings of deep regret, announce to the public that Mrs. JACKSON departed this life last night, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock.

"Respect for the memory of the deceased, and a sincere condolence with him on whom this providential affliction has fallen, forbid the manifestations of public regard intended for the day.

"In the further consideration of the painful and unexpected occasion which has brought them together,

the committee feel that it is due to the exemplary virtues and exalted character of the deceased, that some public token should be given of the high regard entertained towards her while living. They have, therefore, resolved,

"That it be respectfully recommended to their fellow-citizens of Nashville, in evidence of this feeling, to refrain, on to-morrow, from the ordinary pursuits of life.

"JOSIAH NICHOL, Chairman.

"December 23."

The city authorities also passed suitable resolutions, the last of which reads as follows :

"Resolved, That the inhabitants of Nashville are respectfully invited to abstain from their ordinary business on to-morrow, as a mark of respect for Mrs. Jackson, and that the church bells be tolled from one until two o'clock, being the hour of her funeral."

These proceedings were signed by Felix Robertson, Mayor, and attested by E. Dibbrell, Recorder.

About a fortnight before her death, she remarked to a friend, that although she had lived with Mr. Jackson nearly forty years, there had never an unkind word passed between them, and the only subject on which they ever differed, or where there was the slightest opposition, was his acceptance of appointments when conferred upon him; she being always unwilling for him to enter upon public life. Such was the woman whom General Jackson was called upon to separate from, at a moment of all others the most trying.

Although the weather was unfavorable, her friends assembled from every point, to pay the last tribute of respect to one who could befriend them no more. Every vehicle in Nashville, and there were more at that day than now, in proportion to the population, was put in requisition. The road to the Hermitage had not been macadamized, and it was, consequently, at that season of the year almost impassable; yet an immense number of persons attended the funeral.

When the hour of interment drew near, the General, who had not left the beloved remains, was informed that it was time to perform the last sad rites. The scene that then ensued is beyond description. There was no heart that did not ache, no eye that did not weep. Many of the officers present, who had shared with the General his difficulties and dangers; who had seen him in the most trying situations; who had eyed him when his gallant soldiers were suffering for food to sustain life, and he unable to relieve them; who had witnessed him on the battle-field, when the wounded and the dying were brought before him, and every muscle seemed moved, and his very frame agonized with sorrow; yet had seen no suffering however poignant or excessive, affect the General like this great affliction. When he bade his final adieu to the last kindred link that bound him to earth, his Roman fortitude seemed for a time to be completely overcome. It was a soul-rending sight to see an old veteran, whose head was whitened by the hardships he had endured for his country, bending over the lifeless form of an affectionate wife, whose death was hastened by

the cruelty of those whose rights he had so nobly defended. By a muscular and almost superhuman effort, he endeavored to check the current of his grief; and waving his hand to the afflicted company, begged them to weep no more. "I know," said he, "it is unmanly, but these tears were due to her virtues. She shed many for me." But one wish pervaded the assembly, that the individuals who had hastened this scene by their relentless attacks on an unoffending woman, could be brought to witness the saddest spectacle that any present had ever beheld.

But they were not there to witness the effects of their calumnies. She was dead, and they were avenged. Ever after that funeral, his opponents complained that his personal feelings were allowed to govern his public acts, and that to be suspected by him of having believed aught of slander against his wife, was the unpardonable crime which he never forgave. Brave old Hero! how deathless was the feeling which to the latest hour of his life displayed the same strength it had ever discovered! Silent and grave he was on the subject, but forgetfulness or indifference did not occasion such a course of action, as too many found to their sorrow. A dangerous look in his flashing eye satisfied any one of the sacred ground, and few braved his anger by recalling an unpleasant recollection connected with her. The inhumanity of the world robbed him of his treasure, and darkened his life, but while he lived her name was a hallowed sound breathed in the darkened recesses of his bruised and lonely heart, which cheered him on to the portals of the tomb

through which she had passed to immortality. The dear remains were interred in a corner of the Hermitage garden; and thither the afflicted General was supported by General Coffee and Major Rutledge. The following gentlemen were pall-bearers:—Governor Sam Houston, Col. Ephraim H. Foster, Col. George Wilson, Gen. Robert Armstrong, Col. Sam. B. Marshall, Col. Allen, Mr. Solomon Clark, and Major G. W. Campbell.

A resident of Nashville, writing to his brother in Philadelphia, said: "Such a scene I never wish to witness again. I never pitied any person more in my life than General Jackson. I never before saw so much affliction among servants on the death of a mistress. Some seemed completely stupefied by the event; others wrung their hands and shrieked aloud. The woman that had waited on Mrs. Jackson had to be carried off the ground. After the funeral, the General came up to me and shook my hand. Some of the gentlemen mentioning my name, he again caught my hand, and squeezed it three times, but all he could utter was 'Philadelphia.' I shall never forget his look of grief."

By the kindness of Mrs. Sarah Jackson, the widow of General Jackson's adopted son, I am in possession of a book compiled by Mr. Earl, under the direction of the General himself, entitled in gilt letters on the back, "Obituary Notices of Mrs. Jackson." It contains the funeral card before mentioned; a great number of eulogies taken from the papers of the day; innumerable paragraphs expressive of respect and sympathy; and a synopsis of the funeral sermon, in manu-

script. It was preached by the Reverend William Hume, of Nashville, and has never heretofore been published. It will be found interesting, not only as the funeral discourse of so eminent a lady, but as a specimen of a sermon delivered forty years ago, in a country so undeveloped as Tennessee was in those days.

“The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

Psalm cxii., 6th verse.

“These words might be applied to that venerable matron, with much propriety, as she gave every reasonable evidence that she was among the righteous. Indeed, as her name is indissolubly connected with that of the President of the United States, it shall be held in remembrance while the page of history displays the memorable actions of General Jackson. The words of the Psalmist, however, are applicable to her in a much nobler sense.

“The death of this worthy lady is much deplored, not only by her distinguished husband and immediate relations, but by a large majority of the people of the United States of America. Her character was so well known to multitudes who visited the Hermitage, the abode of hospitality, that the following remarks will readily be acknowledged as true:—

“With respect to her religious principles, they were such as are held sound by all religious denominations that are commonly called evangelical. Convinced of the depravity of human nature, as taught in the Holy Scriptures, she relied on the spirit of God alone

to illuminate, renovate and purify that nature that it might be qualified for the unspotted society of heaven. Believing with the inspired Paul, that by the works of the law, no flesh can be justified in the sight of God, her dependence for eternal life was placed on the merits and mediation of Jesus. Fully persuaded that the law is holy and the commandment holy, and that God will not acquit the sinner from condemnation, in a way that will conceal the dignity of His government, the purity of His nature, the truth of His threatening or the glory of his unchangeable justice, she derived all her hope of acceptance with God from Him who 'bore our sins in his own body on the tree; who suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.'

While, however, her whole dependence for acceptance with God was founded upon the atonement of the Son of God, through whom grace reigns unto eternal life, she knew that this doctrine did not tend to immorality. She was taught by Paul that holiness is always inseparably connected with this dependance on the merits of the Saviour, and that every motive to holiness arising from interest or gratitude or the pleasures of religion remains in full force; she therefore abounded in good works. Assured by the infallible testimony of her Lord and Master, that every branch of the true vine, as it derives its verdure, beauty, vigour, and sap from the vine is fruitful, she, a genuine branch was so too. In acts of piety, as adoration, thanksgiving and praise, she took delight. Her seat was seldom empty in the house of God. Though very often sur-

rounded with company from every State in the Union, neither she nor her illustrious husband neglected the house of God on that account. The tears of genuine penitence were often shed by her in the temple of the Lord. She had a tender and a feeling heart, and sometimes I have seen the tears bedewing her cheeks while she was speaking of the dangerous condition of those around her, who seemed to be entirely careless about a future state. Indeed, her devotional spirit was manifest in all her conduct. She meditated on the wonders of redeeming love with much delight, as the source of her present joy and future hope of glory. Indeed, her piety was acknowledged by all who knew her, as it manifested itself by the most unequivocal proofs; a reverential awe, a supreme love and profound veneration for the incomparable excellences of God, and a cordial gratitude to Him as the source of all her mercies. Her love to God was displayed by an unusual obedience to His commands and by an humble submission to His providence.

“As a wife, connected with one who stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, she was, as a Christian, exposed to some peculiar temptations; for who can resist the fascinations of honor and of power? While she rejoiced in the honor of a nation of freemen spontaneously given to a husband so dear to her heart, yet no unbecoming elation of mind, no haughtiness, no overbearing conduct, could ever be seen, even by an inimical eye, in this amiable lady. She was adorned with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, in an eminent degree. Esteem and affection were so mixed

in her bosom for her husband, that her respectful behavior to him, in her house and among her connections and acquaintances, struck every beholder as the soft impulse of the sweetness of her disposition ; so that by her kindness and affability, her husband was more happy in his own family than in the midst of his triumphs. In consequence of her amiable manners, his own house was the chief place of his enjoyment.

“The tears and lamentations of the servants are proofs of the most unequivocal kind of her excellence as the mistress of her household. Never did children seem to mourn more sincerely for a mother than the household servants lament for her. The cordial regard of her servants may well be attributed to the gentleness of her commands, the calmness of her temper, and her tenderness in treating them in health and in sickness. She was, indeed, a mother to her family.

“The widow and the orphan will long lament the death of Mrs. Jackson. In the circle of the widows and orphans her benevolence accompanied with the most substantial acts of beneficence, shone with distinguished splendor. To her the words of Job may be properly applied: ‘When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her, because she delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her, and she caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. She put on righteousness, and it clothed her. Her judgment was a robe and a diadem. She was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, and a mother

to the poor.' Blest with affluence, she had a heart to feel and a hand to relieve the poor and the needy. She viewed the bounties of Providence not only to refresh herself and her family, but as designed by her Benefactor to flow in channels leading to the doors of those who were perishing of thirst, that they, also, might quaff and be satisfied.

"Some indeed, during the presidential struggle, with unfeeling hearts and unjustifiable motives, exerted all their powers to throw her numerous virtues into the shade. It was, no doubt, the intention of the defamers to arouse the indignation of her husband that he might perpetrate some act to prevent his elevation to that high station to which the American people resolved that he should be raised. Under this cruel treatment Mrs. Jackson displayed the temper of a disciple of Him who was meek and lowly of heart. Her meekness was conspicuous under all the injuries and provocations which were designed to provoke and exasperate her. Seldom, indeed, has the busy tongue of slander and detraction been more gratuitously and basely employed; never was it put to silence with more helplessness and confusion than in the case of this amiable and pious lady. Influenced by the religion that she professed, she restrained all immoderate sallies of passion and harsh language on that trying occasion. She felt, indeed, the injustice of the warfare. Her compassionate heart was wrung with sorrow. Her tears flowed, but there was no malevolence in her bosom. She could have received no pleasure in giving pain to her detractors. Confiding in God, that He

would bring forth her righteousness as the light, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth, she was not disappointed.

"She was permitted to live until the people of America, by their unbiassed suffrage, asserted their full conviction of her innocence in a manner calculated to shame and confound the most furious and unprincipled of her defamers. Yes, she lived to see every cloud of calumny blown away by the united breath of the American people; and found herself and her beloved husband in the enjoyment of an unclouded sky, favoured with the smiles and the esteem of a people uninfluenced by detractors and qualified to form their own opinions.

"While we cordially sympathize with the President of the United States, in the irreparable loss he has sustained in the death of his amiable lady, whom he deemed so worthy, as he said, of our tears; we, from our long acquaintance with Mrs. Jackson, and our many opportunities of seeing her virtues displayed, cannot doubt but that she now dwells in the mansions of glory in company with the ransomed of the Lord, singing the praises of that Saviour whom she loved and served while she was a pilgrim on earth. In heaven, she drinks of the pure stream of the river of life, issuing from the throne of God and of the Lamb."

Various newspapers, and among them, the *Mercury* of Philadelphia, clothed their columns in the badge of mourning; which was "alike merited," says the *Mercury*, "by his services and fame and her virtues and piety."

The ladies of Abingdon, Virginia, met and entered into resolutions to transmit to General Jackson a letter "assuring him of the sincere regard they bore the character and person of his deceased lady, and the sorrow they feel at his afflictive bereavement," and also to wear mourning badges on their dresses for thirty days. The following is a copy of the letter of condolence to General Jackson:—

January 5th, 1829.

"DEAR SIR:—We have heard, with the deepest sorrow, of your late afflictive bereavement in the death of your truly pious and amiable wife; and we have met to mingle our tears with yours for the irreparable loss you have sustained. To weep on such an occasion is not blamable; it is but a becoming tribute to departed worth; yet, at the same time, we should bow with submission to the will of Him who 'gives and who takes away at his pleasure.' She has gone, we trust, to those mansions 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' where the voice of malice cannot reach her or the tongue of calumny disturb her.

"On such an occasion, when religion is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and society of one of its most valuable members, we consider it our duty to offer to her memory the tribute of esteem which is due to her worth; and to give you, Sir, our sincerest condolence for this late afflictive dispensation. At the same time, we offer our fervent prayer to the Almighty disposer of human events, that your administration of

the high office to which you have lately been elected may be as wise and happy as your military career was brilliant and successful.

“SARAH P. PRESTON.”

This beautiful effusion of the finest feeling does infinite credit to the highly esteemed authoress. She was a daughter of General William Campbell, who so gloriously commanded the Virginia militia, and afterwards a gallant corps in the battle of Guilford Court House, who in the language of the historian, were “the first engaged and the last to quit.”

The Board of Mayor and Aldermen of Knoxville, Tennessee, unanimously adopted a preamble and resolutions in regard to the death of Mrs. Jackson. Joseph C. Strong was Mayor, and William Swan, Recorder. Colonel Jacobs offered the paper, and we annex the resolutions:—

“Resolved, That while we deeply regret the death of Mrs. Jackson, we cannot but express our gratitude to the Supreme Governor of the universe, that she was not taken from time to eternity until the people of the Union had given a clear and distinct manifestation of the high estimation in which they held the reputation of herself and husband.

“Resolved, That in consequence of the death of Mrs. Jackson, the Mayor be directed to request the Rev. Thomas H. Nelson to preach a sermon suitable to the occasion, in the First Presbyterian Church, at eleven o'clock A. M., on Thursday, the first day of January next.

“Resolved, That the inhabitants of Knoxville be respectfully requested to attend church, and abstain from their ordinary business on Thursday, the first day of January next, as a tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. Dec. 29, 1828.”

In accordance with the request contained in the second resolution, the Reverend Thomas H. Nelson preached a funeral sermon on Thursday the first day of January, 1829.

The Common Council of the city of New York passed resolutions of condolence to mark their “deference for her domestic virtues, her benevolence and her piety.” An authenticated copy of these resolutions was forwarded to General Jackson.

A public gathering assembled at the Vine Street Meeting House, Cincinnati, Ohio; at which a very large committee was appointed to draft resolutions, which they did, in honor of “a lady in whom by universal consent, the practical charities of the heart were gracefully blended with the purest and most unaffected piety.”

On the 8th of January, throughout the country, instead of the customary firing of cannon commemorative of the day, a solemn silence was maintained, as a token of respect for the deceased. At various public dinners on that day, Mrs. Jackson’s death was alluded to in the most gentle and sympathetic terms. As an illustration of the tone and spirit of these allusions, we copy the following. At Boston, this toast was offered by S. Fessenden, Esq., “The memory of Mrs. Jackson, —sadness to our joy, but for the bright hope that the

event which hath wrought for him whose praise we celebrate a cypress chaplet, hath introduced her whose memory we revere and whose death we deplore, to a crown of unfading glory."

In New Orleans the following toast was offered: "The memory of Mrs. Jackson,—an example of piety, benevolence, and every Christian virtue. 'The only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue.'"

In Nashville, Capt. Parrish presented this,—“The memory of Mrs. Jackson.”

In Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, at the celebration of the members of the Legislature, the following toast was drank:—"The memory of Mrs. Jackson,—the amiable wife of the slandered hero. The grave now shrouds her mortal remains, but her virtues will shine in brilliant purity, when her unprincipled slanderers are lost to the memory of man."

A touching reference to the sad event was made in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Pryor Lea, of the Tennessee Delegation.

And so hundreds of pages of eulogies published in every section of the Republic might be copied.

Many pieces of poetry mourning the death of Mrs. Jackson appeared in the papers, one of which, from the Cincinnati Advertiser, is subjoined.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JACKSON.

"As wintry blasts succeed the summer's bloom,
And summer suns give place to winter's gloom;
As to morn's radiance o'er creation spread,

The night succeeds, when every ray is fled;
Or as the heart, but erst with joy elate,
To sorrow turns beneath some stroke of fate;
So a joy'd nation Fate has bid to turn
Its smiles of joy to tears o'er Virtue's urn.
Sacred the numbers breathed in Virtue's name,
Dear still to goodness, if unknown to fame.
Be thine the grateful task, O humble muse,
(Virtue's thy theme, and thou canst ne'er refuse,)
Be thine the task that goodness to deplore,
Which Death, relentless, bids to be no more;
To sing th' unspotted life, unknown to blame,
But every virtue dear to woman's name;
The meek-eyed charity, the guileless heart,
The long enduring under sorrow's smart;
The ready friend to comfort in distress;
The hand as willing as the heart to bless;
The every charm exalted virtue lends,
Conferring blessings as its means extends;
The mind sincere, unknown to pious guile;
Which ne'er deceit, dishonest, could defile,
But still intent religion to obey,
And as she taught its precepts, led the way;
To all its active impulses awake,
And virtuous only for fair virtue's sake.

"Scarce was the contest o'er, the victory won,
Mysterious Fate! But half thy will was done.
From that first hour a nation made its choice
Of him in whose great name its sons rejoice,
From the first hour the grateful news was hailed,
Even from that hour her gentle spirit failed.
While o'er the land loud peals of triumph rang,
Her milder nature felt the mortal pang,
Which still protracted, nought availed to save
Her suffering nature from an honored grave.

"Eternal Providence! Whate'er thy ways,
'Tis still our duty to adore and praise.
Lo, the bright virtues from her earliest time,
Which souls ungenerous slandered into crime.

Lo, her loved husband's fame, by foes assailed,
Impotent still. And while each effort failed,
Behold them turn with most dishonest arts,
Against domestic Peace, their venom'd darts.
Nor sex, nor purity, nor honored age
Could save them from the shafts of blinded rage.
Yet she but lived to triumph and to see
Her fame proved pure as 'twas designed to be,
When Nature, in her great and high behest,
Formed, of her daughters, her among the best.
Yet shall her cherished memory long endure,
To still assuage the grief it may not cure.
As when the glorious sun retires to rest,
He leaves a golden twilight in the west,
Where the mild radiance of his thousand rays,
Illumes the skies and gladdens every gaze;
So the remembrance of her virtues dear
Shall o'er the hearts of those who loved her here,
Shed the mild radiance of that tranquil joy,
Which death, nor fate, nor ill can e'er destroy."

Until a few days before his death, the General wore always around his neck and hidden in his bosom a miniature of Mrs. Jackson, on the back of which is a pretty little wreath made of his and her hair. The chain to which it is attached is curiously wrought of black beads intermingled with a flower-work of bright gold ones, into which these words are skilfully introduced: "Presented to General Andrew Jackson, as a token of esteem, from Caledonia M. Gibson. May blessings crown thy hoary head." Every night he placed this miniature on a little table, by his bedside, leaning against his Bible, with the beloved face towards him, so that the kind, familiar smile should be his first greeting when he waked. His grand-daughter, now Mrs. Lawrence, bears the honored name of his wife,

Rachel Jackson, and was an especial favorite of his. His eyes were often fixed upon her during his last illness with peculiar interest and affection. One morning within a few days of his death, when she came to bid him good-bye, before starting to the city to school, he threw the chain around her neck and asked her to wear, for his sake, the miniature he had loved and worn so long.

In a corner of the garden at the Hermitage there is a simple elegant monument raised over the vault in which lie the remains of General Jackson and his wife. The steps run around the circular area, eighteen feet across. From this platform spring eight fluted columns of the Doric order, surmounted by a handsome entablature supporting the dome, which is crowned with a funereal urn. On the interior, a plain cornice of vaulted ceiling, stuccoed in white, gives an air of purity and comeliness, well suited to a tomb. From the centre of the platform rises a pyramid on a square base. On the floor, on each side of this pyramid, lie the tablets which contain the inscriptions. The one on the left is the General's, which bears only his name and the record of his birth and death. The hand of an undying affection has covered the other with a long and tender testimony to her worth. It runs thus:

"Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d December, 1828, aged 61. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, and her heart kind; she delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures, and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most

liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example; to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for being permitted to do good. A being so gentle, and yet so virtuous, slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God."

Here in the freshness and greenness of the garden they planted, surrounded with clambering vines and fragrant blooms, the General and his beloved wife sleep their last sweet sleep. Across a garden-path, lie the remains of Mr. Earl, the artist, "friend and companion of General Andrew Jackson." Beside him lies Andrew Jackson, the adopted son of the General; and near are two of his infant sons, and a grown son, Samuel, who fell in battle.

General Jackson survived his wife more than sixteen years, and, unto the end, his love for her burned as brightly as in the hey-day of his youth. Though aged and suffering greatly, he was remarkably energetic and kept up his correspondence with his old and dear friends. The last letter that he ever wrote, only two days before his death, was addressed to the Hon. Mr. Polk, President of the United States, expressing confidence in his judgment and ability to guard well and truly the interests of his country.

MRS. DONELSON.

MRS. EMILY DONELSON, the accomplished mistress of the White House during General Jackson's presidential term, was the youngest child of Captain John Donelson, a man of sterling integrity and irreproachable character, perfect in all the relations of life, respected as a citizen, honored as a Christian, and beloved as a friend and neighbor. She was born in Davidson County, Tennessee, and educated at the Old Academy, in Nashville. Of rare personal loveliness and superior intellect, no expense or care was spared to fit her for the high position she was destined to fill in society. Though her childhood was spent in what was then called the "backwoods," it was not passed in obscurity, for her close relationship with Mrs. Jackson, the public prominence of her near relations, Generals Smith, Coffee and Hays, and the great wealth and high standing of her father, early made her familiar with camps and crowds, and developed that courtly grace and ease of manner for which she was afterward so preëminent. A host of suitors contended for the beautiful maiden's hand, among whom were General Sam Houston, Col. Ephraim H. Foster, and Major Gustavus A. Henry; they always spoke of her as the "lovely Emily," and delighted in expatiating on the charms of her mind and person.

At the early age of sixteen, she was married to her cousin, Major Andrew J. Donelson, the protégé and confidential adviser of General Jackson. She was ever

a fond and faithful wife, sharing the joys and triumphs of her husband, relieving his cares and sorrows, and filling his home with peace and comfort, and his heart with light and happiness.

On General Jackson's election to the presidency, he appointed Major Donelson his private Secretary, and invited Mrs. Donelson to officiate as mistress of ceremonies at the White House.

To settle a delicate question of precedence between Mrs. Jackson, jr. and Mrs. Donelson, who were both inmates of the President's House and nieces of General Jackson, he said to Mrs. Jackson, "you, my dear, are mistress of the Hermitage, and Emily is hostess of the White House." Both were satisfied with this decision, and ever afterward Mrs. Donelson occupied the first position in the President's Mansion. This was a position that the elegance and refinement of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Madison had invested with great respect; and Mrs. Donelson filled it as they had done, ever mindful of her dignity as a lady, and true to her duty as a wife and mother. In all that is lovely and noble in woman, she was the peer of her illustrious predecessors; and her tact and grace contributed much to render General Jackson's term such a brilliant epoch in American history. It was a day of fierce party spirit; political animosity spared neither sex nor condition, yet the voice of detraction was never raised against her honored name. Friend and foe alike paid homage to her charms.

Mrs. Donelson was of medium height, with dark auburn hair, dark brown eyes, fair complexion, lips

and brow exquisitely moulded, slender symmetrical figure, and hands and feet tiny as a child's. Her portrait bears a striking resemblance to the pictures of Mary Queen of Scots. No stranger ever passes it without commenting on its singular fascination. Young, fond of society and pleased with attention, she entered with zest into the festivities of Washington, and participated in all its gayeties. Her taste in dress was exquisite, and her toilette was the envy and admiration of fashionable circles. The dress she wore at the first inauguration, an amber-colored satin, brocaded with bouquets of rose-buds and violets, and richly trimmed with white lace and pearls, was a present from the General, and was described in every paper of the Union. It is still preserved in the family, and even in this day of costly attire, would be a gala dress. Beloved as a daughter by Mrs. Jackson, and intimately associated with her for years, she was beside that honored and dear friend at the time of her death; and her tenderness and sympathy did much to mitigate the poignancy of the General's bereavement. He always called her "my daughter;" and often when wearied with the cares of office, would seek relaxation amid her family circle. Arbiter in politics, he deferred all matters of etiquette to her; and when she would appeal to him to settle any knotty social point, he would reply, "you know best, my dear. Do as you please." Of lively imagination, she was quick at repartee, and had that gift possessed by so few talkers, of listening gracefully. Thrown in contact with the brightest and most cultivated intellects of the day, she sustained her part;

and her favor was eagerly sought by the learned and polished. A foreign minister once said to her, "Madam, you dance with the grace of a Parisian. I can hardly realize you were educated in Tennessee." "Count, you forget," was the spirited reply, "that grace is a cosmopolite, and like a wild flower, is much oftener found in the woods than in the streets of a city."

During the Eaton controversy, the public was curious to see what course she would take. Her friends were also Mrs. Eaton's friends, it was her policy to please General Jackson, and General Jackson's heart was set on Mrs. Eaton's social recognition, yet Mrs. Donelson was a woman who, dearly as she loved power, loved honor more. Of kind and tender sensibilities, her heart and hand were ever ready to respond to the calls of the poor and suffering, but she had no patience with the shameless and presuming, and could tolerate no association with a woman who could take such liberties with her marriage vow. At the public receptions and levees, she received Mrs. Eaton with her usual dignity and courtesy; but when the General asked her to visit that lady, and set the example of public recognition of his favorite, she refused decidedly, saying, "Uncle, I will do anything on earth for you, consistent with my dignity as a lady, but I cannot and will not visit any one of Mrs. Eaton's reputation." She carried her point, and honored be her name for the noble example she set her countrywomen.

Mrs. Donelson's four children were all born at the White House, and their earliest reminiscences are of

the East Room, levees, state dinners, and processions. General Jackson made their christenings occasions of great ceremony. He was god-father of two of them, Mr. Van Buren of another, and General Polk of the youngest. General Jackson was very fond of these little ones, and took a grandfather's interest in all their plays and games. The White House has probably never had a more charming tableau than that presented by the old hero, surrounded by the lovely family group, of which he was the soul and idol. Of Mrs. Donelson's children, only her two daughters are now living. Her two sons passed away in the spring-time of life. They were young men of great promise, superior intellect, and high social standing. Andrew, the eldest, was captain of engineers in the United States army, and died of consumption in 1859; John was captain in the Confederate service, and fell in the battle of Chickamauga, fighting bravely in defence of the soil and cause he loved.

In the spring of 1836, Mrs. Donelson's health became so delicate that she concluded to leave Washington, and go home to Tennessee; hoping, in the quiet and seclusion of her beautiful home (Tulip Grove), soon to regain her health and strength. But her symptoms grew more alarming, and it soon became evident that consumption had marked her for its victim. The scene changes now from the gay festivities of Washington to the loneliness and suffering of the sick room. The hectic flush and wasting form marked the rapid progress of the insidious disease, and thoughts of death became familiar. Though so young

and gay, she bore her suffering with the patience and fortitude of an angel, and submitted without a murmur to the decree that tore her away from husband, children, and friends. Shortly before her death, she made a public profession of religion, and connected herself with the Presbyterian church. Every resource of medical skill and experience was tried to stay the course of her disease, but in vain; and in December her spirit passed from earth. Her death was as peaceful and hopeful as her life had been loving and happy. Always a fond and proud mother, as the time drew near for a final separation from her children, she clung to them with a tenderness and devotion touching to behold. A few evenings before her death, she was sitting at an open window, admiring the beauty of a winter sunset, when a bird entered, and flying several times around the room, alighted on her chair. One of her little children, playing by her side, made some exclamation and tried to catch it. "Don't disturb it, darling," said the dying mother, "maybe it comes to bid me prepare for my flight to another world. I leave you here, but the Heavenly Father, who shelters and provides for this poor little bird this wintry day, will also watch over and take care of you all when I am gone. Don't forget mamma; love her always, and try to live so that we may all meet again in heaven." Ere the week closed, her chair was vacant; earth had lost one of its noblest, purest spirits, but heaven had gained an angel.

"Lovely, bright, youthful, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

MRS. ANDREW JACKSON, JR.

THE wife of President Jackson's foster-son was the daughter of Peter Yorke of Philadelphia, whose grandfather, Judge Yorke, held an appointment under the crown of Great Britain prior to the Revolution. She was educated in that city, and received all the accomplishments a mind of superior order under similar fortunate circumstances would be capable of appreciating. Left an orphan at an early age, her affections were concentrated upon those nearest of kin to her, and well and nobly has she fulfilled all the requirements of sisterly love. A large circle of friends and relatives rendered her young life happy by their sympathy and affection, and her youth is remembered as a scene of varied though ceaseless pleasures.

Miss Yorke was married to Mr. Jackson soon after the inauguration of his adopted father, and made her entrée at the White House as a bride. Necessarily the object of remark and criticism, which has not generally a tendency to promote ease of manner, she yet managed to win sincere admiration from all who came in contact with her. Seldom has any one in so conspicuous a position exhibited so much of the perfect self-possession which distinguishes the lady "to the manor born." She combined the opposite qualities of dignity and affability, and secured thereby a lasting influence over those with whom she was associated. Blend-

ing a quick temper and high spirits, with much kindness of heart she was, as is often the case with such natures, generous and forbearing toward loved ones,—determined and unyielding where her rights were invaded. Her affection for her father-in-law was intense, and he often testified his love for her.

On one occasion, when receiving a deputation from the Keystone State, he remarked to them, “Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you, for I am much indebted to Pennsylvania. She has given me a daughter who is a great comfort to her father.”

The tone and impressive manner convinced his hearers of the entire truth of his remark, while the look of affectionate pride bestowed upon her filled her heart with happiness.

At the White House, she shared the honors of hostess with her kinswoman Mrs. Donelson, whose superior charms were gracefully acknowledged by Mrs. Jackson, and acted in accordance with the President’s suggestion to remain as the mistress of his own home.

During the long period of ill health which accompanied the declining years of General Jackson, his daughter ministered to him as a loving woman only can. Never for a moment was her watchful care withdrawn, but leaving all other duties, she fulfilled her mission well.

The crowds of company which flocked to the Hermitage were always smilingly received by her, and her name was dear to all who enjoyed the hospitality of the home of old Hickory. After the death of Mrs. Donelson and the failing health of her father, her task was one of severity, but the method and order which

reigned in and about her home—the attention she bestowed upon her children, and the manner in which she cared for the dependent ones about her, attest her strong Christian character and convince us that her success was entire. Hospitality at the Hermitage was taxed in a scarcely less degree than Monticello had once been, and for many years Mrs. Jackson received the world's votaries at the shrine of greatness.

In the constant whirlpool of society she never neglected the nursery, nor did her distinguished guests ever discover in her conduct the uneasiness she often silently endured.

In addition to all this, there was a never ceasing demand on her time and brain for the welfare of her numerous dependents. She was a true friend to the slaves of the family, and the many helpless ones always seen on a large plantation were her special property. The wants of the sick, the control of the young and the management of all, was a task only appreciated by those accustomed to an institution now extinct. On Sabbath evenings, for many years, it was her habit to have all who would choose to gather around, to hear her read of eternal life, and to instruct the children in religious duties.

Called to pass through great afflictions—to part with father and husband, and later to mourn the loss of a son in his early manhood, whose life was just budding into promise of future usefulness, her sorrows rest now in her declining years heavily upon her. Her grief is sacred.

During the civil war, whose earliest tocsin was

sounded near her, and whose dying echoes reverberated along the banks of the Cumberland, she remained in the lonely home of her happier youth, amid scenes which continually recall the unreturning past. In the quiet of a winter's night, or even amid the beauty of a midsummer's day, she looks upon the tomb in the garden, and hallowed recollections fill her heart. Through the triumphs of life she has passed, and now in the eventide sits beside her graves.

Now, as in early youth, she evinces her submission to the will of God, and the little church adjoining the Hermitage is as sacred to her as it was dear to her adopted mother.

In her present retirement with her children, of whom two remain to bless her evening of life, and grandchildren to cheer her with their innocent gaiety, let us hope that further trials may be spared her, and that even to the end she may enjoy the sweet security of a promise made to those like her, who have finished their course, and are called to enter into the joys of their Lord.



MRS. MARTIN VAN BUREN.

THE wife of President Van Buren was born at Kinderhook, on the Hudson, in the year 1782, a few months after the birth of her future husband, whose schoolmate and companion she was during their early years. She was of Dutch descent, and the original name Goes but pronounced by her ancestors Hoes, and since so called by all the members of the family in this country, is familiar to those who are acquainted with the history of the Netherlands.

If the charms of nature—grand scenery, magnificent views, and the ever-varying harmony of beautiful skies—could add to the growth and development of childhood, Hannah Hoes was incomparably blest. The years of her life were spent on the banks of the Hudson, in the most beautiful section of her native State—a State remarkable for the grandeur of its mountain scenery, and the number of its romantic rivers. Chief among these, and surpassed by none in the world, is the Hudson, in sight of whose classic waters she lived and died.

Her ancestors were sturdy, enterprising Dutch, whose homes for many generations had been along the banks of the stream discovered by their renowned countryman, and not one of the rosy urchins of their households but knew of the adventures of Hendrick Hudson, and revered him not only as the hero of

their race and the discoverer of their river, but the founder of their prosperity. Nor could the tales of the old dames who resided nearest the lofty Catskills—that he and his followers still haunted the mountains and were the direct cause of calamities—divest their minds of his wondrous exploits. In each ripple of the dancing waves, in the denseness of the grey fog, or perchance in the quiet stillness of eventide, they recognized some similarity, and recalled a parallel of his experiences.

Mid such scenes and under such influences passed all the years of Mrs. Van Buren's life.

In February, 1807, at the age of twenty-five, she was married to Mr. Van Buren. The intimacy which resulted in this union was formed in early childhood, and was consummated as soon as his position at the bar would justify his taking such a step. The steadfastness of his attachment to his young relative was a remarkable trait in the character of Mr. Van Buren, and adds a lustre to his unsullied name.

Some time after their marriage they removed to Hudson City, where eight years of wedded life passed fleetly away, they losing, in the meantime, the youngest of their four sons, an infant only a few weeks old. In 1816, Mr. Van Buren removed his family to Albany, drawn thither, doubtless, by his increased and increasing professional standing and political leadership.

From this time forth, the highest wishes of his early life were crowned with complete fruition. Wealth, fame and influence were the fruits of his un-

remitted industry for nearly twenty years. "His natural talents had reached their full expansion; his laborious industry exhibited its proper results; and amid a constellation of great minds, whose brilliant efforts erected and adorned the fabric of New York jurisprudence, the vigor of his intellect and the richness of his learning won for him a conspicuous and acknowledged eminence."

But the voice of adulation fell upon unheeding ears when sickness invaded the household and hastened the cherished wife and mother from her loved ones. Not even the ardent devotion, the deathless affection of the husband whose efforts in life had all been made for her, could stay the destroyer in his cruel work. For months she lay an invalid, tended by those who loved her more than life, and then sank into the grave a victim of consumption.

A gentleman of high distinction, who knew her intimately from her earliest years, said, "there never was a woman of a purer and kinder heart." Gentle and winning in life, her memory is redolent with the perfume of her saintly sweetness and purity. From this point I quote the words of Miss Cantine, the niece of Mrs. Van Buren, who was but sixteen years of age at the time of her aunt's death. "Aunt Hannah lived but a short time after their removal to Albany, dying at the early age of thirty-five, when her youngest child was still an infant. I can recall but little about her till her last sickness and death, except the general impression I have of her modest, even timid manner—her shrinking from observation, and

her loving, gentle disposition. The last, long sickness (she was confined to the house for six months) and her death are deeply engraved on my memory. When told by her physicians that she could live, in all probability, but a few days longer, she called her children to her and gave them her dying counsel and blessing, and with the utmost composure bade them farewell and committed them to the care of the Saviour she loved, and in whom she trusted.

"This scene was the more remarkable to those who witnessed it, as, through the most of her sickness, she had been extremely nervous, being only able to see her children for a few moments on those days on which she was most comfortable. They could only go to her bedside to kiss her, and then be taken away. As an evidence of her perfect composure in view of death, I will mention this fact. It was customary in that day, at least it was the custom in the city of Albany, for the bearers to wear scarfs which were provided by the family of the deceased. Aunt requested that this might be omitted at her burial, and that the amount of the cost of such a custom should be given to the poor. Her wishes were entirely carried out."

The following obituary notice is in itself a sketch of the character of Mrs. Van Buren, and was written by one who knew her better than any one out of her own family.

From the Albany Argus, Feb. 8th, 1819.

"Died in this city, on the evening of Friday the 5th inst., after a lingering illness, Mrs. Hannah Van

Buren, wife of the Hon. Martin Van Buren, in the 36th year of her age. The death of this amiable and excellent woman is severely felt by a numerous circle of relatives and friends. As a daughter and a sister, wife and mother, her loss is deeply deplored, for in all these various relations she was affectionate, tender, and truly estimable. But the tear of sorrow is almost dried by the reflection that she lived the life, and died the death, of the righteous. Modest and unassuming, possessing the most engaging simplicity of manners, her heart was the residence of every kind affection, and glowed with sympathy for the wants and sufferings of others. Her temper was uncommonly mild and sweet, her bosom was filled with benevolence and content—no love of show, no ambitious desires, no pride of ostentation ever disturbed its peace. When her attention was directed, some years before her death, to the important concerns of religion and salvation, she presented to the gospel she embraced a rich soil for the growth and cultivation of every Christian principle. Humility was her crowning grace, she possessed it in a rare degree; it took deep root and flourished full and fair, shedding over every action of her life its genial influence. She was an ornament of the Christian faith, exemplifying in her life the duty it enjoins, and experiencing, in a good degree, its heavenly joys, its cheering hopes. In her last illness she was patient and resigned. In the midst of life, with all that could make it worth possessing—esteemed and loved, happy in her family and friends—she was forced away. But she left all without a sigh. She waited the approach of death with

calmness—her Redeemer had robbed it of its sting and made it a welcome messenger. Doubtless, 'twas gain for her to die.' Doubtless, she is now enjoying that rest 'which remaineth for the people of God.' Precious shall be the memory of her virtues,

“Sweet the savor of her name,
And soft her sleeping bed.”





Angelina Van Buren

MRS. ABRAM VAN BUREN.

THE era in which Mrs. Martin Van Buren lived, was so far removed from her husband's ascension to the Presidency, that her life is of but little interest in connection with this period. She had been dead seventeen years, when, in 1837, he took possession of the White House.

But for the presence of his accomplished daughter-in-law, his administration would have been socially a failure; the prestige of his high position was not complete until the honors were shared with his young relative.

Angelica Singleton, the daughter of Richard Singleton, Esq., was born in Sumpter District, South Carolina. Her grandfather, Singleton, and her great-grandfather General Richardson, served with distinction in the revolutionary war. On the maternal side, her grandfather, John Coles, Esq., of Albemarle County, Virginia, was the intimate and valued friend of Presidents Jefferson and Madison, and two of his sons were respectively their private secretaries during their Presidential terms.

Miss Singleton's early advantages were in keeping with her elevated social position. To complete an education superior to the generality of her sex at that day, she spent several years at Madame Grelaud's seminary, in Philadelphia. The winter previous to her

marriage, she passed in Washington, in the family of her kinsman, Senator William C. Preston. Soon after her arrival, her cousin, the justly celebrated Mrs. Madison, procured the appointment of a day to present her to the President, accompanied also by Senator Preston's family. Her reception was a very flattering one, and she became a great favorite with President Van Buren. In November of the year following (1838), she was married at her father's residence, to Colonel, then Major, Van Buren, the President's eldest son, and his private secretary—a graduate of West Point and long an officer in the army. Her first appearance as the lady of the White House was on the following New Year's day, when, supported by the ladies of the cabinet, she received with the President.

The following brief, though favorable cotemporaneous notice of that occasion is taken from a long and racy account by a correspondent of the *Boston Post*, of the movements at the capital on New Year's day:—

“The Executive Mansion was a place of much more than usual attraction in consequence of the first appearance there of the bride of the President's son and private secretary, Mrs. Abram Van Buren. She is represented as being a lady of rare accomplishments, very modest, yet perfectly easy and graceful in her manners, and free and vivacious in her conversation. She was universally admired and is said to have borne the fatigue of a three hours' levee with a patience and pleasantry which must be inexhaustible to last one through so severe a trial. A constant current set from the President's house to the modest mansion of the

much respected lady of ex-President Madison. Ex-President Adams and his lady were also cordially greeted at their residence by a number of friends."

Mrs. Van Buren is the only daughter of South Carolina who has graced the White House as hostess, and her life there was rendered as entirely agreeable as the combined influences of wealth, station, and refinement could make it. The reminiscences of her early life carry us back to a period when South Carolina enjoyed the distinction of sharing with Virginia the honor of being the seat of elegant hospitality and refined culture. Under the benign influences of a matchless climate and great wealth, the people of the Palmetto State enjoyed the leisure and opportunity of developing all those characteristics which adorn humanity and render life attractive. The citizens of this state were fortunate in being the descendants of the best families of Virginia, and Mrs. Van Buren is a most pleasing representation of this old aristocracy.

The degradation of the manners and morals of the country, infecting as it does every part of our national character, which we know has undermined the aristocratic tendencies of southern society, but renders the contemplation of a representative of the past all the more pleasing, and in the subject of our sketch we have the purest type of a class once powerful, now rapidly becoming extinct.

The position of Mrs. Van Buren's family was always such that all the avenues of intellectual enjoyment were open to her, while her natural endowments were of that high order which rendered cultivation

rapid and pleasant. Added to her many gifts, was the irresistible one of beauty of form and deportment. The engraving, from a portrait by "Inman," painted soon after the time of which I write, represents the exceeding loveliness of her charming person. More potent than mere regularity of features is the gentle winning expression of her clear black eyes; and the smile about her finely chiselled lips betokens the proud serenity of her most fortunate life.

Mrs. Van Buren was, on her mother's side, descended from a long line of ancestors, and the genealogical tables of the family discover many of the leading names of American politicians and statesmen. Aside from mere wealth, they possessed abilities which, in many instances, secured them the highest position in the gift of their government. Prominent among these was her uncle, Mr. Stevenson, minister to England. In the spring of 1839, Colonel and Mrs. Van Buren made a rapid visit to Europe, returning at the request of the President in the following fall in time for the session of Congress. While abroad, they enjoyed the most unusual social advantages, being members of the President's family, and she a niece of the American ambassador, who had been a resident of London several years. They were in London during the whole of the "season" of the year following the queen's coronation; which derived especial brilliancy from the presence of the present Emperor of Russia, Prince Henry of Orange, and other foreigners of note.

No American lady has ever visited Europe under similar circumstances. Nor has any of her country-

women made a more lasting impression than did this young representative of the President's family. By her cultivated, unassuming manners she made herself most agreeable to the court circles of England, and maintained in the saloons of royalty the simplicity and dignity of her republican education.

Mrs. Stevenson was the chaperon of Mrs. Van Buren on all public occasions, and the recollections of evenings spent with her at "Almack's," at the Palace, and in the society of the cultured and noble, will always gladden the heart of the niece who survives her.

Major Van Buren's position as private secretary rendered their unexampled and most fortunate visit to England of short duration. To reach America before the meeting of Congress, they left London for the continent. In the course of their hurried tour, they passed some weeks in Paris, and were presented by the American minister, General Cass, to the king and queen. They were invited to dine at St. Cloud, and were received with the kind unceremonious manner which, it is well known, distinguished all the members of that branch of the Orleans family. After dinner, Louis Philippe conducted them through the rooms of the Palace, even to the door of the sleeping-apartment, as he supposed, of his grandson, the Comte de Paris, at which he knocked without obtaining any response. The queen, having been told by Mrs. Van Buren on her return of what had happened, said, laughingly, "Ah! that is all the king knows about it! After his mother left with the Duc D'Orleans for Algiers, I caused the child to be removed to a room

nearer my own." She then proposed to send for him, and for her Wurtemberg grandchild also, but unfortunately for the gratification of her guest's natural curiosity, the little princes were fast asleep.

After the expiration of President Van Buren's term of office, Mrs. Van Buren and her husband lived with him at Lindenwald through several years of his retirement, passing much of the winter months with her parents in South Carolina, and in 1848 establishing themselves in the city of New York, which has since been their home uninterruptedly, except by visits to the South, rendered necessary by the death of her father and the consequent charge of her patrimonial estate, and by a three years' absence in Europe, superintending the education of their sons.

The spring time of her youth has passed, but the glorious summer of her womanhood is upon her, in which she is garnering the beautiful fruits of wisdom and goodness. Mrs. Van Buren's entire existence has been one of prosperity, but it has not rendered her selfish; it has rather, on the contrary, induced the employment of her gifts in behalf of others. To the young of her sex who are aspiring for a pure and useful standard of womanly womanhood, we point with just pride to her worthy example. No fame is more glorious than hers, inasmuch as it encourages the development of all that is ennobling and beautiful in humanity.

She has known sorrow in the early death of two of her children; and in later years the loss of relatives and friends has cast a momentary gloom about her. But her inner life is too harmonious and serene to

allow any trouble to crush her. In the pleasant reflections of the past and bright anticipations of the future, she remains a happy participator in the scenes of the present, and is a unique and charming example of a "noble woman nobly planned."

MRS. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.

ANNA SYMMES, the wife of the ninth President of the United States, was born the famous year of American Independence, and but a few months after the renowned skirmish at Lexington. Her birth-place was near Morristown, New Jersey, the scene of suffering the following year, where the tracks of the blood-stained feet of the soldiers attested their forlorn condition. Soon after her birth, which occurred the 25th of July, 1775, her mother died. Bereft of her care, she was thrown upon her father's hands, for these attentions necessary for one of such a tender age, which until her fourth year he carefully bestowed. Her maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Tuthill, were residing at Southhold, Long Island, and thither at the age of four years she was taken by her surviving parent. The incidents of her journey from Morristown to Long Island, then in the possession of the British, she remembered through life. Her father, the Hon. John Cleves Symmes, though at the time a Colonel in the Continental army, was so anxious to place his daughter with her grandmother, that he assumed the disguise of a British officer's uniform and successfully accomplished his perilous undertaking. Leaving her in the home from which he had taken her mother years before, he joined his own troops and served with distinction during the war. Not until after the evacuation of New York, in the fall

of 1783, did the father and child meet again, nor did she return to his New Jersey home. Under the care of her excellent grandmother, she became early imbued with a love of religious reading, and learned those early habits of industry which the young under the right influences early attain. Mrs. Tuthill was a godly woman, whose soul had been deeply stirred by the preaching of Whitfield, whom she greatly revered and admired. From her lips the little Anna received her first religious instructions, the good impressions of which lasted her through life. She often remarked that "from her earliest childhood, the frivolous amusements of youth had no charms for her." "If ever constrained to attend places of fashionable amusement, it was to gratify others and not herself." In this early home of quiet and retirement, she acquired habits of order and truthfulness which characterized her conduct in after-years. Her hands even as a child were never idle, but as a Christian virtue she was trained to diligence, prudence, and economy. When old enough to attend school, she was placed at a seminary in East Hampton, where she remained some time, and subsequently she was a pupil of Mrs. Isabelle Graham, and an inmate of her family in New York City. Here she readily acquired knowledge, and improved the opportunities afforded her. For her teacher she ever retained the highest regard, and cherished the memory of that pious and exemplary woman through all the changes of her own life.

At the age of nineteen she bade adieu to her aged grand-parents, and accompanied her father and step-

mother to Ohio, in 1794. A year previous to this time, Judge Symmes had located a small colony of settlers who had accompanied him from New Jersey, at a point on the Ohio river, afterward known as North Bend. Returning to the Eastern States, he married Miss Susan Livingston, a daughter of Governor Livingston, of New York, and in the autumn started again, accompanied by his wife and daughter, for his frontier home. The journey was made with great difficulty, and the party did not reach North Bend until the morning of the 1st of January, 1795. Thus was the youthful Anna a pioneer in the land which she lived to see blossoming as the rose under the hands of civilization and material progression.

Judge Symmes was one of the Associate Judges of the Supreme Court of the North Western Territory, and was often called to attend Court in a distant part of the Territory. During the absence of her father on these journeyings, Anna would spend most of her time with an elder sister, who had previously removed to Lexington, Kentucky. It was while on one of these visits to her sister, Mrs. Peyton Short, that she formed the acquaintance of her future husband, then Captain Harrison* of the United States Army, and in com-

* William Henry Harrison, the third and youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, was born the 9th day of February, 1773, at Berkley on the James river, about twenty-five miles below Richmond, in Charles City County. His father was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, a member of the Continental Congress, and afterward Governor of Virginia. Young Harrison was educated at Hampden Sydney College, and afterward studied medicine. After his father's death in 1791, he became the ward of Robert Morris, the celebrated financier, whose private fortune so often relieved the sufferings of the Continental Army. When

mand of Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati. The youthful Virginian was much attracted by the gentle, modest manners and the sweet face of Anna Symmes, and he determined on winning her hand. The effort was highly successful, for they were married at her father's house, North Bend, Ohio, November 22d, 1795.

Thus, in less than one year after her removal from her childhood's home, in the twentieth year of her age, Anna Symmes became the wife of Captain Harrison, subsequently the most popular General of his day and President of the United States.

Soon after their marriage, Captain Harrison resigned his commission in the army, and was elected the first delegate to Congress from the North West Territory. Mrs. Harrison accompanied him to Philadelphia, then the seat of the General Government, but spending, however, most of the session in visiting her husband's relatives in Virginia.

From those who knew Mrs. Harrison at this period of her life, is given the assurance that she was very handsome. Her face was full of animation and kindness, and her health, which was perfectly robust, added a glow to her features, very pleasing to behold. Her figure was not large, but a happy medium, al-

about to graduate as a physician, the reports of troubles in the West decided him to join the frontier troops. The opposition of his excellent guardian was not sufficient to deter him from his purpose, and as his design was approved by Washington, who had also been a warm friend of his father, he received from that noble warrior an ensign's commission in the first regiment of United States Artillery, then stationed at Fort Washington.

though rather inclined to become reduced upon the slightest occasion. Later in life, as her health grew more delicate, she looked much smaller than when in youth's bright morn she became a bride. In a letter received by her in 1840, from a friend who had known her at eighteen years of age, this passage occurs: "I suppose I should not recognize any thing of your present countenance, for your early days have made such an impression upon my mind that I cannot realize any countenance for you but that of your youth, on which nature had been so profusely liberal." In the pictures I have seen of her, her face exhibits a very intellectual and animated expression, and there are traces of former beauty in the delicate features and bright black eyes.

When the Indiana Territory which now forms the State of Indiana, was formed out of a portion of the old North Western Territory, General Harrison was appointed its first Governor by President Adams.

He removed his family to the old French town of Vincennes, on the Wabash, then the seat of the Territorial Government, where Mrs. Harrison lived for many years a retired but very happy life.

Dispensing with a liberal hand and courteous manner the hospitality of the Gubernatorial Mansion, she was beloved and admired by all who knew her. General Harrison retained this position during the administrations of Adams, Jefferson, and Madison, until the inglorious surrender of Hull, in 1812, when he was appointed to the command of the north-western army. Mrs. Harrison remained in Vincennes during the fall

of 1811, while her husband was marching with his small force to disband the tribes of hostile Indians gathering for battle at Prophet's Town, and was there when the news of the battle of Tippecanoe reached her. But she rejoiced that it was over, and the formidable combinations of Tecumseh and the Prophet were dissipated forever. Henceforth the settlers might work in peace, for the foot of the red man came never again across the Wabash with hostile intent.

The battle-ground of Tippecanoe, the scene of General Harrison's dearly bought triumph, after the lapse of more than half a century, is as quiet and green as a village churchyard. A low white paling fence surrounds it, and the trees are tall and carefully pruned of undergrowth. Mounds, so frequently observed in the west, and here and there a quaint wooden head-board marks the spot of some brave soldier's fall. The train as it rushes from Lafayette through what was formerly a wilderness, to the west, gives the traveller but a moment to look upon this historic spot, but the passing view repays one for the effort made to see it, and the effect on a thoughtful nature is mournfully pleasant. One forgets all the hearts which were broken, all the hopes blasted that fatal 7th of November morning, when the savages rushed unexpectedly upon the weary troops, sleeping after the exhaustive fatigue of travel. It is not of them as individuals which makes one feel a glow of patriotism in viewing this silent place, but the principles for which they fought have been vindicated, and their burying-ground hallowed. These thoughts rise when looking upon a for-

mer field of carnage and deadly strife. Where now wild flowers cover the ground with beauty, and birds in the silent trees fill the air with melody, where the stars shed a soft, holy light, and the universal nature covers the ravages of time with a mantle of turf,—was once the slaughter ground of a race rapidly passing away.

After the battle of Tippecanoe, General Harrison removed his family to Cincinnati, and accepted the position of Major-General in the forces of Kentucky, then about to march to the relief of the North Western Territory.

Mrs. Harrison was thus left a comparative stranger in Cincinnati, with the sole charge of her young and large family of children during the greater part of the war of 1812. During this time, several of the children were prostrated by long and severe illness, and to this trial was added the painful anxiety attending the fate of her husband. But under these and all afflictions, Mrs. Harrison bore up with the firmness of a Roman matron, and the humility and resignation of a tried Christian mother.

In 1814, General Harrison resigned his position in the army and went to live at North Bend, fifteen miles below Cincinnati, on the Ohio. In the limits of this sketch it is impossible to give all the interesting details of Mrs. Harrison's life during her thirty years' residence at the old homestead. Many, very many of her acts of neighborly kindness and Christian charity will never be known on earth, for she shrank from any exposition of her benevolence.

General Harrison being much from home, engaged in public affairs, she was left in the control of her large family of ten children, and oftentimes the children of her friends and neighbors. Schools in that new and unsettled country were "few and far between," and Mrs. Harrison always employed a private tutor. The generous hospitality of North Bend being so well known, it was not surprising that many of the children of the neighborhood became inmates of her family for as long as they chose to avail themselves of the privileges of the little school.

Although at this time in delicate health, Mrs. Harrison never wearied or complained in the discharge of domestic duties, and forgot the multiplied cares she assumed in the thought of the benefit the children of others would derive from such an arrangement. She was sustained by her husband, and loved by her children and servants, and the burden was lightened spiritually, if not materially.

But here commenced the long series of trials which tested her character, and chastened her heart. During her thirty years' life at North Bend, she buried one child in infancy, and subsequently followed to the grave three daughters and four sons, all of whom were settled in life, and ten grandchildren. In view of these bereavements she wrote to her pastor, "And now what shall I say to these things; only, 'Be still and know that I am God.' You will not fail to pray for me and my dear son and daughter who are left. For I have no wish for my children and grandchildren than to see them the humble followers of the Lord Jesus."

Her influence over her family was strong and abiding, and all loved to do reverence to her consistent, conscientious life. Her only surviving son wrote in 1848, "That I am a firm believer in the religion of Christ is not a virtue of mine. I imbibed it at my mother's breast, and can no more divest myself of it than I can of my nature."

The same was true of all her children, and whatever errors they might embrace, they could not forget the religion of their mother, nor wander far from the precepts, for "whatever is imbibed with the mother's milk, lasts forever for weal or for woe." The following incident will show that her precepts and examples as a member of the church were not unappreciated by her husband. In 1840, during the Presidential canvass, a delegation of politicians visited North Bend on the Sabbath. General Harrison met them near his residence and extending his hand, said: "Gentlemen, I should be most happy to welcome you on any other day, but if I have no regard for religion myself, I have too much respect for the religion of my wife to encourage the violation of the Christian sabbath."

In 1836, General Harrison was first nominated for the Presidency. Mrs. Harrison was much annoyed by even the remote possibility of his election. There were no less than three candidates of the old federal party in the field, and the triumph of either was almost an impossibility. Yet even this probability of having to break up the retirement of her old home at North Bend and be thrown in the station of fashion and position in Washington, filled the heart of Mrs

Harrison with dismay. When the trio of candidates had defeated themselves and elected the champion of the Democracy, Mrs. Harrison felt heartily glad that her quiet was again restored, and she contemplated with renewed delight, the happy contentment of her western home on the banks of the sparkling flowing river.

In 1840, the Federal party had ceased to exist; the opponents of Jackson and the system which emanated from his administration had taken the name of the Whig party, and Harrison, the sagacious Governor of the Northwestern Territory, the successful General, and later the farmer of North Bend, was the chosen of the people, and the idol of his party.

The canvass, for months before the day of the election, carried the most intense excitement and unbounded enthusiasm throughout the Union. The pecuniary difficulties of the country, during the past administration, left the people an opportunity for political gatherings. Financial prostration and hopeless bankruptcy paralyzed the various trades; and in the workshop, as in the counting-house, in the streets, in the fields, in vacant factories and barns, in the mechanic's, as in the artisan's room, were heard debates of the pending question. Everywhere long processions with mottoed banners were seen marching to music, and throughout the land was heard the famous old "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," and "Van is a used up man," campaign songs. Never before or since was such interest manifested, and never again will there be the same admiration expressed for any aspirant to

public honors. Log cabins, illustrative of General Harrison's early days, were "raised" everywhere, and "companies" visited from place to place, equipped in handsome uniforms, and accompanied by bands of music. The whigs struggled manfully to elect their candidate, bringing to their service powerful appeals in the forms of stirring song, executed by youths in the streets, and dwelling continually upon the resumption of specie payment, revival of languishing trade, and public retrenchment and economy. The result was such as every one expected. General Harrison was elected President by a large majority, and John Tyler of Virginia was chosen Vice President. This triumphant victory brought no sense of pride or elation to Mrs. Harrison. She was grateful to her countrymen for this unmistakable appreciation of the civil and military services of her husband, and rejoiced at his vindication over his traducers, but she took no pleasure in contemplating the pomp and circumstance of a life at the Executive Mansion. At no period of her life had she any taste for the gayeties of fashion or the dissipations of society. Her friends were ever welcomed to her home, and found there refined pleasures and innocent amusements, but for the life of a woman of the world she had no sympathy.

General Harrison left his home in February, and was received in Washington with every demonstration of respect, and welcomed by Mayor Seaton in a speech delivered at City Hall. It was raining hard when he left the railroad depot, yet he walked with his hat in his hand, accompanied by an immense concourse of peo-

ple. He went from Washington to his old home in Virginia for a few days, but returned in time for the Inauguration. The morning of the 4th of March, 1841, was ushered in by a salute of twenty-six guns. The day was devoted entirely to pleasure. The city of Washington was thronged with people, many of whom were from the most distant States of the Union. The procession was in keeping with the enthusiasm and interest displayed throughout the campaign. Ladies thronged the windows, and waved their handkerchiefs in token of kind feelings, while the wild huzzas of the opposite sex filled the air with a deafening noise. General Harrison was mounted on a white charger, accompanied by several personal friends, and his immediate escort were the officers and soldiers who had fought under him. Canoes and cabins, covered with appropriate mottoes, were conspicuous, and the scene was one of universal splendor.

Mrs. Harrison's health, delicate for many years, was particularly frail in February when her husband left home for Washington, and her physicians protested against her crossing the mountains at that season of the year, and urged her remaining in Ohio until the opening of spring. General Harrison was accompanied to Washington by his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, the widow of his namesake son, and her two sons. She was a very refined accomplished person, and exceedingly popular during her short stay as mistress of ceremonies at the White House. Besides Mrs. Jane F. Harrison, there were several ladies of the President's family residing temporarily with her. until

Mrs. Harrison should come on. Mrs. Findlay, the wife of General Findlay and aged aunt of Mrs. Harrison, Miss Ramsay, a cousin, and Mrs. Lucy S. Taylor, of Richmond, Virginia, a niece of the President's, these were the occupants of the mansion the few short weeks of the President's life, for in one month from the day of his inauguration, he died. Pneumonia was the avowed cause, but it was the applicants for office who killed him. He was weak and aged, and unaccustomed to the confined life forced upon him in his new position, and the gentle kindness with which he received all who were clamoring for office, did but inspire them with renewed ardor. The whig party had been out of power many years, and the greed of the politicians snapped the tendrils of the veteran's declining years and sent him to the tomb before the glad notes of the inauguration anthem had died over the Virginia hills. President Harrison died the 4th of April, 1841, and on the 7th was laid temporarily to rest in the Congressional burying-grounds. The service was performed in the White House, by Rev. Mr. Hawley, in the presence of President Tyler, ex-President Adams, members of the cabinet, of Congress, and the foreign ministers. The procession was two miles in length, and was marshalled on its way by officers on horseback carrying white batons with black tassels. At the grounds, the liturgy of the Episcopal church was recited by Mr. Hawley. "The coffin having been placed in the receiving vault, and the military salute having been fired, the procession resumed its march to the city, and by five o'clock that evening

nothing remained but empty streets, and the emblems of mourning upon the houses, and the still deeper gloom which oppressed the general mind with renewed power after all was over, and the sense of the public bereavement alone was left to fill the thoughts. The following touching lines, from the gifted pen of N. P. Willis, remarkable for their pathos and harmony, need no apology for being introduced here. The grandeur and simple beauty of the swelling poem deserve a more lasting record than transitory verses usually receive.

What soared the old eagle to die at the sun, .
 Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he has won!
 Are there spirits more blest than the planet of even
 Who mount to their zenith, then melt into heaven?
 No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
 But rising, still rising, when passing away!
 Farewell, gallant eagle! thou'rt buried in light!
 God-speed unto Heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! ah, never before
 Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor;
 He is looked for in hovel and dreaded in hall,
 The king in his closet keeps hatchments and pall,
 The youth in his birth-place, the old man at home,
 Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;
 But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here,
 In a churchyard far off stands his beckoning bier:
 He is here as the wave crest heaves flashing on high,
 As the arrow is stopp'd by its prize in the sky—
 The arrow to earth, and the foam to the shore,
 Death finds them when swiftness and shackle are o'er;
 But Harrison's death fills the climax of story:
 He went with his old stride from glory to glory.

Lay his sword on his breast! there's no spot on its blade
 In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade:

'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call,
 It was stay'd with sweet mercy when "glory" was all;
 As calm in the council as gallant in war,
 He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
 In the path of the hero with pity he trod,
 Let him pass with his sword to the presence of God!

What more? Shall we on with his ashes? Yet stay!
 He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day;
 At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land,
 The bright gold of thousands has passed through his hand.
 Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard?
 No jewels to deck the rude hilt of his sword—
 No tappings—no horses? what had he? But now,
 On, on with his ashes! he left but his plough!
 Brave old Cincinnatus! unwind ye his sheet:
 Let him sleep as he lived,—with his purse at his feet.

Fellow now as ye list: the first mourner to-day
 Is the nation—whose father is taken away.
 Wife, children, and neighbor may moan at his knell—
 He was "lover and friend" to his country as well!
 For the stars on our banner grown suddenly dim
 Let us weep, in our darkness—but weep not for him.
 Not for him, who, departing, leaves millions in tears;
 Not for him, who has died full of honor and years:
 From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky—
 It is blessed to go, when so ready to die!

The members of President Harrison's family immediately vacated the Executive Mansion, and the grief-stricken widow ceased the preparations for her prolonged absence from home. What a shock this death must have been to her! For many months an interested spectator, if not an actor, in the stirring events of the canvass and election, afterward a sharer in the triumphs of her husband, and for weeks anticipating the happy reunion in the mansion of the Presi-

dents, to be rudely torn by fate from his presence for ever, and to see every hope lying crushed around her; would have harrowed a nature of coarsest mould. She was summoned from the busy care of forwarding some matter of interest to be told that he was dead. Dead! she could scarcely believe the evidences of her senses! Dead! or was she mistaken in what was said to her? His last letter was before her, and she had scarcely ceased reading the accounts in the papers of the magnificence of the inaugural balls.

Howsoever cruel the blow, it was borne meekly and humbly by the Christian wife and mother, and she aroused herself from the stupor in which the announcement had thrown her.

In July, the remains of the sincerely regretted President and deeply mourned husband and father were removed to their present resting place at North Bend.

Had her husband lived, Mrs. Harrison would have gone to Washington and discharged faithfully and courteously the duties of her position. But her residence there would not have been in accordance with her wishes or her taste.

She continued to reside at her old home, where the happiest years of her life had been spent, until the autumn of 1855, when she removed from the old homestead to the residence of her only surviving son, Hon. J. Scott Harrison, five miles below North Bend, on the Ohio River. She remained an inmate of his family until her death.

During the latter part of her life, she had many

and severe attacks of illness, and perhaps nothing but the skill and devoted medical services of her physicians, and the almost idolatrous attentions of her granddaughters, kept the lamp of her life flickering so long. Her grandsons, too, claimed their share in this "labor of love," and when the telegraph bore to their distant homes the tidings of her illness, they came with their wives to wait at her bedside, and whatever of business was suspended or neglected, their attentions to her were not relaxed for a moment. In a recent letter received from a granddaughter of Mrs. Harrison's, this paragraph occurs: "Of many of the facts of her later life I was an eye-witness, as I was an inmate of my father's family for three years previous to her death, and had the inestimable privilege of seeing her beautiful Christian resignation and conformity to the will of God as life drew to its close. Indeed, it was upon my breast that she breathed her precious life away."

Mrs. Harrison was not indifferent to the political events of the age in which she lived, and few were better informed with regard to public men and measures than herself. Much of her time she spent in reading, during the closing years of her life, and she kept herself informed, through the medium of the daily papers, of the transactions of the outside world. Very few persons of even younger years took a greater interest in the movements of the armies during the late civil war, or could give a more succinct and graphic account of the details of a campaign.

She was not radical in her sentiments, and in-

dulged in no preconceived prejudices against the South and its peculiar institutions. In regard to the holding of slaves, she was willing that all should be fully persuaded in their own minds as to its propriety, but her own convictions were strongly against it.

"Many of her grandsons were officers and soldiers in the Union army, and as occasion would permit, they would visit her to ask her blessing and her prayers. The one was given, and the other promised with a patriotic zeal and ardor that many of the sterner sex might well have emulated.

"During the war, a grandson and member of the family in which she resided, came home on a brief leave of absence. The day of his departure arrived, and he went to the chamber of his grandmother to take what he supposed to be his last farewell in this life, as she was then confined to her bed with a severe illness. She received him with great affection, and in reply to his expressions of regret at leaving her, she said, 'Oh, no, my son, your country needs your services, I do not. Go and discharge your duty faithfully and fearlessly. I feel that my prayers in your behalf will be heard, and that you will be returned in safety. And yet, perhaps, I do not feel as much concerned for you as I should: I have parted so often with your grandfather under similar circumstances, and he was always returned to me in safety, that I feel it will be the same with you.'"

The young Captain did return to see his grandmother again in this life after several hard fought battles, in which he received complimentary notice from

his commanding officers. The letter is thus concluded: "My husband, Dr. Eaton, one of her physicians being in the house and an invalid, spent much of his time in her room, and would often say to me, 'I never met a more entertaining person than your grandma. I could sit for hours and listen to her conversation.' Such is not often said, by a man in the prime of life, of an old lady nearly ninety years of age. Since then he has gone to join her in her heavenly home."

Mrs. Harrison's distinguishing characteristics were her Christian humility and total want of selfishness; her modest, retiring manners and generosity and benevolence. She was always anxious to promote the well-being of others at her own expense, and sacrificed herself for the good of others.

Many incidents of generosity are remembered and treasured by her descendants, which though not of sufficient interest to record, are of priceless value to those who witnessed their exhibition, and were recipients of her beneficence.

Every public and private charity was near her heart, and received liberally from her hand. But those who enjoyed her bounty, knew not of its source. To a poor minister she would write: "Accept this trifle from a friend." To the Bethel Sabbath-school, "This is but a widow's mite." To the suffering poor of the city, "Please distribute this from one who wishes it was a thousand times more."

She continued to bear on her praying lips the salvation of her descendants, and as she drew near the closing scene, this was her song:

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,—
O, Lamb of God! I come."

Her intellectual powers and physical senses were retained to the last, and at the age of eighty-eight she was an agreeable companion for both old and young.

On the evening of the 25th of February, 1864, in the eighty-ninth year of her age, Mrs. Harrison died at the residence of her son.

Her funeral took place at the Presbyterian Church at Cleves, on Sunday, February the 28th. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Horace Bushnell, from the text, "Be still and know that I am God." The selection was made by herself and given several years before to Mr. Bushnell, her pastor and intimate friend for many years. The remains were deposited beside those of her husband, and they together sleep by the banks of the beautiful Ohio at North Bend.

LETITIA CHRISTIAN TYLER,

THE first wife of John Tyler, tenth President of the United States, was the third daughter of Robert Christian, Esq., of Cedar Grove, in New Kent County, in the State of Virginia; a gentleman of good private fortune, an earnest Federalist of that day in his political opinions, and an attached friend and adherent of George Washington. He possessed the highest social and political influence in the county of his residence, and, indeed, throughout the Peninsular District, embraced between the York and James rivers. His house was the seat of genuine Virginia hospitality, and his neighbors, trusting implicitly to his good sense and integrity, appealed to his arbitration in matters involving legal controversy, in preference to submitting their cases in the courts. For many consecutive years, he was not only the presiding magistrate of his county, but also its representative in the Legislature of the State; and his brothers, among whom was the late Major Edmund Christian, of Creighton, Marshal of Virginia, were men of mark and influence.

This worthy gentleman married in early life Mary Brown, an amiable lady of high worth and character, with whom he lived in happiness until her death, and through whom he was blessed with a large family of sons and daughters; the males being, without exception, distinguished for their personal courage, intelligence,



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and graceful appearance and manners, and the daughters for their beauty, piety, and domestic virtues.

Among that bevy of fair daughters, Letitia, afterward Mrs. Tyler, born on the 12th November, 1790, under the paternal roof at Cedar Grove, was, perhaps, the most attractive in her modest refinement and striking loveliness of person and character; and although always instinctively shrinking from public observation, she was regarded as one of the belles of Eastern Virginia. Her hand was sought in marriage by many suitors, but from the number who presented themselves—some of whom were the possessors of large estates—her heart and excellent judgment selected the then talented and rising young lawyer, who, inheriting the unrivalled popularity of his father, Governor John Tyler, with a mind still more brilliant and cultivated, was just entering upon that remarkable career which has so directly and powerfully impressed his genius, not only on the history of his noble, old state, but on that of the United States of America.

The marriage of the youthful pair, on the 29th of March, 1813, she being in the twenty-second year of her age, and he having completed his twenty-third on that day, was particularly acceptable to both houses; and Letitia being the idol of her brothers and sisters, upon Mr. Tyler was at once concentrated the unfailing affection and support—an affection and support which attended him through life—of every member of the numerous and powerful Christian family, harmonizing to no inconsiderable extent in Lower Virginia, and uniting in his favor both of the great political parties of the day—his own

father having been, privately and publicly, the constant friend of Henry and of Jefferson, a leader in the movement and war of Independence, and the special representative of the State Rights Republicans in his own right, and Mr. Robert Christian having been the constant friend of Washington, and a prominent leader and representative man among the Federalists.

The wedding festivities over, Mr. and Mrs. Tyler retired to their own home in Charles City County, a part of the "Greenway" estate of his father, which at once became an object of attraction and intense interest to the many admirers, friends, and relatives of its happy inmates. Dating from this period until Mrs. Tyler's death in the Executive Mansion, at the city of Washington, nearly thirty years afterward, nothing, except the loss of two infant children and her subsequent ill-health, ever transpired to mar the felicity of this auspicious union.

In the unselfish, constant, and vigilant affection of his wife, in her personal charms, in her strong common sense and excellent judgment, in her unaffected religious sentiments, in the sweet purity of her gentle life, in her parental and filial devotion, in her watchful care and love for her children, Mr. Tyler found everything to satisfy his affections and to gratify his pride.

In his admitted integrity and worth as a man and citizen, in his great intellectual powers, in his constantly increasing prosperity and rising reputation, in the accounts she received of his eloquence both at the bar and in the legislature, and in the high official trusts which ultimately were literally showered upon him,

one after the other, almost without intermission ; and finally in his tender solicitude to restore her failing health and to minister to her slightest wish, she discovered all that her woman's heart, or her feminine ambition required, to complete and secure her wedded happiness. The following letter, the first that Mr. Tyler ever ventured to address to her before marriage and the original of which is still preserved in the family—apart from the natural simplicity of its style and the ordinary interest that would attach to it—not only presents the most unmistakable evidence of the sound and healthy sentiments, emotions, and principles of character associated with both and impelling to their union, but it is also a remarkable illustration, in view of a long engagement prior to marriage, of the delicate tone and exalted purity of the social structure and civilization that surrounded them and under whose happy influences they were born and reared.

“ RICHMOND, December 5th, 1812.

“ Although I could not entirely obtain your permission to write to you, yet I am well aware that you will not be displeased at my exercising a privilege so valuable to one standing in the relation that I do to you. To think of you and to write to you, are the only sources from whence I can derive any real satisfaction during my residence in this place. The prerogative of thinking of those we love, and from whom we are separated, seems to be guaranteed to us by nature, as we cannot be deprived of it either by the bustle and confusion of a town, or by the important duties

that attach to our existence. Believe me, my L., that this observation has been completely verified by me since I last saw you, for although deafened by noise, and attentive to the duties of my station, yet you are the subject of my serious meditations and the object of my fervent prayers to heaven. From the first moment of my acquaintance with you, I felt the influence of genuine affection; but now, when I reflect upon the sacrifice which you make to virtue and to feeling, by conferring your hand on me, who have nothing to boast of but an honest and upright soul, and a heart of purest love, I feel gratitude superadded to affection for you. Indeed, I do esteem myself most rich in possessing you. The mean and sordid wretch who yields the unspeakable bliss of possessing her whom he ardently loves, may boast of his ill-acquired wealth, and display his treasures in all the pride of ostentation to the world, but who shall administer to him comfort in the hour of affliction? Whose seraph smile shall chase away the fiends which torment him? The partner of his bosom he neither esteems nor regards, and he knows nothing of the balm which tender affection can bestow. Nature will be still true to herself, for as your favorite Thomson expresses it,

“ ‘Naught but love can answer love,
Or render bliss secure.’ ”

“ You express some degree of astonishment, my L., at an observation I once made to you, ‘that I would not have been willingly wealthy at the time that I addressed you.’ Suffer me to repeat it. If I had been

wealthy, the idea of your being actuated by prudential considerations in accepting my suit, would have eternally tortured me. But I exposed to you frankly and unblushingly my situation in life—my hopes and my fears, my prospects and my dependencies—and you nobly responded. To ensure to you happiness is now my only object, and whether I float or sink in the stream of fortune, you may be assured of this, that I shall never cease to love you. Forgive me for these remarks, which I have been irresistibly led to make.

“Colonel Christian will deliver you this letter, together with the two first volumes of the ‘Forest of Montabano.’ I do not trouble him with the last two volumes, for fear of incommoding him, and because I shall be at your father’s on Wednesday evening, if the business before the Legislature be not very important. You will feel much sympathy for the unfortunate Angelina, and admiration for the character of good Father Patrick. Frederick is inexplicable until the last volume is read.

“Again suffer me to assure you of my constant esteem and affection, and believe me to be yours most faithfully,

JOHN TYLER.

“TO MISS LETITIA CHRISTIAN,

“New Kent.”

In sending me this letter through the hands of Major John Tyler, Mrs. Letitia Semple, the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, says, “I enclose you a copy of the first letter my father ever wrote to my mother; and I had a book of original sonnets written by him in his youthful days, many of which

were addressed to her; for he was full of music and full of poetry and possessed an exquisite literary taste; but this book has been lost to us, in one of my writing desks stolen during the war.

“My father and my mother were born in the same year—that of 1790, he being from the 29th March to the 12th November older than she was. They were married on father's twenty-third birthday following that of his birth, after a courtship and engagement of nearly five years. He met her for the first time at a private party in the neighborhood, while on a visit to ‘Greenway,’ the home residence of grandfather Tyler, in Charles City County, adjoining that of New Kent, where grandfather Christian resided at ‘Cedar Grove.’ He had already taken his collegiate degrees at William and Mary College when scarcely more than seventeen years old, and was at the time a law student in Richmond, under the special office counsel and instruction of the celebrated Edmund Randolph, justly esteemed as the father of the Constitution of the United States, as Mr. Jefferson was of the Declaration of American Independence, and who had been the Attorney-General of President Washington, and the Secretary of State of President Jefferson, my grandfather Tyler being Governor of Virginia, and then residing in Richmond. After their troth was plighted, he had been twice or thrice elected to the State Legislature before their marriage was solemnized; and his last visit to her at ‘Cedar Grove’ was only three weeks before the wedding, yet I have heard him repeatedly say that, ‘then, for the first time, he ventured to kiss

her hand on parting, so perfectly reserved and modest had she always been.'

"My mother's mother was Mary Brown, of the same family with that of the late Judge John Brown, of Williamsburg, and Professor Dabney Brown, of William and Mary College, the former of whom finally moved to Kentucky, and the latter more recently to California; and with that of the Hon. James Halyburton, late Judge of the United States District Court of Virginia, and of the Hon. John M. Gregory, late Judge of the Henrico Circuit and Governor of Virginia; and as to the late Judge Christian, and the present Judge Christian, of the Peninsular Circuit and of the General Court of Virginia, the first was her son, and the last her cousin, as are also the present doctors William and Edward Warren, formerly of Edenton, North Carolina, whither they moved from New Kent in Virginia, but now of Baltimore."

Not long after her marriage, Mrs. Tyler had the misfortune to lose both of her parents, and now having two less to love in this world, she freely gave the share which had been theirs, to her husband and her children, and to her sisters and her brothers. In truth, at no period of her life does it seem that she existed for herself, but only for those near and dear to her.

Although she was noted for the beauty of her person and of her features, for the ease and grace of her carriage, for a delicate refinement of taste in dress that excluded with precision every color and ornament not strictly becoming and harmonizing in the general effect; although possessing an acute nervous organization and

sensitive temperament, combined with an unusually correct judgment; although any observant stranger of polished education would have been almost unconsciously attracted to her among thousands by her air of quiet courtesy and benignity; although with these engaging qualities, and the social advantages attaching to her position, she could easily have impressed her power upon what is termed society had she so desired, still she never aspired to wield the sceptre of fashion, and never sought to attract attention beyond the limits of her own family, and the circle of her immediate friends and relatives.

She modestly shrank from all notoriety and evaded the public eye as much as possible. She had not the faintest wish to enjoy the reputation of authoress or wit, or for maintaining an ascendancy in the company of brilliant men and women of the world. She was perfectly content to be seen only as a part of the existence of her beloved husband; to entertain her neighbors in her own easy, hospitable, and unostentatious way; to converse with visitors on current topics intelligently; to sit gently by her child's cradle, reading, knitting, or sewing; or else to while away pleasant hours in the endearing companionship of her sisters and her intimate acquaintances.

It appears that, though she resided in Richmond during the period that Mr. Tyler was Governor of Virginia, and did the honors of the Executive Dwelling of the State with ease and grace and singular discretion, winning the commendation of all at a time when the metropolis of Virginia was unexcelled upon

the American continent, either in respect to elegant men or accomplished women; yet that she had rarely visited the city while he was a member of the Legislature, and that during his long term of service as Representative and Senator in the Congress of the United States—having been three times elected to the House and twice to the Senate,—she suffered herself to be persuaded only once to pass a winter in Washington, and at the end of another session only reluctantly consented, at his earnest entreaty, to visit one summer the gay centres and resorts of the North.

When either her own health, or that of her husband, or that of her children, absolutely required a change of air and scene, as several times happened, she vastly preferred the bracing temperature and invigorating atmosphere of the mountains of Virginia and the life-imparting Greenbriar waters to the seats of more fashionable display and empty vanity. She was, under all circumstances, the wife and mother, sister and friend, apparently living in and for those whom she loved, and not for herself.

No English lady was ever more skilled and accomplished in domestic culture and economy than was Mrs. Tyler, and she was never so happy as when in the enjoyment of domestic privacy. At her own home she was a pattern of order, system, and neatness, as well as of hospitality, charity, benevolence, and conscientiousness in the discharge of every duty incumbent upon the mistress of a large household, and scrupulously attentive to every wish expressed by her hus-

band as to the management of his interests in his absence on public affairs.

Nothing escaped her watchful yet kindly eye, either within or without the mansion. She loved all pure and beautiful things, whether in nature or in art. The grounds within the curtilage were tastefully arranged in lawns and gardens, and under her immediate inspection were kept carefully adorned with shade trees, and flowering shrubs, and odoriferous plants, and trailing vines, so that in the spring, summer, and fall the airs around were literally loaded with sweets. The kitchen-garden and fruit-orchards were always extensively cultivated.

The dairy and laundry were sedulously supervised, and in all directions poultry and fowls of almost every kind most prized for the table, were to be seen in flocks. She preferred that her servant-women should be held to these milder employments, and to spinning and weaving, knitting and sewing, rather than being assigned to the more onerous tasks of the field upon the plantation.

Thus, under her superintendence, not only were all the negro field-hands and negro children comfortably provided with clothing of home manufacture and make, as well as ministered to with care and supplied with all necessary medical attendance when sick, but, at the same time, the members of the immediate household had their wants, in these respects, for the most part bountifully met; while the rarest and most beautiful toilet fabrics, and counterpanes, and coverlets, such as are not now to be had at any price, were produced by

her handmaids, assisted by those of the neighborhood inheriting the art. Beyond all question, and without regard to the portion she brought with her after marriage, as the gift of her father, which was by no means relatively inconsiderable, she maintained by her active economy the pecuniary independence of her husband under his continued public employments, in an age of public virtue, when the representatives of the people, as well as those of the States, received but slight remuneration for their services, and when, in all probability, he would have been otherwise compelled to have withdrawn from the public councils, and to have relinquished the career of ambition in view of his family necessities and requirements.

Mrs. Tyler was baptized in infancy in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in early life became a consistent communicant. At every stage of her existence she was pervaded by a deep religious sentiment, and the Bible was her constant companion. For her neighborly and charitable nature she was proverbial. Although every one who knew her as a young unmarried lady, and nearly all of her contemporaries in more advanced years, are now dead, still her reputation in these respects abides among the living, and is particularly referred to and commented upon in every communication I have received concerning her, as well as in all of her obituaries that I have read. And one of the most beautiful traits in her lovely and almost faultless character, in the midst of all her mildness, meekness, gentleness and amiability, was the perfect self-respect which constantly attended her, beating in unison with her

true woman's soul, suffering no encroachment upon true propriety and decorum in her presence, and sustaining her dignity as a Virginia matron, which never under any circumstances whatever, deserted her—not even under the most intimate relations, as I shall presently discover in a letter from one of her sons.

Indeed, the letters with which I have been favored by her surviving children, while confirming all of my impressions previously received, and the statements that I have made in regard to her, on these points especially, enable me to detail still more clearly the inner as well as outer life she led, and their narrations are so touching and interesting that I unhesitatingly submit them to the reader in preference to any thing else, so far as they apply. Mrs. Robert Tyler, the wife of her oldest son, thus wrote concerning her, at her own home, in the bosom of her own family in the old city of Williamsburg, Virginia, under the first impressions she received after she was married in Pennsylvania. to her sisters at the North.

“WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA, October, 1839.

* * * “The bridal festivities so profusely extended to us in Charles City, that most hospitable of counties, ended last week. My honey-moon has waned, and I have at last settled down at home. If I can ever learn to think any place a home where my own dear father and sisters are not, I certainly can do so here, for a new father and mother have opened their arms and their hearts to me; new and lovely sisters cluster around me; and I am welcomed and approved

of by any number of uncles, aunts, and cousins. The introduction to all of them was an awful ordeal to go through, you may be sure, but it is happily over, and I have now settled myself down absolutely as one of the family. I know you want me to tell you of each separate member, and of the house, and all my surroundings.

"You know how entirely charming Mr. Tyler's father is, for you saw him at my wedding in Bristol, but you cannot imagine the tenderness and kindness with which he received me, his 'new daughter,' as he called me. Mr. Tyler's mother is very much as I imagined her, from his description. She must have been very beautiful in her youth, for she is still beautiful now in her declining years and wretched health. Her skin is as smooth and soft as a baby's; she has sweet loving black eyes, and her features are delicately moulded; besides this, her feet and hands are perfect; and she is gentle and graceful in her movements, with a most peculiar air of native refinement about every thing she says and does. She is the most entirely unselfish person you can imagine. I do not believe she ever thinks of herself. Her whole thought and affections are wrapped up in her husband and children; and I thank God I am numbered with those dear children, and can partake with them in the blessing of her love. May He give me grace to be ever a kind and loving daughter to her.

* * * * *

"The house is very large and very airy and pleasant, fronting on a large lawn and surrounded by a

most beautiful garden. The parlor is comfortably furnished, and has that homelike and occupied look which is so nice. The prettiest thing in it, to my taste, though very old-fashioned, is the paper upon the walls, which depicts in half life-size pictures the adventures of Telemachus on Calypso's enchanted Isle. Telemachus is very handsome, Calypso and her nymphs as graceful as possible; and old Mentor as disagreeable and stern as all Mentors usually are. I find something new in the paper every day, and love to study it. The dining-room is opposite the parlor, across a broad passage, kept too bright and shiny almost to step upon, and is also a very spacious room, with a great deal of old family silver adorning the sideboard, and some good pictures upon the walls. There are two other rooms behind the parlor and the dining-room, one of which is used as a sitting and reading room, for it is a large double house, flanked by offices in the yard in which the library is kept, and one of which is used for law and business purposes by Mr. Tyler's father and himself.

"The room in the main dwelling furthest removed and most retired is 'the chamber,' as the bedroom of the mistress of the house is always called in Virginia. This last, to say nothing of others, or of the kitchen, store-rooms and pantries, is a most quiet and comfortable retreat, with an air of repose and sanctity about it; at least I feel it so, and often seek refuge here from the company, and beaux, and laughing and talking of the other parts of the house; for here mother, with a smile of welcome on her sweet, calm face, is al-

ways found seated on her large arm-chair with a small stand by her side, which holds her Bible and her prayer-book—the only books she ever reads now—with her knitting usually in her hands, always ready to sympathize with me in any little home-sickness which may disturb me, and to ask me questions about all you dear ones in Bristol, because she knows I want to talk about you. Notwithstanding her very delicate health, mother attends to and regulates all the household affairs, and all so quietly that you can't tell when she does it. All the clothes for the children, and for the servants, are cut out under her immediate eye, and all the sewing is personally superintended by her. All the cake, jellies, custards, and we indulge largely in them, emanate from her, yet you see no confusion, hear no bustle, but only meet the agreeable result. * * * *

* * * * All Mr. Tyler's sisters are lovely and sweet. Sister Mary—Mrs. Jones, who is the oldest of all—I have already introduced you to in my letter from Charles City, where she resides, at 'Woodburn,' one of the plantations or 'farms' as they are called here, of her husband, and where she so happily entertained us recently. Next comes Letitia, Mrs. Semple, married last February. She is very handsome and full of life and spirits. She has a place called 'Cedar Hill,' some distance from Williamsburg, in New Kent county, but is now here on a visit. Then comes Elizabeth, a very great belle here, though she is not yet seventeen. She is remarkably sweet and pretty, with beautiful eyes and complexion, and her hair curled down her neck. John, who is next to Mr. Tyler in age, and

who was at my wedding, and therefore needs no description, is not here now, but he and his wife will spend next winter with his father, as he still attends the law department and higher scientific courses of

William and Mary' college, as it is termed in accordance with the original charter of King William and Queen Mary, although it is now and has been for many years a university.

"I have not seen her yet, but hear that she is very beautiful. The two younger children, Alice and Tazewell, make up the family. * * The children, with all the rest of the family, seem very, very fond of me, but you must not suppose that all this affection and kindness makes me vain. It is very comforting and sweet, but I know they all love me from no merit of my own, but from the devotion the whole family feel for Mr. Tyler, who is idolized by his parents, and profoundly loved and respected by his brothers and sisters." *

* The ancient Tylers of Virginia, of whom but few are left in the State, were from a younger branch of the Tylers of Shropshire, in Wales, bordering on England. John and Henry, brothers, came to Virginia in the beginning of the settlement, and finally took up their abode in the "Middle Plantations" between Jamestown and Yorktown, in 1636.

President Tyler was the fifth John from the first of the name. The older line in Shropshire, now divided, still maintain their status there, represented by the present Sir Charles, son of the late Sir William. The Tylers of the North have never been able to trace any connection or common origin with those of Virginia, either in their correspondence with the first Governor Tyler, or with President Tyler; but of recent years many have poured into Eastern Virginia, and some have now purchased estates that formerly belonged to the ancient Virginia family. History in the future will doubtless, under these circumstances, become confused on the subject.

Mrs. Letitia Semple, in a letter addressed to her brother at Washington, and which he has kindly placed at my disposal, thus writes:—

“Nos. 37 & 39 Mount Vernon Place, }
“BALTIMORE, March 27th, 1869. } ”

* * * * * “It is a sad truth, but I know of no one now alive who remembers my mother in her youth. As late as 1861, there were several who had known her from infancy, but now they are all gone. We have not an uncle, or an aunt, of all our once numerous family, left on earth. The early portion of her life must be gleaned from the little incidents we, her children, may remember to have been recited concerning her, by those now dead. Apart from ourselves, there are those who may recall something of her married life, but these have been scattered by the events of the war far and wide asunder. Her character was so unobtrusive, and her personal deportment was so little influenced by a desire to shine before the public eye, that those alone best knew her who were intimately associated with the family as near relatives, or as private friends. Our older and two younger sisters are dead; our elder brother, and one younger, the one driven by the relentless fates to Alabama, and the other to California, and you, the sport of a similar fatality, together with myself, may recollect many little things sacred to filial devotion. The beautiful affection ever manifested toward her by every member of the family—by her uncles and her aunts, by her sisters and her brothers, her nephews and her

nieces, and by her cousins, male and female—by all without exception—we know of, and can speak to the fact. It was with each one of them the unadulterated affection of the heart for piety, purity, and goodness. There was nothing else to attract it, for their mere worldly circumstances were, in every direction, fully equal to her own, and in many instances superior in affluence to those she enjoyed. Nothing could have exceeded the devotional regard of her sister Anna, the owner of the paternal estate of Cedar Grove, and who in addition to her own inheritance, had derived a large fortune by marriage and the early death of her husband, Mr. Savage. And I have often heard aunt Elizabeth Douglas, her oldest sister, speak of her obedient disposition and truthfulness as a child, and of her almost surpassing beauty, grace, elegance, and refinement in riper years. We ourselves know how exemplary a wife and mother she was. One of the earliest memories I have of her is, that she taught me my letters out of the family Bible. Over and often can I recall her with a book in her lap, reading and reflecting, while her fingers were knitting or stitching for some of us; or while watching over us until a late hour of the night, in the absence of our father upon his public duties.

“You know that these days of our childhood were days of struggle with our father, under heavy security obligations, and she had but one idea apart from conjugal piety and affection, and that was to save him from every care and every expense in her power.

“His pecuniary independence was preserved, and

much of his success was secured, through her economy, her diligence, her providence, and her admirable self sacrificing demeanor. I have frequently heard our father say that he rarely failed to consult her judgment in the midst of difficulties and troubles, and that she invariably led him to the best conclusion, and that he had never known her to speak unkindly of any one. She was permitted to see him fill the highest office in the gift of his country, but before he was suffered to enter into his rest from political life, she had gone to that rest remaining for the people of God. She died, as you know, on the 10th September, 1842, in the Executive Mansion at Washington, where her third daughter, our sister Elizabeth Waller, had been shortly before married, and where two of her grandchildren now living,—the oldest daughter of our brother Robert, named Letitia, and the youngest son of our sister Mary, named Robert, were born.

“You remember her fondness for flowers. Her favorite flower was the monthly damask rose, and that brought in to her on the morning of the day of her death, was found clasped in her hand when the spirit was fled. From the time that she had been first stricken by paralysis, her health had been frail, but none of us anticipated an immediate, or even an early renewal of the attack, and far less a sudden dissolution of her system; and I had closed my last visit to her only a few days before, and had gone to ‘Cedar Grove’ to inform aunt Anne of the condition in which I had left her, as if the sad Fates had carried me there to be ready to receive her remains, returning to the

place of their birth to repose, in their separation from her husband, by the side of those of her father and her mother, as when first quickened into life; but our sister Elizabeth Waller, and our aunt Elizabeth Douglas, were with her, and witnessed her last breath, and they told me this particularly sweet circumstance of her favorite rose still clinging to her hand in death.

"Aunt Betsy, moreover, said that 'all appearance of age vanished from her features, and she looked as she did at nineteen, and that death itself had left on her only the beautiful.'

"I will endeavor to procure from her portrait by Cook, taken while father was Governor of Virginia, a correct picture for the engraving desired by Mrs. Holloway for the proposed sketch of her life; and I herewith send you the elegiac lines heretofore mentioned, published in the Baltimore Sun, and attributed to Mr. Eppes Sargent at the time. This may possibly be a mistake, but you doubtless recollect that, about that period, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Ley, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Irving, and many others well known among the literary celebrities of the country, were not very unfrequent visitors to our drawing-rooms at the White House, and that Mr. Irving and Mr. Ley were appointed ministers abroad, while other official favors were distributed among them in acknowledgment of their acquirements and merits, although, if my memory serves me right, Mr. Sargent was not so favored."

* * * * *

Major John Tyler, in the course of his letters addressed to me from Washington City, during the month

of April, in relation to this subject, speaking of the first written communication from his father to his mother already given to the reader, and in respect to the associated memories it recalls to him, says:

“This letter brings up vividly before me reminiscences of the personal deportment of my mother and father toward each other, so delicate and guarded as never to depart from mutual respect, or from self-respect, and yet with affection always in the ascendant. One of the most admirable exhibitions of demeanor as a portraiture of character at all points,—as evidencing the sense of propriety and the sense of self-respect, combined with true womanly modesty, while manifesting womanly love,—deep, abiding, exalted, admiring love—was that shown on certain occasions on the part of my mother, and which I shall never forget; which, the more I have seen of individual human life, and the usual ways of the world, the more I have been charmed by its contemplation; until now it has become a memory I would not exchange for all the wealth and powers of the empires of earth. It displayed itself under the following circumstances, and to be properly understood and appreciated, the preface, though somewhat tedious perhaps, must be given.

“You have already seen from my last communication and its enclosures, that my father at the age of twenty-three, when married to my mother, had been three times elected to the State Legislature. It might have been also stated that he had already acquired an extensive legal practice, and that he was rising rapidly upon the heels of his father in the general es-

teem of the public for both ability and eloquence. Two years after his marriage with my mother, having been returned five times to the State Legislature, rarely losing the vote of an elector in his county, he was elevated, at the age of twenty-five, by the popular vote, to the Congress of the United States, over Mr. Andrew Stevenson, late speaker of the House and Minister to England, the favored candidate of the Newspaper Press and of the Richmond Junto, although both stood in the contest on the same political platform. He was returned three times to the House of Representatives in the Congress, overcoming at length all opposition in the Richmond district. After this, resigning from the House of Representatives, he was immediately made one of the Counsellors of the State of Virginia, and from that position he was elected Governor and chief magistrate over the very able and justly celebrated William B. Giles.

“He was unanimously reelected to the same high dignity. Then he was preferred to the Senate of the United States over the brilliant and distinguished John Randolph, of Roanoke, at the height of his fame; and after a service of six years, he was reelected to that body, then composed of statesmen and the intellectual giants of the land. At the end of three more years, resigning his seat in the Senate, he was made a candidate for the vice-presidency in 1836, on the ticket with Judge Hugh Lawson White, of Tennessee, as President; and again in 1840, on the ticket with General William Henry Harrison.

“Then, through the death of Harrison, within a

month after the Inauguration, he became the tenth President of the United States.

“Thus, you will perceive, that the public duties of my father called him away from his family to no inconsiderable extent; and during the period of my mother’s life allowed him but slight domestic rest, interfering, at the same time, greatly with his practice at the bar, and impairing his pecuniary fortunes; and therefore, without heavy drafts upon his private credit that it would not have been prudent to encounter, and that my mother’s judgment would not sanction, it was not always within his power, merely in view of the small pittance then paid to legislators and senators, to have his family with him at the seat of Government. It was a fortunate circumstance that my mother always preferred remaining at her own quiet home, and was never so happy as when by her own fireside with her children, her relatives, and her old friends and neighbors, conscious that she saved him from every avoidable expense, for he was only enabled to have her with him abroad without pecuniary inconvenience, upon occasional visits to the mountains and the Virginia Springs in the summer season strictly for health; during one session of the State Legislature, that when the Richmond theatre was burnt and a mere accident deterred him from going to witness the performance with her, to have perished in the flames perhaps, as many others did on that fatal occasion; during the period of time that he was Governor of Virginia; and during only one, or at most, two sessions of the Congress, prior to his Presidential term. It was in vain, that in view

of her retiring modesty and repugnance to the public eye, and under the influence of his domestic attachments and the pressure of his pecuniary affairs, he protested against further public service, and resigned from the House of Representatives, and afterward from the Senate, entreating peace and quietude with his wife and children. He was instantly seized upon again by the public, at each and every attempt he made to retire from political life, and forced back into the service of the country.

“These were the circumstances, my dear madam, that tested my mother’s nature and qualities, and made her virtues shine with heavenly light.

“It not only fell to her province to superintend the domestic economy at home, and to train and educate her children, but to bestow no little attention upon the affairs of the plantation, and to take care of and provide for the negro families both in sickness and health. As gentle and delicate in person and in health as she always was, she never shrank for a moment from these complicated, exacting, and often harassing duties and responsibilities. Her native benevolence and active generosity, combined with her moral and intellectual training, and high sense of conjugal fidelity, impelled and sustained her unflinchingly, in the resolute purpose of sustaining her husband in the field of his arduous labors for the benefit of the people, so that he should not sink through poverty, nor be compelled to abdicate the glorious career before him by the stern requirements of his domestic affairs. Without hesitation she repressed every inclination, if indeed she ever

entertained the lurking desire, to play the rôle of the 'fine lady,' as the English and Americans have it, or that of 'une grande dame,' as the French have it, however fitted she may have been by birth, by education, by association, by the elements of her character and by the grace and beauty of her person, to shine in the parlor and in the saloon. It was, doubtless, in view of these onerous duties devolving upon my mother, and the immense self-abnegation they required, that caused my father so earnestly to desire retirement from public life, and so often to resign high political station. But the fates had allotted to each an appropriate sphere, the one the 'helpmeet' of the other, and the special portraiture of my mother, which all that I have said is intended simply to bring out and cause to be properly appreciated, is associated with her manner and bearing at the reception of my father on his visits home during the sessions of the Congress, or upon his return home after their close.

"For the most of this period of her life I was but a child, it is true, usually close to her knee or playing about with my little sisters, but so much the closer were my observations and the clearer is my memory, while additional experience and knowledge have taught me the full value of the exquisite delineation of character contained in the reminiscence. A thousand times I have recalled it as it occurred and was repeatedly presented before me. I can see my mother now, as she would be seated either sewing, or knitting, or reading, when the voice of my father would be heard either approaching or entering the house, instantly a

blush would mantle her cheek, a beam of joy would irradiate her countenance, the book or work would fall from her hands, and she would bound forward to meet him. But, my dear madam, pause if you please; such quick, impelling affection, such untutored manifestation of joy might be regarded by an ardent and devoted husband of nice perceptions and refined taste as not altogether consistent with a proper self-respect, as somewhat deficient in delicacy, as in a measure unbecoming the modest and chaste matron—the wife of a grave, noble, and lofty Virginia Senator. There should be more reserve, there should be a waiting to be sought for by him. Immediately following the first impulsive movement, these reflections would flash through her mind. I can see it all now understandingly, as I saw it then observantly—and before the door of the sitting-room was reached, like the queenly infant rising in its charms, described by the poet, she would recover herself, repress her transport, quietly resume her seat—radiant with beauty—and await his approach. Then as he entered the room, she would rise and receive him tenderly yet decorously. It was a scene upon which I can fancy that angels always smiled delighted. Often, indeed, do I remember to have climbed up in her lap about the time of which I speak, and to have called her ‘beautiful.’”

In kindly informing me as to the manner in which Mrs. Tyler trained the minds of her children, and in relation to the general ethical system of education prevailing in the family—in every instance always most due to the mother—Major Tyler, to whom

I am under profound obligations for his prompt civilities and kind assistance, with singular interest and force, thus writes :

“It was never the habit of our family, during my mother’s life, to make ‘a to-do’ about any thing personal to ourselves ; and noisy, fussy, and arrogant assumption and pretension were always regarded by us as alike indecorous, opposed to good taste, and violative of self-respect. The introduction of such deportment in our midst is altogether at variance with our ideas of decency and propriety. We have generally considered it best to leave it to others to speak to our merits while living, and to assign to their proper place the virtuous memories of our dead. Neither my mother nor my father would ever permit in the family the slightest expression of ancestral pride, though sedulous in impressing upon the minds of all around them the more elevated sentiments and noble actions of their progenitors, seeking, as it were, to sanctify through the aid and quality of veneration the recollection of things worthy of imitation. We were especially taught—apart from the common training of every-day life, and the usual lessons of diligence and industry—that honor and fame attach themselves to no particular condition in life ; that mere exterior circumstances cannot confer either real character or true respectability ; that a palace cannot add to, nor a log-cabin detract from, substantial worth ; that the man is actually within and not without ; that a christianized heart—in respect not less to the individual than to the universal—a cultivated mind ; the refinement of the sentiments, the feel-

ings and the affections, the conscientious performance of duty as defined in the commandments of God and Christ and explained by St. Paul, and reverence for the laws, together with gentle manners and delicate courtesies, were incomparably preferable to wealth, official dignities, and worldly displays; that wealth itself, though a great blessing when directed to proper, laudable, and gracious ends, should never be viewed in any stronger light than as a secondary object, and never be pursued as a primary consideration. These were, in fact, the intelligent ideas pervading the civilization under which my mother was born and reared, and which, doubtless, led her to solid good sense and beneficence.

“This civilization constituted, I verily believe, the purest form of social and political Christianity ever yet vouchsafed on earth to the children of men. I find in history no example of such perfection in the Caucasian family, and it was to be found nowhere else so complete as within the limits of the ‘Ancient Commonwealth and Dominion of Virginia.’ It was the result of the throes and agonies of the human race through countless centuries, and it was established by our forefathers on the wisdom of all the experiences of the known past. To say nothing of the great men, the great declaration of rights, the great superstructure of freedom, and the great union of states under an incomparable constitution of fundamental law, to be preserved inviolate as the guardian of justice, liberty, and happiness that it had given to the continent and the world; but to look narrowly to itself alone,

within its own limits, and to judge it by its fruits there solely, it had originated a populous and extensive community covering many thousand square miles, so grounded in charity and urbanity, benevolence and generosity, that even their negro slaves had been redeemed from African cannibalism to a high condition of moral and even intellectual enlightenment, and were better cared for and more contented than any other manual laboring class of the same numbers upon the globe. In which open-house hospitality was universal among the inhabitants, and locks and keys were scarcely deemed necessary to the protection and safe-keeping of property of any kind. Wherein no malign or inimical feeling existed toward others, either of rivalling interests or of envious jealousy, so that, in the happy consciousness that all were prosperous in the land, they could not be impressed with the belief that ill-will, hatred, and wrong were being entertained toward themselves until too late to guard against atrocity and calamity. And among whom, in the almost total absence of pauperism and crime, tenable jails and poor asylums were rarely to be seen; and such other indications of wretchedness and depravity as abound elsewhere, masked by sentimental pretension, were not to be discovered. In the midst of all that we have suffered in our persons and in our estates since the advent of the sword and that rule over public affairs which has swept lawlessly through the private concerns and domestic relations of the people in the states once sovereign and independent, there is nothing I regret so much as the subversion of a society so

attractive, and a civilization so admirable, to make room for a system in its place that has engendered, is engendering, and can only engender, vice and immorality and breed rottenness and corruption, until the very clay itself, as of old in the days of Moses and the Prophets, 'shall vomit out its foul and bestial possessors. The profound historians and statesmen of Virginia knew well, my dear madam, that the materialistic system of life, now denominated 'Progress,' had been tried and tested, time and again, before the advent of the Christian Dispensation, under various philosophical theories, both religious and political, at Babylon and Nineveh, in Medea and Persia, at Sidon and Tyre, in Egypt and Palestine, at Alexandria, in Lydia, at Carthage, in Greece, and again at Rome, invariably ending in the same result—in the lust of lucre as the instrument of depravity, and in the worship of Mammon as the divinity of sin; dethroning the virtues and humanities, God and the Redeemer, and at length terminating in the general lunacy of the mind and heart, leading to strife, contention, decimating wars, the destruction of the peaceful arts, pestilence and famine, and the final obliteration of the wicked and putrid people.

"All the education and learning I possess that I esteem valuable and worthy to be treasured, I may say I derived from my mother. It was through her teachings that I became finally impressed with the vast ethical superiority of the internal over the external relations attendant upon our existence, and with the preference that should be accorded to the '*ab intra ad*

extra,' or spiritualistic system of philosophy, over the '*ab extra ad intra*,' or materialistic system; the first being that of Christ, and the last that of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' It was through her teachings that I was led finally to perceive that we are the 'Temple;' that the realm of 'Heaven' and that of 'Hell' is that of our own existence here, now and hereafter; that the 'angels,' or the virtuous qualities and affections of the mind and heart, guide and direct us to 'Heaven,' or happiness, and that the 'devils,' or our passions, desires, and appetites, indulged and unrestrained, carry us down to 'Hell,' or to misery and woe; that the first are the 'ministers' of the 'Savior,' and the last the 'servants' of 'Satan;' that the 'Savior within us' can only be conceived by a 'Holy Spirit,' and when 'incarnated,' must be 'born' from the gestation of 'immaculate' affections, 'uncontaminated' desires, and unadulterated passions; or, in other words, from the chastened and purified, or the 'virgin' soul. And it was through her teachings that the great mysteries of the Bible and of our faith as disciples of God and Christ—of the 'Conception,' the 'Birth,' the 'Disputation in the Temple,' the 'Agony in the Garden,' the 'Bearing of the Cross,' the 'Death by Crucifixion,' the 'Burial,' the 'Resurrection,' the 'Ascension,' and the 'Judgment,'—following that of 'Jacob's Ladder,' together with the wonderful 'Sermon,' and the lessons of the 'Parables,' following the 'Ten Commandments,'—were in some measure ultimately revealed to my comprehension, as containing the essence of all wisdom, of all truth, and of all vir-

tue, applicable to the harmony of our nature, and to the peace and contentment of our being."

* * * * *

In transmitting to me the letter of his sister that I have already transcribed, containing the elegiac lines taken from the Baltimore Sun and attributed to Mr. Sargent, and in sending me at the same time the obituary notices that appeared on the occasion of his mother's death, in the Washington journals, Major Tyler, in particular reference to the allusions made in both to her charitable and benign nature and hospitable disposition, thus again writes, first with explanatory remarks, and then narrating illustrative incidents it were unpardonable not to insert.

"It gives me pleasure, my dear madam, to transmit to you a letter from my only living sister, containing elegiac lines on my mother, taken from the Baltimore Sun, and attributed to the late Mr. Epes Sargent, and I also send you the obituaries that appeared at the time of her death in the Washington journals. Many similar notices might be gathered from the public press of the country, written on the occasion, without the slightest instrumentality of any member of the family, but I have no means of reaching them now by the day fixed upon for your publication. I had nearly all of them once, carefully arranged, but the same merciless hand robbed me of them that despoiled me of her grave. A word of explanation is necessary in regard to the lines and paragraphs sent, after which I will narrate such little incidents as are called up at the moment by those given by my sister,

trivial, it is true, but they may serve you, perhaps, in your proposed task.

“The National Intelligencer, the Daily Globe, and the Madisonian were the only newspapers published in Washington when my mother died. After many inquiries and much diligent search, I found the volumes of each, in different directions, wide apart, for the year 1842. The first was the central organ of the ‘Whig party,’ then headed by Henry Clay, playing a northern game for the succession, bitterly in opposition to my father and his administration. The second was the central organ of the ‘Democratic party,’ then still headed by Mr. Van Buren, notwithstanding his strong consolidation and abolition tendencies, and consequently almost as hostile to my father as the first. The third was the central organ of the small remnant of the old ‘Jeffersonian State-Rights Republican party’ remaining in the country, still struggling to maintain the integrity of our constitutional system of government, with all its guarantees to the people and the States, consisting of those who, in 1824, had sustained Mr. Crawford for the Presidency, refusing to go into either of the new organizations that then were formed under Jackson and Adams, and who, in 1836, had again put in the field, against the proclamation and Force Bill of General Jackson, a separate and independent ticket—that of White and Tyler. These last alone, under the circumstances, gave support to the administration making a last effort to restore the government to its ancient landmarks without war, and hence the Madisonian came to be regarded as its

organ, though my father then, as at all times previously, held all mere partisan journals, as well as all mere partisan politicians, in proper sovereign contempt, preferring the pursuit of that which was just, truthful, and honest in itself, and consequently right to be done, to all meretricious fame and popular applause.

"I presume the reason why the *Madisonian* was the last of the three papers to publish an obituary, apart from the very commendable motive of the editor to gather up all the facts necessary to a somewhat elaborate notice, was the result of a delicate policy to ascertain first what was said by Mr. Gales, of the *Intelligencer*, and by Mr. Blair, of the *Globe*.

"Party feeling ran high and was furiously denunciatory, not scrupling, especially on the part of Mr. Clay's scavengers, to resort to vilification, slander, and detraction personally, in regard to any member of the family where it could affect the President, so that many honest people even felt it prudent to abstain from commendation where they positively felt it to be supremely due. In fact, the situation and the course of our enemies were never paralleled in the history of the country, except in regard to President Johnson, who has therefore had my profoundest sympathy; and in their ultimate results upon the country, through the unwise charges of policy afterward introduced, the two will not prove very unlike in the permanent adjustment of vexed questions threatening the public peace, though my father, battling almost single-handed, as Mr. Johnson also did, left his antagonists lying dead beyond the hope of recovery, and handed down the

succession to a new line of Presidents who, by a course of similar firmness and sagacity, might have preserved liberty and saved the Republic.

“And now, my dear madam; permit me to recur to the little incidents associated partly with my mother’s life, and partly with her death, that have been recalled by Mrs. Semple’s letter, and by some of the allusions in the lines of Mr. Sargent and in the obituaries, for I, too, remember many things that the heart may cherish, though the biographer might prefer to pass them by unnoticed. Such incidents, however, constitute the sum of life, and should not be forgotten after death.

“It was my task to take her out, in some light carriage, upon her rounds of charity among the sick and afflicted of her neighborhood. She would, on these occasions, first recall the names and localities of all individuals and families that she had learned to be in want, in distress, or ill, and requiring a nursing hand. Then she would store in baskets, tea, sugar, coffee, light bread, and delicate provisions and preserves, together with proper medicines; and with me as her coachman and guide, she would start on her mission.

“I was young, quite young, it is true, but was an active fellow; could handle a light bird-gun smartly, and knew the neighborhood as well as a country school-boy at the south generally does—that is to say, within a range of five miles from the school-house, there was scarcely a chestnut tree, or chinquapin bush, or wild grape bearing vine, with which I was not familiar. She invariably entered the house or hut in person, however humble and poor the inmates and whatever the

form of sickness, and her words and manner were always as comforting as her food and medicines and beverages were healing and nourishing. I never knew her in conversation, under any circumstances, not even in the presence of the clergyman of her parish, to allude to these habitual benevolences. In fact, even in the family it was more frequently supposed she had merely 'gone an airing' than otherwise.

"There is a trifle that rests, I believe, alone in my memory, and the seal upon which I have never broken; but which, trifling as it may be regarded, well illustrates the conscientious impulsion of her nature to acts of kindness. On one occasion, during my father's absence on public duty, about twilight, on a very cold evening, a man with a pack on his back walked up to the front door of our residence and knocked. I answered his call. He wished to be sheltered for the night and asked for something to eat. My mother directed me at once to take him to the dining-room, where there was a good fire, and have food set before him. She never turned away any such applicants. He ate heartily and sat quietly by the fire, now and then asking some question in broken English, while my little sisters and myself were conning over our lessons for the next day. When the hour for retiring came, he was conducted by our waiting man, then styled the dining-room servant, to a bed-room and assigned a comfortable bed. The next morning, without waiting for breakfast, he had started on his journey. My good mother seemed for a moment hurt that he should have gone without his breakfast, but quickly directed me to

send the servant-man to her. She then took from her purse the last piece of money she had left in the house, a silver half-dollar, and dispatched the servant on horse-back after the man, with orders to catch up with him and give it to him to 'help him on his way,' and it was done.

"The next incident I desire to relate is to me particularly sad, and although I have wearied you already too much, I fear, I feel that I should mention it.

"One Sunday morning, the next after my mother's death, having seen her spirit depart the evening before, afflicted with grief, exhausted, and feverish, I walked out alone in the yard around the south front of the President's Mansion, to breathe the fresh air and to commune with my own heart. It was quite early, and I was somewhat surprised to find that which I had never before observed in the grounds, as they were regarded as entirely private to the President's family, save on stated occasions: numbers of poor women were scattered about, or grouped together, or walking sorrowfully alone as I was doing, all with mournful countenances, conversing scarcely at all where two or more were in company, and for some time I failed to realize the purport of the scene. In fact, I did not divine the meaning of it until a mere accident brought the disclosure. I had not thought of attributing it to my mother's death, for I was not aware that such special concern was felt for her by the poorer classes of the city. But in passing by one of the groups listlessly standing together, some remark was made respecting her death that caught my ear, and I heard the almost

sobbing reply, 'Yes, she is dead, and the poor have lost their friend!' I felt that their words could not have been intended for me. They were, indeed, in a part of the grounds from which they could hardly have seen me come from the President's Mansion, and I was too little known to be personally recognized by any of them. The consciousness was forced upon me that the reputation of my mother for deeds of charity had gone before her, and that the good she had done lived after her. My eyes again melted in tears, as I passed in review a multitude of sweet and tender memories, and I returned to my chamber and the silence of solitude so grateful to the sensitive and weeping soul."

Full and graphic as these delineations are of the traits that marked the life of Mrs. Tyler, I cannot the less refrain from adding a communication received from a gentleman in Virginia, just as my pen had reached this point. It is entirely confirmatory of all my preconceived ideas and impressions concerning the sweet subject of my sketch, and rounds off so completely the narratives I have given, that I should fail in justice to withhold it from the reader. If it had been purposely directed to the points in her character especially dwelt upon by her children, it could scarcely have been more precise, but far otherwise; he was simply requested by Mrs. Letitia Semple to whom it was addressed, as having known her mother long and well, to state his knowledge and impressions of her; and he did so without other information, expressing "an opinion not recently formed, but thought of for years." It should be stated perhaps, that the writer, Mr. John

Tyler Seawell, is one of the oldest nephews and members of the family of President Tyler now alive, and that, for the benefit of his education and training both as a boy and man, he lived much with his uncle, who finally introduced him to the Bar, since when he has achieved quite an enviable reputation for himself, having occupied before, during, and since the war, prominent positions in the State, and is, of course, well known to a large circle.

“GLOUCESTER COURT HOUSE, April 25th, 1869.

* * * “I have a warm recollection of your mother for many years before her death, and I think I may say I knew her thoroughly. I had the fairest chance to know her well, and I had the best reasons to know her natural and uniform kindness to all who came within her sphere. She was, however, so retiring in her nature that it was almost impossible to point out more than her general character. She was a person of most excellent mind and eminently practical in all her views. She was a person of the kindest impulses, and her charity of thought overlooked much in others that was reprehensible. To my shortcomings she was always lenient, and she saved me many a scold from your father and others where I richly deserved it. She was one of the most domestic persons I ever saw. The ‘*éclat*’ of your father’s reputation would, of course, often force her into view, and, when occasion required it, no person could have sustained the position with more ease and dignity than she did. But it was a position she never courted. When she was mistress

of the Governor's Mansion, at Richmond, she did the honors of the house as none but a high-toned, sensible southern lady could. Nor did she shrink at all when she felt it her duty as your father's wife to assume her proper place. Yet show and parade and worldly vanities had no charm for her. Often and over have I heard your father, when he was in the Senate of the United States, try to induce her to spend a long portion of her time in Washington; but her reply generally was, that 'she would feel better satisfied at home with her children,' and so she was. She was a truly pious person, though, as I have said, she was not a person of great professions in any respect, but in this she was known by her acts. She felt always the keenest interest in your father's reputation and success, and was as proud of him as she could be. Many a time when she knew he was to make a public speech, either on the Hustings or at the Bar, she has charged me, if I was expected to be present, to bring her a truthful account of it and to tell her how it was received. To sum up my knowledge and opinion of her character in a word—a knowledge and opinion not recently formed but thought of for years—she was a woman well fitted by nature and education and association to shine in any circle, but her heart turned to her home, her family, and a few friends. They were all the world to her. With opportunities that come to but few, to take her share of worldly distinctions and employments, she preferred the quiet of a gentle and Christian life in the bosom of her family.

I fear the piebald taste of the present age, in this

country will not relish the character of a woman such as your mother was, but to the few capable of appreciating properly female character and worth, she will rank as a model that many now living might copy with advantage."

* * * * *

These letters, taken with the obituaries mentioned, and the lines of Mr. Sargent, together with other communications descriptive of the daily social routine in the "White House" at this epoch, which remain to be submitted and cannot fail to interest, leave but little necessary to fill out and perfect the portraiture of one of the loveliest characters in history.

Upon the accession of her husband to the presidential office in the beginning of April, 1841, Mrs. Tyler proceeded with him to the Executive Mansion of the nation, at Washington, but with many sighs and tears at parting with her own home, and without the thought of personal triumphs in the world of fashion and display. She resigned herself to the change simply to be with her loved ones, and to receive the tender care and attention of those in whom she literally "lived and had her being." Her health had become greatly impaired from a severe attack of illness during the year 1839, and her condition remained as has been described by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Robert Tyler, then to have been in the month of October. Nevertheless, in all the private apartments of the President's Mansion, the same modes of life were maintained to those to which she had ever been accustomed. Her sisters and brothers and other relatives, as well

as her children, still hovered around her, as they had always done, with increased and increasing affection as they discovered her frame becoming somewhat more feeble. She passed her time chiefly in their society, receiving but few visitors and returning no visits. Her health, indeed, required that she should delegate to some one of her married daughters the semi-official duties of the "Lady of the White House."

For the greater part of the time, her own married daughters, Mrs. Jones* and Mrs. Semple, were compelled by their domestic duties, in the line of the private affairs and personal interests of their husbands, to remain at their respective residences in Virginia, but frequently coming to Washington, for brief periods, it is true, through solicitude for her health and to bestow their affection upon her; and as regards her two remaining daughters, Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Waller, was just grown up to womanhood, and was not yet married; and Alice, afterward Mrs. Henry M. Denison,† was still but a child. However, it fortunately

* Mary, the first child and oldest daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, in her features bore a marked but refined and delicate likeness to her father, and strikingly blended in her character the admirable attributes of both father and mother. She was a lady of the most exalted worth and lovely mould. She married, at an early age, Mr. Henry Lightfoot Jones, of Charles City County, Virginia, and died after her mother, leaving an infant daughter that soon followed her spirit, and three sons, two of whom only survive, Henry and Robert, who fought in the ranks in Lee's army, both being mentioned in orders, and the latter of whom, born in the "White House," was promoted for a feat of daring gallantry and three wounds received at Gettysburg, to a first-lieutenancy.

† Alice, fourth and last daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, resembled her mother in features more than any other child. She married, years after

so happened that her oldest son and his wife had not permanently located themselves in life since their recent marriage, and it was considered best they should continue in the family. Sometimes, on the temporary visits of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Semple, all her married daughters would appear together in the Reception-rooms; but under the circumstances, the constant task of representing her mother, in respect to the honors of the establishment, was delegated, with the consent of the President, to Mrs. Robert Tyler,* a lady of admirable culture and address, to whom she was, as well as the rest of the family, devotedly attached as to her own daughter. One of the few occasions on which she assented to appear personally in the public Reception-rooms, before a large and distinguished assemblage of men and women associated with the world of fashion and that of politics and diplomacy, was that of the

her mother's death, the Rev. Henry M. Denison, of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, a clergyman of marked ability, eloquence, and conscientiousness, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Rector, at the time, of old Bruton Parish Church, at Williamsburg, Virginia. She died while he was assistant to the Bishop of Kentucky, at Louisville, and he died while Rector at Charleston, South Carolina, a victim to his high sense of duty to his congregation during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city before the war. They left an infant daughter named Elizabeth, who has been reared and educated by her aunt, Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple.

* Mrs. Robert Tyler, wife of the second child and oldest son of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, is the daughter of Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, the distinguished tragedian, an English gentleman, ward and nephew of Goodwin the political economist, pupil of Holcroft, and friend and relative of Shelley the poet. Her mother was the daughter of Major Fairlee, of New York, an officer of the Revolutionary War of Independence, and of the Governor Yates and Vanness family. Her eldest daughter, named after her grandmother, Letitia Christian, was born in the White House.

marriage of her daughter Elizabeth, and is thus portrayed by Mrs. Robert Tyler shortly afterward, in a letter addressed to her relatives near Philadelphia.

“WASHINGTON, February, 1842.

* * * “Lizzie * has had quite a grand wedding, although the intention was that it should be quiet and private. This, under the circumstances, though, was found impossible. The guests consisted of Mrs. Madison, the members of the cabinet, with their wives and daughters, the foreign ministers near the government, and some few personal friends, outside of the family and their relatives.

“Lizzie looked surpassingly lovely in her wedding dress and long blonde-lace veil; her face literally covered with blushes and dimples. She behaved remarkably well, too; any quantity of compliments were paid

* Elizabeth, third daughter of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, was married to Mr. William Waller, of Williamsburg, Virginia, in the east room of the President's Mansion, at Washington, on the thirty-first day of January, 1842, in the 19th year of her age. In character she greatly resembled her mother, and showed much of her early beauty and grace. Her oldest son, named William, resigned from the West Point military school and married during the recent war between the States, the youngest sister of the wife of President Davis, in the Executive Mansion of the Confederate States, at Richmond. And her second son, John, though a mere lad, was killed during the war, “fighting for his mother's grave,” to use his own words. Another son, Robert, and a daughter, Mary, had been born to her before she died. Her children, through their great-grandfather, the first secretary of the American Colonial Congress, and their great-grandmother, his wife, the sister of the Earl of Traquaire, and whose grandson is the present titular Earl, bears in their veins, probably, the nearest living blood to that of Queen Mary Stuart, of Scotland, whose name her daughter bears.

to her. I heard one of her bridesmaids express to Mr Webster her surprise at Lizzie consenting to give up her belleship, with all the delights of Washington society, and the advantages of her position, and retire to a quiet Virginia home. 'Ah,' said he,

'Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And love is heaven, and heaven is love.'

* * * * *

"Our dear mother was down-stairs on this occasion for the first time, in so large a circle, since she has been in Washington. She gained by comparison with all the fine ladies around her. I felt proud of her, in her perfectly faultless, yet unostentatious dress, her face shaded by the soft fine lace of her cap, receiving in her sweet, gentle, self-possessed manner, all the important people who were led up and presented to her. She was far more attractive to me in her appearance and bearing than any other lady in the room, and I believe such was the general impression. Somebody says, 'the highest order of manner is that which combines dignity with simplicity;' and this just describes mother's manner, the charm of which, after all, proceeds from her entire forgetfulness of self, and the wish to make those around her happy." * * * *

Major Tyler enables me to glean further facts and incidents as to the modes and inmates of the Executive Mansion during this period, before which all confusion of idea vanishes. He says:—

"I was for more than three years 'Major Domo' of the establishment, and to the last private secretary,

but never to this day have received from the Government, directly or indirectly, one dollar for my services in either capacity. My mother's health was entirely too delicate to permit her to charge herself with the semi-official social requirements of the mansion, and my married sisters being unavoidably absent for the most of the time, the task devolved upon Mrs. Robert Tyler to represent my mother on stated occasions. She continued in the rôle of honors, as they are termed, until after my mother's death, and my brother made his arrangements to practise law in Philadelphia, by which time it also happened that Mr. Semple's affairs became differently accommodated, and he proceeded to sea as a Purser in the United States Navy, when my sister Letitia* became at liberty to take up her abode in Washington. Accordingly, both the President and myself now addressed to her letters, inviting her to assume the position and duties of 'Lady of the White House,' which she consented to do and so acted until May, 1844.

"During my mother's life, and up to this date, always contemning pretension and worldly vanity, we lived in the 'White House' as we lived at home, save that we were obliged to have rather more company.

* Letitia, the second and only surviving daughter and fourth child of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, married in early life the nephew and adopted son of Judge Semple, of Williamsburg, Virginia, who reared and educated him to manhood, his own father, a brother of the Judge, as well as his mother, dying in his infancy, leaving him by will a handsome fortune. The Semples are of the family of the Earls Dundonald, of Scotland, and of the same branch with that of the celebrated Blair, appointed by King James the first commissioner of Virginia, and who was afterward President of William and Mary College.

less select as to true worth than was altogether agreeable. In the course of the 'fashionable season,' and while the sessions of the Congress lasted, we gave two dinner parties each week, very much after the plain, substantial Virginia manner and style, to the first of which, usually confined to gentlemen from different parts of the country visiting Washington, and who had shown respectful attention to the President and family, twenty guests were always invited; and to the second, usually embracing both ladies and gentlemen from among the dignitaries of the different departments of the Federal and State governments, and the diplomatic corps of foreign governments, forty persons were invited, making in either case quite a full table.

"Our drawing rooms, as at home, were open every evening informally until 10 o'clock—never later—when the family rose and retired, and doors were closed. Before my mother's death, we gave occasionally during the winter months, by special invitations, in the general reception-rooms, a private ball, attended with dancing, but terminating at 11 o'clock. In addition to these private entertainments and strictly social converse, we introduced at this period—for the first time it had been done—music on the grounds of the south front of the Mansion, on the Saturday evenings of each week during the mild weather of the spring, summer, and fall, for the recreation of the public at large; and to a similar end a public levee was held once a month, in addition to the general receptions on the first day of January and the Fourth of July, of each year.

"Nothing whatever preceded by cards of invita

tion was permitted to be considered in any other light than as a private affair of the Presidential family, with which the world outside and the public press had nothing whatever to do, just precisely as if we had been in our own house in Williamsburg. Even in respect to the public receptions mentioned, the *Madisonian* was never suffered to indulge in a description either of the persons or characters present, in an individualizing manner, after modern usages, and no encouragement was given to any one so to do. I send you a specimen of the only sort of notice, even in the latter case, that was regarded as at all admissible while my mother lived. Any thing more particular would have shocked her delicate sense of propriety, and been absolutely offensive to the President.

The *Madisonian*, Washington, Monday, March 17, 1842.

“THE LAST LEVEE OF THE SEASON.

“The levee held by the President on Tuesday evening last, was a brilliant affair, and gave satisfactory evidence of the esteem in which that high functionary is held in social circles.

“Among the visitors of peculiar note were the distinguished authors of the ‘*Sketch-Book*,’ and of the ‘*Pickwick Papers*,’ in addition to whom almost all the Ministers of Foreign Powers to our Government were in attendance in full court dress.

“The rooms were filled to overflowing with the talent and beauty of the metropolis, whilst Senators and Members of Congress, without distinction of party, served to give interest and to add animation to the

scene. It seems to us that these levees, as at present conducted, are peculiarly adapted to the genius of our Republican institutions, inasmuch as all who please may attend without infringement of etiquette. We almost regret their termination for the season, but look forward with pleasure to the period when they will be renewed."

"I may say that this notice, as restrained as it is, bears internal evidence showing that it would not have been made but for the necessity of informing the public in some indirect manner of the termination of the public receptions for a season. I find none other. In another column, and in quite a different connection, the *Madisonian* says: 'The Richmond Whig admits, and we heartily concur in the sentiment, that Mr. Tyler, in his appointment of Washington Irving, the author of the 'Sketch Book,' as Minister to Spain, has paid a just tribute to the most distinguished ornament of American letters.' Scarcely any notice appears of the marriage of my sister Elizabeth in the preceding January, that being regarded as a purely family matter.

"Allow me one word more, in conclusion, pertaining to the subject. Such was the bitterness of party feeling toward us, that no appropriation was made by Congress either for furnishing the house, or for the office of private secretary, or for the incidental expenses of fuel, lights, door-keepers, messengers, &c., that are now so abundant as really to double the salary of the Executive Office over what it then was. I left Washington with my private means exhausted, and scarcely able to get home in Virginia, only there

to encounter additional trouble through the fact, although it was perfectly in my power in various ways, but particularly through the management of the public revenues under the repeal of the Sub-Treasury Bill and the veto of the Bank Bill—the first being intended to operate compulsorily in favor of the last—to have constituted myself the private recipient of fabulous sums of money, without the public being either the loser or the wiser. And, but for the fortunate sale of a valuable tract of land which my father owned in Kentucky, acquired years before, worth now as many tens of thousands as the thousands that he realized from it, and which before selling he offered to deed to me in consideration of my constant devotion to him, and particularly for my faithfulness at the time of the offer, but which I declined accepting upon a certain pecuniary understanding with him in relation to my sisters that after events, however, frustrated, he also would have been greatly straitened in his circumstances, and been driven to the necessity of practising law again after retiring from the Executive Office. But with the funds thus realized he purchased ‘Sherwood’ estate on the James River, and the summer residence near Hampton, and made himself comfortable. He never received one dollar without a full equivalent return, after leaving the Presidential Mansion to the day of his death, from any other source than this and the successful cultivation of the lands so purchased—all other statements and speculations and false colorings to the contrary notwithstanding.”

No perceptible change in Mrs. Tyler’s condition of

health occurred until Friday, the 10th day of September, 1842. On the morning of that day, her family physician detected a change unhappily for the worse, and a threatened renewal of paralysis. He instantly called in consultation others of the faculty, and every thing was promptly applied devised by the skill of the profession to ward off the fatal stroke. But all in vain. On the evening of the next day, Saturday, September the 10th, at eight o'clock, the hour came for her to be joined to her fathers. A pious communicant of the church of Christ, innocent in soul as a little child, crowned with the virtues which had marked her useful and unselfish life, fearing and loving God, reverencing her husband, adoring and adored by her children—she passed into the heavenly kingdom palpitating with the immortal joys of a spirit released from every earthly pain and sorrow. On Sunday, the Executive Mansion stood arrayed in mourning, and the tolling of the bells of the city announced the sad visitation to those among the living. Every honor that the sincerest respect and the purest love and the sense of a bitter bereavement could suggest, was paid to her remains. A committee of the citizens of Washington conveyed her body, after it had laid in state in the east room for several days, to the family burial ground at the old paternal residence in New Kent County, and there, in the midst of a sorrowing assemblage of relatives and friends and neighbors who had known her from birth, the parting tears of her husband and her children, gushing up from the fountain of their hearts, were shed upon her coffin ere it was deposited in the

earth, where reposed already the dust of her parents and of others she had loved, and who fondly loved her.

Thus lived and died Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of the last of the Virginia Presidents of the United States, a model of the exalted civilization of the "ancient commonwealth and dominion," a representative of her sex worthy of their grateful memory, an honor to the human family, and a child of God.

I do not know how this brief and defective yet perfectly truthful sketch of this admirable woman can be better closed than by the publication of the obituaries presented to the world, at the time of her decease, by the Washington Journals, from the immediate hands of their accomplished and disinterested editors, followed by the beautiful elegy composed on her death.

The National Intelligencer, Washington, Monday morning, September 10th, 1842.

OBITUARY.

"There is no part of our professional duty so painful to us as that of announcing the departure from this life of individuals of honorable and enviable repute, and whose personal virtues render their deaths deeply afflictive dispensations to a large and affectionate family, and to a wide circle of relatives and friends.

"Such is the duty which we have now to perform, of announcing the death of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of the President of the United States.

"This most estimable lady was in life, more truly than we can represent her in words, a wife, a mother,

and a Christian—loving and confiding to her husband, gentle and affectionate to her children, kind and charitable to the needy and the afflicted. Deeply impressed in early life by her highly respected and pious parents with the truthful and heavenly doctrines of the meek Jesus, in all her actions, with whatever sphere in life connected, self was forgotten by her, and the good of others alone remembered, which won for her wherever she was known, the love and esteem of all.

“The pure spirit which animated her to such virtuous and exemplary deeds, fled to the bosom of its God at eight o’clock, on Saturday night the 10th inst.

“Her funeral will take place at the President’s Mansion, at four o’clock this evening, Monday 12th September. The reverend clergy, and the friends and acquaintances of the family are invited to attend.”

“*The Daily Globe.*”

WASHINGTON, Monday Evening, September 12th, 1842.

OBITUARY.

“Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of the President of the United States, expired at eight o’clock, on the evening of Saturday last.

“She had been, for some years past, a patient sufferer from paralysis, preserving in the midst of the afflictions it brought the amenity of manners, gentleness of temper, and anxious liberal benevolence, which distinguished her from early life. Years before Mrs. Tyler reached the exalted station—in which every individual attribute looms more largely than in humble

life—we had, from a lady in Richmond, Virginia, where she had resided during the period her husband was Governor of that State, a sketch of her character and attributes, then in perfect health and adorned with beauty, which impressed us with the idea that Mr. Tyler had been still more fortunate in his domestic than in his public life. She was represented to us as one of the most benign and amiable of human beings, with all the endearing qualities of wife, mother, and friend, while possessing a fine understanding. Her good influence was felt throughout the whole circle in which she moved.

“The funeral service is to be performed over her remains, at the President’s Mansion, this evening. They will be removed to-morrow for interment in Virginia.”

“*The Madisonian.*”

WASHINGTON, Tuesday Morning, September 13th, 1842.

OBITUARY.

“Again death has winged a fatal shaft at the Palace of the Presidents. The first pierced the breast of a President, and this has stricken down the consort of one. All the ways of Providence are wise and just! We cannot but mourn, yet we must submit in humility. When our paper for Monday morning went to press on Saturday evening—for we do no work on the Sabbath day—we expected, and so intimated, from what we had heard, that before the morning the consort of the Chief Magistrate would be no more among the living—and so it was.

“On Sunday, a gloom seemed to pervade the city. An expression of sorrow and condolence was observed on most faces. Party feelings were buried for the time. The Rector of St. John’s Church, Dr. Hawley, announced in feeling terms the sad event to the congregation during the morning service. The President’s pew was draped in black and tenantless. Mrs. Tyler was a communicant of the Episcopal Church.

“On Monday, obituary notices, as brief and chaste as they are just and true, were prepared and published in the *National Intelligencer*, and the *Daily Globe*, by Mr. Joseph Gales, and Mr. Francis P. Blair, in their respective editorial columns.

“At four o’clock, P. M., on Monday, the funeral services were performed, and a sermon for the occasion was preached by Dr. Hawley, at the President’s Mansion, in the presence of an immense concourse of citizens.

“Flowers were strewn over the bier—fit emblems of fading mortality.

“The mute grief of the stricken Chief Magistrate and his afflicted family found a sympathetic throb in every bosom.

“Never did we witness a more impressive scene. Cabinet Ministers, Senators, and Members, without distinction of party—the rich and the poor, ay! the humblest, always found access to the departed—were there and mourned with the bereaved family.

“The President, accompanied by those members of his household and relatives of the family who were sojourning in Washington left the city this morning,

Tuesday, 13th September, in attendance on her mortal remains, to be interred at Cedar Grove, in New Kent County, Virginia, the place of her birth, and where she was married under the paternal roof.

"Mrs. Tyler was the daughter of Mr. Robert Christian, who enjoyed, during a long life, the confidence and esteem of all who knew him, and who served for many years as a member of the Virginia Legislature. She was born on the 12th of November, 1790, was married to Mr. Tyler on the 29th of March, 1813, was baptized in the Protestant Episcopal Church in early life, and died in the fifty-second year of her age. She was stricken with paralysis nearly four years ago. The blow was extremely severe, and although by the kind and unremitting attentions bestowed on her, under the direction of able physicians, she was restored to a condition of comparative comfort, yet her system remained greatly shattered, and her health continued evermore precarious. Indeed, it became indispensably necessary that she should forego, to a great extent, the enjoyment of those social circles which she had previously adorned. Her family have continually watched over her with the greatest anxiety, and Dr. Thomas has been assiduous in his almost daily visits to the President's Mansion for many months, in recognition of the profound affections centering in her. But though it was seen that she was gradually fading away beneath the cruel disease under which she labored, no apprehensions of an early dissolution were anticipated until Friday the 9th instant, when Dr. Sewell, at the instance of Dr. Thomas, was called in as advising phy-

sician. She continued thereafter to decline, until eight o'clock on Saturday night, the 10th instant, when she breathed her last, surrounded by her sorrowing family and relatives. Her end was quiet and tranquil, like one falling from weariness into profound slumber, exhibiting a mind at rest with itself and a heart of virtue. She was, 'in life,' as has been most truly remarked by the National Intelligencer, and substantially repeated in the Daily Globe, 'a wife, a mother, and a Christian, loving and confiding to her husband, gentle and affectionate to her children, kind and charitable to the needy and the afflicted;' and in death she sleeps the sleep of the righteous and the beloved of Heaven!

"The President, after paying the last sad rites to her remains, will, we learn, pass a few days with his daughter, Mrs. Letitia Semple, at her residence in New Kent County, and then take up his abode at the Rip Raps, in complete retirement and seclusion until the near approach of the time for the reassembling of the Congress.

"The secretaries of the government will attend the exequies to Virginia; and General Hunter, the marshal of the district, Mr. Fendall, the district attorney, General John Eaton, late of the cabinet of President Jackson, General John Mason, Major Nutt, Major Noland, Major Dade, and other citizens, will proceed as pall-bearers to the interment and final rest of the body in the burial ground where repose the ashes of her father and her mother.

"No pearl ever inhabited its shell more pure than

the soul, now, we fondly believe, dwelling with its God that quickened into being and maintained existence on earth enshrined in the form of Mrs. Letitia Tyler."

"*The Sun.*"

BALTIMORE, Saturday, September 17th, 1842.

ELEGY

On the death of Mrs. Letitia Tyler, wife of the President of the United States, in the Executive Mansion at Washington, September 10th, 1842.

"Hushed be the air! let no rude breath
Disturb her dreamless sleep,
While angels round her silent bier
Their holy vigils keep!
Faintly her spirit passed away,
Like the last loveliest streak of day
That fades upon the deep—
A farewell beam, which love in vain
Seeks fondly to illumine again.

Hark! from afar, like Sabbath chimes,
Is heard a nation's wail!
In plaintive accents, sad and low,
It swells upon the gale:—
From Mississippi's turbid waves
To where St. John's dark current laves
The border foeman's trail,
Its lingering echoes rise and fall
Like death-chants in a funeral hall.

We mourn, but not like those whose hopes
In fetters cling to earth;
The trance we deem thy signet, Death,
But marks the spirit's birth:—
While memory paints her soaring mind,
Her seraph form, her soul refined,

Her loveliness and worth,
We feel that, like the stricken dove,
She's fled unto her home of love.

Yet o'er thy grave, departed one!
Unbidden tears will start,
And mournful sob the bosom heave,
Mute offering of the heart!
Manhood and youth, and tottering age,
Will there perform a pilgrimage,
From the rude throng apart:—
While maid and matron join to tell
The gifts that from her bounty fell.

Virginia! from thy diadem
A priceless gem has fled!
The peerless daughter of thy pride
Is numbered with the dead!
Thy young and joyous crowds no more
Will throng around her welcome door,
By her sweet counsels led—
Nor will the music of her voice
Again her children's hearts rejoice.

But let no cypress o'er her tomb
Its gloomy influence throw;
Its chilling shade would ill reflect
Her soul who sleeps below.
Flowers of the richest perfume there
Should fling their breath upon the air
And crystal streamlets flow;
That fond affection there may find
Meet emblems of her heavenly mind."

MRS. JULIA GARDINER TYLER.

PRESIDENT JOHN TYLER was married to Miss Julia Gardiner the 26th day of June, 1844, at the Church of the Ascension, New York City. Immediately after the wedding, the bridal party returned to the White House, where they held a grand reception in lieu of the usual wedding festivities. It was the first, and up to the present time, the only instance of the marriage of a President, and the affair created great excitement and interest throughout the United States, heightened doubtless by the recollection of the tragic death of the father of the bride, a few months previous.

Miss Gardiner was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman residing on Gardiner's Island, and the eldest of three children. Her education, continued at home until her sixteenth year, was completed at the Chegary Institute, in New York City. Immediately after the termination of her school life, she accompanied her father to Europe. Returning from abroad after an extended tour, she visited, during the sitting of Congress, the National Capital, and there for the first time met the distinguished man to whom she was afterward married.

It was while on a visit to Washington in the winter of 1844, that Mr. Gardiner and his young daughter were invited by Captain Stockton to accompany a large party of the President's friends to Alexandria, and on



THE PRESIDENT'S BRIDE

BY J. H. B. F. J. B.

the return trip, when just opposite to the fort, all the gentlemen were invited on deck to witness the firing of the "peace-maker." Many of the party, who were all partaking of a collation, responded to the invitation; among the number the father of Miss Gardiner. The explosion startled the President, who with the ladies had remained below, and in a moment the piercing cries of the wounded filled the hearts of the passengers with terror. Death had made fearful havoc, and the living waited in breathless anxiety for the announcement of the names of the victims.

The bodies were conveyed to the White House, where the funeral services were preached, and the last sad rites performed.

The following summer Miss Gardiner was married, and from that time until the close of her husband's administration, a period of eight months, she did the honors of the Executive Mansion, performing her agreeable task with credit to herself and pleasure to her friends.

After President Tyler's retirement from public life, he removed to his home in Virginia, where he continued to reside until his death, which occurred in Richmond, the 17th of January, 1862.

During this period of seventeen years, Mrs. Tyler remained uninterruptedly in Virginia, with her husband, save six months which she spent with her family in New York, engaged in the performance of her duties as a wife and mother. The death of the Ex-President severed the dearest tie which bound her to Virginia, and she returned with her children to cheer

the declining years of her mother's life. At present, Mrs. Tyler is residing at her home, Carleton Hill, Staten Island, where, blessed with the companionship of her children, and surrounded by friends, she enjoys the combined gifts of affluence and health ; and in the possession of those attributes which render companionship agreeable and life a blessing, she is passing the days of her earth-life.



MRS. JAMES K. POLK.

SARAH CHILDRESS, the daughter of Captain Joel and Elizabeth Childress, was born near Murfreesboro, in Rutherford County, Tennessee, the 4th day of September, 1803. . In that beautiful portion of the South, almost a wilderness then, passed the younger years of her life, and there is little to record of it save its contentment and tranquil happiness. Her father, a farmer in easy circumstances, and considered rich for those days, allowed his children every benefit to be derived from his fortunate circumstances, and she was early placed at school. The Moravian Institute at Salem, North Carolina, was chosen by Mr. Childress as the most suitable place for his little daughter, and she was placed in that strict and most thorough establishment. There she attained discipline and culture, and her school days with their varying shadows and sunshine passed quietly away. There was nothing to mar the influence of those happy school days, and each as it came, did its appointed duty in moulding her character. The April life fled by, clouds and sunshine, little griefs and joys, the studious hour, the frank companionship of girlhood, the animating walk, hand in hand with young friends and with nature, soon rolled away, and Sarah Childress returned home. Surrounded in her father's house by all the comforts possible to obtain in that State in those days, and possessing a hope-

ful temperament and sunny heart, adorned with all the accomplishments that the attention of parents and teachers could bestow, she was a bright ornament in her home, and a pleasure to her friends and society.

At the early age of nineteen she was married to James Knox Polk, in Murfreesboro. The wedding was a festival of rejoicing, at which many friends of the bride and groom assisted, and was characterized by the abundance and merriment customary at that day.

Mr. Polk had recently entered public life, and was then a member of the Legislature of Tennessee. In the following year, he was elected to Congress from the district, at that time composed of the counties of Giles, Maury, Lincoln and Bedford. During fourteen sessions he continued the representative of that district. After having served on the most important committees in the House, he was, in 1836, elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, a position for which his studious and industrious habits, together with his constantly increasing popularity peculiarly fitted him.

Mrs. Polk did not fail to accompany her husband to Washington, every winter except in a single instance. She occupied there a conspicuous place in society, and by her polite manners and sound judgment made her companionship pleasant and inspiring, not only to Mr. Polk but to the friends by whom he was surrounded. Mrs. Polk was a highly cultivated, without being a literary woman. Being interested in all that related to her husband, she took pains to inform herself fully in political affairs, and read all the news and discussions of the day relating to the well-being of the coun-

try, subjects which to most ladies of that day proved wearisome and hard to understand. Living in the atmosphere of politicians and surrounded by public men, she however avoided the maelstrom upon which ladies are often stranded, and never discussed a subject in relation to which her sex were expected to be entirely ignorant. Women were then as now, supposed to be too weak to understand the mighty problem of Government, and they evidenced their acquiescence in such a supposition by remaining entirely unacquainted with the politics of the country. Not so Mrs. Polk, who however was no politician, for her visitors were not aware of the depth of her understanding, nor were they offended by the recurrence to a subject deemed out of her sphere. There was an intuitive feeling in her heart of what was due to her delicacy, and she was wise enough to be consistent and appropriate in all her actions. Yet her mind was strengthened by careful reading and intimate intercourse with many of the finest minds in the country.

Mr. Polk's residence was at Columbia, Tennessee, where the intervals between the sessions of Congress were spent among his relatives. In the year 1834, Mrs. Polk joined the Presbyterian Church of that place. Since that time her character has been entirely a Christian one. Faithful and devout, consistent in her conduct to every rule and requirement of her sect, she has exemplified in her life the punctual observance of a vow, to serve her God through the acknowledged tenets of the Presbyterian orthodoxy.

On the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Polk from Wash.

ington, in 1839, Mrs. Polk received the graceful compliment of a copy of verses, addressed to her by the eminent jurist, Hon. Joseph D. Story.

In the same year, Mr. Polk was made the Governor of Tennessee, and removed his residence to Nashville, in order to fulfil the duties of his new position. Mrs. Polk, always amiable and animated by the truest fidelity to her husband's interests, exerted a wide influence in the new circle into which her life had been cast. By the winning gentleness which ever accompanied her fine social qualities, she attracted even those members of the Legislature who were among the opponents of Mr. Polk. And this is saying a great deal when it is remembered that the political campaign of 1840 was the most fierce and exciting one in the history of the country. It is known as the "hard cider and log-cabin campaign." Political rancor and animosity prevailed to an unprecedented degree. But the lady-like affability and high and exalted virtues of Mrs. Polk, won universal admiration from friend and foe alike. She lived above the warring elements that surrounded her. The calm and charming bearing of the Governor's wife was a source of constant praise.

From the sister states of Tennessee and Kentucky, came the opposing Presidential candidates in 1844. Henry Clay the idol of the Whig party, and the most popular public man in the Commonwealth against the champion of Democracy James K. Polk.

The election was keenly contested, and the result most damaging to the Whig party. March 4th, 1845, Mr. Polk was inaugurated. The day was very disa-

greeable, rain and mud rendering much of a display out of the question. He was accompanied from the Capitol to the White House by the retiring President, who there took a kindly leave, wishing him prosperity and happiness in his new and exalted position. Mrs. Polk immediately assumed the agreeable duties of the lady of the White House, and having no children to occupy her time, she devoted herself entirely to the pleasures of her new station. She held weekly receptions, and it was customary for her to receive her company sitting. The extreme formality required now, was not practised then. The crowds that attend the few levees held by the President's family, renders everything like sociability out of the question. Farther and farther from the old landmarks we are drifting. In Mrs. Washington's day, the company were seated, and herself and the President passed round the company. Later in the history of the Chief Magistrates, President Adams dispensed cake and wine to the guests, and General Jackson cheese. As the throng grew more numerous, Mrs. Polk did away with refreshments, and now policemen are stationed in the Mansion during receptions, to keep the crowds from crushing the President and family, who are compelled to stand and shake hands the entire evening. Verily we are a progressive people.

The reputation which Mrs. Polk had acquired was nobly sustained, even when subjected, as one might say, to the gaze of the whole world. Every circumstance, whether of embarrassment, perplexity, or trial, added to the undiminished lustre of her name. She

maintained the dignity of the President's Mansion, which, in this country of republican freedom and simplicity, was often in danger of being lowered. Her parents were of the old school, high-toned in manners and principles, and she had imbibed from them what may be called the aristocracy of virtue; an idea that, whatever the mass of society might consider themselves at liberty to do, it was indispensably due to her station to preserve inviolate the strict laws of decorum and of the purest principles. Hence it will not be surprising that during her occupancy of the White House, the practice which had formerly obtained, of dancing there, was discontinued; a practice which was evidently out of all harmony with the place, and more suitable anywhere else.

The return of Mrs. Polk to Washington was anticipated by her friends with the liveliest gratification. She was considered, by those who knew her, remarkably fitted to fill and adorn the high seat to which she was bidden. The following extracts will show the feeling which was rife:

"We have recently noticed in our exchange papers, of both political parties, the most respectful and flattering compliments paid to the amiable and accomplished lady who is shortly to take charge of the White House. We cannot refrain from copying the following complimentary tribute to Mrs. Polk, which is taken from the Southern (Miss.) Reformer, and we are sure that in this community, where Mrs. Polk is best known, the compliment will be duly appreciated.
—Tennessee Democrat.

‘This lady is one of the most sensible, refined, and accomplished of her sex, and will adorn the White House at Washington, over which she is destined to preside, with distinguished honor to her country. All who have mingled in her society know well how to appreciate the gracefulness of her disposition. We have seen few women that have developed more of the genuine republican characteristics of the American lady. She has had her admirers not only in the highest, but in the humblest walks of life. The poor know her for her benevolence; the rich for the plainness of her equipage; the church for her consistency; the unfortunate for her charities; and society itself for the veneration and respect which her virtues have everywhere awarded her. We feel proud that the southwest can boast of such a noble offspring.’”

“WASHINGTON CITY, February 24, 1845.

“MY DEAR SIR:—The advent of our President elect has concentrated everything to and about him. The prudence that he observed before he reached here in reference to the formation of his Cabinet, still exists. He keeps his own counsels, and no tie of personal or political friendship, as far as we can learn, has been enabled to get from him a glimpse of the future. It is generally believed here that Mr. Polk will be influenced by no ultra party considerations; that he will look to the great interests of the country as a whole, and study, with the incentives of a statesman and a patriot, so to administer the Government. Should he prescribe to himself this policy, those who know him

best know that he has firmness of purpose commensurate to its fulfillment.

“Whatever the diversities of opinion that divide politicians, and whatever the asperities of feeling engendered by the conflicts to which they lead, they seem, by common consent, to be surrendered upon the altar that is reared in every chivalrous heart, to the meed most justly due to elegance and excellence of female character, in the person of the lady of the President elect.

“All approach her with the tribute that is due to her exalted station, and all leave her with the pleasing impression that the refinement and blandishments of her manners, the gentleness of her disposition, and unostentatious bearing, fit her eminently for the place and part she is to occupy for the next four years. At home and abroad, the influence of her character will do honor to our country. These are the impressions of your friend.”

“Not long since, in the Nashville Union appeared a communication in which the writer very justly applauds the lady of the President of the United States in consequence of her dignified and exemplary deportment since her occupancy of the Presidential Mansion. Among other remarks, the following occur: ‘She is a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and therefore has abolished dancing and other light amusements in her house.’ Assuredly nothing more effectually commends the religion of the Bible, than the holy and consistent conduct of those who profess to be governed by its precepts.

“A professor of religion, doubtless Mrs. Polk

deeply realized the responsibility of her position. Exposed to the temptations of fashionable life in their most alluring forms, it required no trivial amount of gracious influence to enable her to abjure the maxims and customs of an ungodly world. The friends of religion anxiously looked forward in regard to the course she might think proper to adopt in that respect, and thanks to Providence and her own pious heart, their hopes and expectations have not been disappointed. By her consistent and exemplary conduct she has secured the gratitude and respect of the friends of religion of every name, yea, of all whose good opinion is most worth enjoying; while, in the meantime, the friends and advocates of the rejected pastimes, *nolens volens*, will even on that account feel constrained to accord to her the homage of their augmented respect.

“The example of Mrs. Polk can hardly fail of exerting, in various respects, a salutary influence. Especially does it rebuke the conduct of those ladies who, professing godliness, nevertheless dishonor its profession by their eager participation in the follies and amusements of the world. However politicians may differ in regard to the merits of Mr. Polk’s administration, there can be no difference as respects that of his lady, in her department of the Presidential Mansion. All will agree that by the exclusion of the frivolities spoken of, and her excellent deportment in other respects, she has conferred additional dignity upon the executive department of our government, and may well be considered a model worthy of imitation by the

ladies who may hereafter occupy the elevated position from which she is about to retire. This excellent lady, ere long, it is presumed, will return to the society of kindred and friends, among whom, it is sincerely hoped, she may long live to receive and confer happiness upon all around, and as hitherto, continue to be an ornament to the religion and church her example has so signally honored."

In her elevated and conspicuous situation, the stateliness of Mrs. Polk's bearing was strikingly becoming and appropriate. With this an English lady was impressed, who averred that not one of the three queens whom she had seen could compare with the truly feminine yet distinguished and regal presence of Mrs. Polk. She says: "Mrs. Polk is a very handsome woman. Her hair is very black, and her dark eye and complexion remind one of the Spanish donnas. She is well-read, has much talent for conversation, and is highly popular. Her excellent taste in dress preserves the subdued though elegant costume which characterizes the lady."

The same feeling of admiration seemed to inspire the graceful writer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the following tribute.

"Lady, had I the wealth of earth
To offer freely at thy shrine,
Bright gold and buds of dewy birth,
Or gems from out the teeming mine,
A thousand things most beautiful,
All sparkling, precious, rich and rare,
These hands would render up to thee,
Thou noble lady, good and fair!

For as I write, sweet thoughts arise
Of times when all thy kindness lent
A thousand hues of Paradise
To the fleet moments as they went ;
Then all thy thoughts were winged with light,
And every smile was calm and sweet,
And thy low tones and gentle words
Made the warm heart's blood thrill and beat.

There, standing in our nation's home,
My memory ever pictures thee
As some bright dame of ancient Rome,
Modest, yet all a queen should be ;
I love to keep thee in my mind,
Thus mated with the pure of old,
When love, with lofty deeds combined,
Made women great and warriors bold.

When first I saw thee standing there,
And felt the pressure of thy hand,
I scarcely thought if thou wert fair,
Or of the highest in the land ;
I knew thee gentle, pure as great,
All that was lovely, meek and good ;
And so I half forgot thy state
In love of thy bright womanhood.

And many a sweet sensation came,
That lingers in my bosom yet,
Like that celestial, holy flame
That vestals tremble to forget.
And on the earth or in the sky,
There's not a thought more true and free,
Than that which beats within my heart,
In pleasant memory of thee.

Lady, I gladly would have brought
Some gem that on thy heart may live,
But this poor wreath of woven thought
Is all the wealth I have to give.
All wet with heart-dew, flush with love,
I lay the garland at thy feet,

Praying the angel-forms above,
To weave thee one more pure and sweet."

The receptions of the President were always largely attended, and were made agreeable to everybody by the spirit of liveliness as well as of courtesy that prevailed. A visitor says, "Last evening I had an opportunity of seeing the members of the royal family, together with some choice specimens of the Democracy, in the "circle-room" of the White House. It was reception night, and the latch-string, in the shape of a handsome negro, was 'outside the door.' On entering, I found a room full. Mr. Polk is so affable as to prevent one from feeling any awe that he is in direct communication with the concentrated majesty of the whole United States and Territories.

"The wife of the President was seated on the sofa, engaged with half a dozen ladies in lively conversation. Ill and clumsy as I am at millinery, yet for the sake of my fair readers, I will try to describe her toilet. A maroon colored velvet dress, with short sleeves and high in the neck, trimmed with very deep lace, and a handsome pink head-dress was all that struck the eye of the general observer. Mr. Willis would, no doubt, have noticed many other little accompaniments, interesting to ladies, but I never could indulge in any such familiarity. Who would think of plucking at an angel's wing in order to give an analysis of its fibre? Mrs. Polk is a handsome, intelligent and sensible woman, better looking and better dressed, than any of her numerous lady visitors present on the occasion.

"Among the guests of distinction, were the Hon.

Cave Johnson, Post-Master General, who bears a strong resemblance about the head to Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune; Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, Commodore De Kay, Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut; and a Wall Street financier, who can draw a larger draft on London than any other man in the country. There were two or three pairs of epaulettes; a couple of pretty deaf and dumb girls, who only talked with their fingers; and scores of others who talked with their eyes, while a whole regiment of the 'raw material' of the Democracy in frock coats, stood as straight as grenadiers around the outer circle of the room, gazing in silent astonishment at the President and the chandeliers."

On one of the reception nights, a distinguished gentleman from South Carolina, remarked in a loud tone of voice to Mrs. Polk, "Madam, there is a woe pronounced against you in the Bible." Every one ceased conversing for a moment, when Mrs. Polk inquired what he meant. "Well, the Bible says, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.'" A general laugh followed, and the remark was considered very appropriate.

During President Polk's administration, the war with Mexico was inaugurated by a difficulty about the boundary line of Texas. The country is acquainted with the brilliant successes of the American troops in Mexico, and of General Scott's glorious successes, whereby he reached and revelled in the halls of the Montezumas. The war ended in 1848, the year before Mr. Polk's retirement. President Polk's easy, courteous manners, went far toward allaying the opposition

which is ever apparent in times of national trouble, and the affable manners of Mrs. Polk rendered his efforts the more successful. With the exception of the summer of 1847, spent in Tennessee, Mrs. Polk remained uninterruptedly at the White House; the visits of members of her family cheering the otherwise monotonous routine of her life there.

A gentleman who called at the White House one evening in the fall of 1846, writes in the following terms of his visit:—"We were met by Mr. Walker, the Private Secretary, with much politeness, the President being absent, and were received by Mrs. Polk in the kindest, and at the same time most graceful, manner. It may be said with truth, she is a lady of commanding dignity at all times; and her conversation, generally of the most agreeable character, is always happily directed. In my judgment, at no period in our history have we seen the hospitalities and ceremonies of the White House more handsomely dispensed, or displayed with greater republican simplicity than at the present time. If my observation be correct, no invidious or improper distinction seems to be made in the circle of visitors. There is no imposing movement or extra formality exhibited when a Secretary or some other high officer of Government presents himself. The quiet and unheralded citizen receives a polite and cordial salutation, as well as the haughty millionaire, or some proud Minister of State. And this is precisely as it should be, a just and beautiful commentary, alike upon our noble institutions, and the charming social qualities of the President and his family.

"I was struck not only with the easy and fascinating manners of Mrs. Polk, but equally with her patriotic sentiments and feelings. A gallant Lieutenant just from the bloody but glorious conflict at Monterey, was there also; and as Mrs. Polk gracefully carried back his thoughts to the distant field of his early fame, he caught the inspiration at once, and dwelt briefly for her entertainment upon some of the thrilling incidents of those scenes. In the course of this animated conversation to which I was a favored listener, the modest young officer remarked, in a playful manner, that something which I do not now recollect was rather too democratic; to which Mrs. Polk replied, that 'whatever sustained the honor, and advanced the interests, of the country, whether regarded as democratic or not, she admired and applauded.' The sentiment was a truly noble one."

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce has also given to the public a sketch of a visit to Presidential Mansion, which is interesting. "These the musings were soon interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Polk who, with an easy smile and a graceful simplicity of manner, bid me welcome as an American citizen, and partaker of a common faith. She bears her honors meekly, and surely it is no mean elevation to be the wife of an American President; an elevation to which many fond and ambitious aspirations are doubtless secretly cherished in the bosoms of high minded American women, but which only one, now and then, can enjoy. And this one, probably, was among the last to expect it, till the news came to disturb the quietude of her happy domestic life in Tennessee.

"Mrs. Polk may be considered a felicitous specimen of the intelligent, refined American lady, who, without artificial airs, without any assumption of stateliness of manners, without any ambitious ornaments of dress, exchanges the courtesies of social life, and demeans herself in public, with a sincerity somewhat rare in the current circles of fashion.

"I cannot but think that the basis of her style of character is laid in a true and unaffected piety. She is regular in her attendance on divine worship and on the communion of the Lord's supper. In our conversation, she expressed her great delight, among similar things, in having recently witnessed and welcomed the admission of three or four interesting youths to the communion of the Presbyterian Church, of which she is a member. Unlike some of her predecessors, Mrs. Polk has no taste for the gay amusements of the lovers of pleasure."

In the early fall of 1847, the illness of Mrs. Polk threw a cloud of sorrow and apprehension over many hearts; but it was only a cloud, and the recovery of this beloved and honored lady was hailed with delight and thanksgiving. Some one writing to the *Baltimore Sun*, says, "This fall we have a peculiar sorrow, in the dangerous illness of the honored lady of President Polk. She came among us almost a stranger, respected on account of her station, but unknown to most of us; she is now the pride of society, as well as the object of our tender affection. The social circles of Washington gratefully acknowledge the happiness she has diffused through them; the needy and suffering bless

God for such a friend. All admire her character, all revere her virtues, and all with one consent join in supplicating the Father of mercies to spare her long, very long to her distinguished husband and the friends to whom she is so dear."

A few days before the close of his administration, a splendid dinner party was given by the President to General Taylor. At the levee, the same evening, a great concourse of persons—acquaintances, admirers, and friends—assembled to pay their last respects and take their last adieu of the President and his wife.

On Sunday afternoon, in the First Presbyterian Church, Mrs. Polk participated for the last time in the solemn services of the communion. The Rev. Mr. Ballyntyne addressed the distinguished lady in a most appropriate manner; and on the conclusion of the ceremonies, the pastor and a large number of the communicants approached and bade her an affectionate farewell.

The following morceau appears in the Washington Union:—

A FAREWELL TO MRS. POLK.

"Lady, farewell! amid the gloom of grief,
How many a heart will utter that sad sound!
Farewell! for thee a thousand hearts will mourn;
So much of friendship lost, of sorrow found.
And thou shalt leave a void in Friendship's hall,
Where joyous notes were once so wont to rise,
Like that fair Pleiad which forsook its home,
And caused to mourn the sisters of the skies.
But thou must go: yet with thee thou shalt bear
A stranger's hope upon the distant way,
And only fade to give a calmer day.

A welcome, too, I'd give thee to my home,
My sunny home, the old Palmetto soil;
Where many a heart, all warm and true and kind,
Shall chase away the gloom of travel's toil.
And may life pass as soft as sunset hour,
When gentle rays gleam on the skies above,
And may each pulse in sweetest union beat
To the soft music of the harp of love.

“CONSTANCY.”

The departure from Washington and return to Nashville was a continued scene of ovation and triumph. Everywhere along the route, demonstrations of respect and esteem greeted the noble travellers. Arriving at home, the citizens of Nashville showed them every possible mark of regard.

Before the expiration of Mr. Polk's presidential term, he had purchased a house in Nashville, from the Hon. Felix Grundy, in the most commanding position in the city. It was enlarged and ornamented and put in the most complete and elegant order. Ever since it has been known as “Polk Place”. The surrounding grounds are tastefully and elaborately arranged and adorned with flowers and shrubbery. They extend from Vine street on the east, to Spruce street on the west; and from Union street on the north, to Polk avenue, which leads from the mansion to Church street, on the south. The dwelling is large and imposing, and the grounds ample, forming one of the most attractive places in the city. This was the chosen spot for the declining days of the recent occupants of the White House.

Soon after their return from Washington, the ex-President and his wife contemplated a tour in Europe;

then a much more serious undertaking than at the present day. He even engaged a courier who could speak and write French and German, to obviate many difficulties of the journey. But ill-health and the speedy termination of the statesman's life, put an end to the pleasant scheme.

After the death of Mr. Polk, a small but beautiful temple, of native marble, was erected on the grounds, on the eastern front, beneath which lie the remains of the distinguished statesman. On three sides of a monument within the temple, there are full and lengthy inscriptions, recording the principal events of a useful and honored life. The death of her husband was the only affliction of Mrs. Polk's life. It had been invariably calm, cheerful, and happy. "In this great trial and deep draught of the waters of bitterness, she was sustained and consoled by the divine principles and precious promises of her religion. She was enabled by faith to look forward to a reunion in the better land, with him on whose strong arm she had so long leaned, and to whom her attachment and companionship had been so dear. She had removed her membership from the church in Washington, and had become connected with the First Presbyterian Church of Nashville, of which the lamented Dr. John T. Edgar was so long the beloved pastor." The sympathizing attention paid to Mrs. Polk in her grief, was universal. From every distinguished lady and gentleman of her wide acquaintance she received letters of condolence and consolation.

The study of the President, a large room in the sec

ond story, commanding a view of the Capitol, is kept by Mrs. Polk just as he left it. Here are his books, his papers, his pen and all the little articles that betoken an apartment in daily use; as if he had just stepped out and would soon return. It is kept in order by her own hands.

Such public marks of respect have been shown to Mrs. Polk as it has been no other lady's fortune to receive. Prominent men of all classes and callings rarely visit the city without paying their respects to her. It was for years the habit of the Legislature to call upon her, in a body, on New Year's Day. Large delegations of Masons, of Odd Fellows, and of Sons of Temperance, at the various meetings of their societies, have done themselves the honor to be presented to her. Numbers of the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church have, at different times, visited Polk Place to evince their sincere respect for her whose life has been so pure and blameless, and whose Christian character is so shining an example.

During the Confederate days of Nashville, Mrs. Polk received the kind attentions of the supreme officers; among others of Gen. Beauregard, of Gen. Breckenridge, and of Gen. Preston. Afterward, Gen. Buell, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Nelson, Gen. Mitchell, Gen. Crittenden, Gen. McCook, Gen. Sherman, Gen. Wood, and many others, and staff officers innumerable, called to pay their duty to the distinguished mistress of Polk Place.

In a letter from a visitor at Melrose, the residence of Mrs. Gov. A. V. Brown, in the vicinity of Nashville,

is the following pleasant description:—"Among the pleasures that we most value and trust never to lose, was meeting and becoming acquainted, while at Melrose, with one of Nashville's most valued residents—Mrs. President Polk. By far the most interesting spot in that city is Polk Place, this lady's home, an elegant and stately erection, the portico of the noblest architecture, exquisite in design and proportion. The house has large, lofty rooms, a noble hall, rich in presents received by Mrs. Polk during the presidential career of her husband. Among them is a beautiful drawing of Niagara, a fine oil painting of De Soto, and walking sticks in curious shapes and of precious looking wood. Besides these, the walls are hung with portraits of illustrious men, and fine likenesses of the President, repeated at different ages. In this cherished retirement, enlivened by the presence of a sweet little relative, an adopted daughter of Mrs. Polk's, men of all parties meet, forgetting their political differences in social enjoyment.

"But the house, noble as it is, is not the goal of the visitor's pilgrimage. As at the Hermitage, the true shrine is to be found in the shade, the verdure, the fragrance of a sloping garden, amid dazzling masses of verbena, geraniums, heliotrope, and jessamine. In the centre of this lovely mosaic is a fine monument, erected over the remains of him whose brief and bright career was cut suddenly short, enriched by an elegant inscription from Mrs. Polk's pen; a true and noble record, honorable alike to the departed and to the survivor. Here, amid the song of birds and the odor of

flowers, we paid willing homage to all that remained of one who died lamented by his countrymen of every sect and party.

"His mourners were two parts, his friends and foes. He had kept the whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

"Meeting Mrs. Polk was like seeing the original of a familiar picture, and in a few moments after seeing her, we were surprised to find ourself forgetting, in a confiding feeling, that we were conversing with a lady who had presided at the Executive Mansion, with a wider popularity than has since been attained by any of her successors. She seems to have a warm and unenvying sympathy in the success of others, and in her conversation there is an expression of those affectionate sympathies which made her beloved in a more elevated sphere. She has a pleasing figure, what we call lady-like, delicate, erect, and graceful, with a great deal of manner, in the last respect resembling the late Mrs. Madison. Mrs. Polk's mental endowments, as well as her personal qualities, combine to render her a general favorite, while her manners and character give a permanence to her social success by converting admirers into friends."

In a pecuniary point of view, Mrs. Polk's life has passed in ease and affluence. Her father was comparatively wealthy, and Mr. Polk's circumstances were always good. In addition to his property in Tennessee, he owned a large and flourishing plantation in Mississippi. Chief Justice Catron, Major Daniel Graham, and other distinguished personal friends have

attended to Mrs. Polk's financial affairs during her widowhood, and have thus relieved her from all care.

Mrs. Polk, though ever willing to converse, and always enriching the conversation from her ready store of information and observation, is remarkably reticent in regard to her own life. Her most familiar friends fail to persuade an account of incidents relating purely to herself; and it is only by the casual letters of visitors and the few descriptions of some friends, that any thing is known. She is never seen in public except at church. The visits of chosen friends are grateful to her, but she does not return them, and no attraction is sufficient to draw her away from the home where cluster so many dear and sacred memories. Occasionally she spends a few days with her relatives in other counties.

Having no children, Mrs. Polk some time after the death of her husband adopted a niece, who has ever since been an inmate of her house. No employment could have served better to console the many lonely hours, that must be the inevitable heritage of a widowed heart, than the charge of a daughter.

As Mrs. Polk grows older her life becomes more devout and retired. She is not, nor ever has been, an active worker in any thing, for the system under which she was reared, in common with the higher class of southern people unfitted her for the pursuits of industry.

Accustomed from infancy to be served by the hands of slaves, she found no stimulant to develop the muscular organs, without which there cannot exist the highest order of mentality. In her daily life she

illustrates the effects of her early training; gentle, refined, and exclusive, she has no conception of the depths of human character nor the scope of human experience, and has not found the sublime heights to which a human being through suffering can attain. She does not possess that most contagious and popular of elements—cheerfulness, nor yet is she generous and warm-hearted. In her presence one is impressed with the repose and dignity of her bearing, and the entire refinement of her ladylike deportment; but the life-giving principles of impulsive affection and open-handed liberality, which keep the heart young long after the bloom and elasticity of youth have departed forever, are not characteristics of hers.

Mrs. Polk's position in her native State and in the South were such that her means of doing good were immense; holding a position such as no other woman of her section has, until recently, held—that of a President's wife—it has been in her power to wield a mighty and beneficial influence. Had she chosen any art or mode of ameliorating the condition of those about her, or of adorning and rendering attractive social life in her own circle, in the numberless ways which to one in her situation were easy and practical, the good she might have done would have been incalculable; but her morbid exclusiveness rendered her unsociable, and her Christian virtues, too much inclined to austerity, closed her house to every form of gayety.

She might have been a Roland or a Nightingale. She chose rather to be the representative of her hus-

band's name and greatness, and was satisfied to rest in the shadows thereof.

She was born in the dawn of the nineteenth century, and is a pure type of a class which is rapidly becoming extinct. With her will pass away many of the excellences and not a few of the foibles of a class modelled after the aristocracy of the old world on their graftings in the new. Her life has been spent in an age and country where chivalric honor to woman is a matter of national pride, yet in a land of slaves and slavery. The young and middle-aged of our day will never know the opportunities of time and means which she, half a century ago, enjoyed; for the South is changed, and verily old things have passed away and all are new. The present generation, thrown more upon their own resources and passing through the perplexities of change and misfortune, will grow away from the old regime, and may perhaps lose many of their virtues with too few of their faults.

During the late civil war, she suffered in common with the people of the South, losing much of her valuable property, but was fortunately left with sufficient means to enable her to live in her usual style of comfort. Her sympathies were with the section of country in which she was reared, but her conduct was throughout befitting her station, and no expression or action of hers is a reflection of aught save refined bearing and high-toned sensibility.

Surrounded with comforts and luxuries, and enjoying the companionship of her relatives and friends, Mrs. Polk glides calmly down the vale of years, with

the memory of a past all brightness, and the hopes of a future all peace. The life-time imitation of a pure and useful standard of excellence has rewarded her with a glorious fame, and she dwells among the friends of her youth, honored and respected, trusted and beloved.

MRS. ZACHARY TAYLOR.

THE importance attached to Presidential honors is not in our country the inheritance of persons born to the wearing of them. Monarchical governments, by tradition and law, designate not only who is the "chief magistrate," but also provide candidates in advance for the succession. People, therefore, born to such high estate, are always, from infancy onward, objects of world-wide interest; and the minutest acts of their lives, before they achieve their inherited position as well as after, are subjects of note from a thousand pens.

In our own country, the popular will selects its candidates for the highest office within its gift as often from those who have suddenly received popularity, as from those who have, by antecedent history, become known to fame. It is probably true that, just before the breaking out of actual hostilities between this country and Mexico, there was no military officer—his long and faithful public service considered—who was as little known to the country at large as General Taylor.

That the future "Lady of the White House" who was buried in the seclusion of his retired private life, should be little known out of her domestic circle, is, therefore, not surprising; and that a family, the members of which had always courted seclusion and were satisfied with making perfect the narrow circle of their accepted duties, should shrink from publicity and no

tice, is not to be wondered at; and, as a consequence, there is but little left to afford material for the pen of the historian.

Mrs. Taylor and her daughter "Betty," who for a while shone forth as the acknowledged "first ladies of the land," never sympathized with the display and bustle of the White House, and they always performed such official duties as were imperatively forced upon them, by their exalted position, as a task that had no compensation for the sacrifices attending it.

The key to Mrs. Taylor's life was touched by General Taylor himself, who, when receiving from an appointed speaker, at Baton Rouge, the official announcement that he was elected President of the United States, among other things said :

"For more than a quarter of a century, my house has been the tent, and my home the battle-field." This statement, which might have been used with propriety as figurative language by any officer who had been, for more than a quarter of a century on active duty, was literally true of General Taylor's experience. He was emphatically a hard-working officer : either from choice or accident, his public life was never varied by those terms of "official repose" which give officers a rest at Washington, at West Point, or at head-quarters in some large city.

On the contrary, General Taylor, from the time he entered the army as a lieutenant until he laid aside his well-earned commission as a Major-General to assume the highest responsibility of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, had never been out of what might be termed the severest frontier duties.

He was known as having acquired the largest experience as an "Indian fighter." He was alike the hero of the "Black Hawk," as he was the most prominent officer in the Seminole war. Hence it is that Mrs. Taylor, more than any other mistress of the White House, had seen more army service, and passed through more varied frontier experiences; for she would never, under any circumstances, if she could avoid it, separate herself from her husband, no matter how severe were the trials resulting from wifely devotion.

This heroic spirit, that gives such grace and beauty to useful qualities, carried her cheerfully to Tampa Bay, that she might be near her husband when he was endeavoring to suppress the wily Seminoles in the swamps and everglades of Florida; and as the long previous years in the Western country made her familiar with the attributes of savage triumphs, so the final defeats that eventually secured our settlers a peaceful home on the rich plains of Mexico, and laid the foundation of the prosperity of the great West.

In all this quarter of a century General Taylor so feelingly alluded to, when his house was a tent and his home the battle-field, it was seldom that Mrs. Taylor was not at his side, bearing her share of the hardships incidental to her husband's life, and cheerfully attending to the duties which fell to her to perform. All this while, the modest accommodations were acceptable, the log cabin in winter, the tent if necessary in summer, with the coarse but substantial food of the soldiers, and often even this not in abundance. Deprived

of the little elegancies which are so necessary for a woman's comfort—separated from the society of her children, who were almost always away at school—nothing stood in the way of her fealty to her husband, and she was content thus to live.

Through all these trying circumstances Mrs. Taylor, by her good sense, her modesty, her uncomplaining spirit, her faculty of adding to the comforts and surroundings of her husband's life,—filled the measure of her duty and set an example of the true woman, especially a soldier's wife, that her sex for all time can admire and point to as worthy of imitation.

Her domestic duties, so far as they related to the comfort of her family, she would never intentionally abandon for a single day to menial hands. Especially was she careful in the preparation of the food for the table, and however simple the meal might be, she saw that the material was carefully prepared. And this home training General Taylor displayed when in Northern Mexico, away from this domestic care; for while he was indifferent to a degree about luxuries, yet what he did eat, he persisted in having carefully selected and prepared with due regard to healthfulness; and his tent was ever a model of neatness and rude comfort.

Mrs. Taylor's maiden name was Margaret Smith. She was born in Maryland, and came of a family identified for their substantial qualities which distinguished intelligent agriculturists. She received such an education as was at the command of female pupils in the beginning of the century. An education which considered the practical, rather than the intellectual, and

to this plane of her school life, she was trained with special care in all the accomplishments of domestic duties.

"Maryland 'house-keeping" was for years in the south-west, and is still among the "old settlers," a complimentary remark, if applied to a lady from any part of the country, so excellent was considered the housewives' work of those who learned their duties on the tide-waters of the Chesapeake Bay, and among those examples of domestic perfection in her State, Mrs. Taylor was eminent. And to be more than this,—to make her home happy,—she evidently had no ambition. Marrying an officer of the United States Army, who was born in Kentucky, and was appointed from "private life," her husband had no associations that took him to the North, which independent of official opportunities, are increased by a student's career at West Point. "Captain Taylor," was therefore, from the beginning of his public life, confined to the frontiers, and was known as one of the "hard working," and "fighting officers." His boyhood days were made up of adventures with Indians, and around the fireside of his own home, listening to his father and his father's friends, talk over the struggles, sufferings, and triumphs they endured as active participators in the Revolution under the leadership of General Washington and Wayne, and of their subsequent hard lives after they left Virginia, to found homes "in the dark and bloody ground."

To accept with pleasure the incidents of the consequent life, was the true spirit of the American heroine, and to adorn it through long years of privations and

sufferings as Mrs. Taylor did, is the noblest tribute that can be paid to her virtues. For sixteen years after the conclusion of our second war with England, the time indicated in history as the "treaty of Ghent," Major Taylor spent an active life in what was then known as our western frontiers. He established forts and corresponded with the Government on Indian affairs. His custom was to personally superintend the varied and difficult labors imposed upon him. All this while he was literally in the savage wilderness, and Mrs. Taylor, then a young wife, persistently accompanied him. To her attentions to her husband the country was largely indebted for his usefulness, and by her influence and example the subordinates who were attached to the pioneer army, were made contented and uncomplaining.

This era of Mrs. Taylor's life, she was wont always to speak of with subdued enthusiasm.

It was while thus living that her children were born. They followed her fortunes as long as a mother's care was absolutely necessary for their safety; but the moment they were sufficiently matured to leave her protection, she submitted to the painful sacrifice of having them sent to her relatives in the "settlements," for a less perilous life and the enjoyment of the facilities of educational institutions; but she never thought of abandoning her husband, her first duty being for his interest and comfort. It is not surprising that when the "Florida war" began, that the Captain Taylor of twenty years previous was now a Colonel, and that his past services should have secured for him

the difficult and dangerous honor of taking command against the treacherous Seminoles of the Everglades. True to the characteristics of his whole life, he quietly proceeded to this new field of action, and to the surprise of the country, the people of which now began to know Colonel Taylor, it was heralded in the papers that Mrs. Taylor had established herself at Tampa Bay. It was looked upon at the time as a piece of unpardonable recklessness that she should thus risk her life, when to the outward world the odds at the time seemed to be against her husband's success. But she evidently knew his character and her own duty best, and through the lasting struggle, made so terrible and romantic by the incidents of the battle of Okeechobee, Mrs. Taylor was of immense service in superintending the wants of the sick and wounded, but more especially so by shedding over disaster the hopefulness created by her self-possession and seeming insensibility to the probability of the failure of her husband's final triumph over the enemy.

At the conclusion of active hostilities, the then Secretary of War, addressing Gen. Jesup, said: "You will establish posts at Tampa, and on the eastern shore, and wherever else they are in your opinion necessary to preserve the peace of the country; and I would suggest the propriety of leaving Col. Zachary Taylor, of the First Infantry, in command of them." Agreeably to this order, General Taylor in time of peace repeated his previously pursued life on the northwestern frontiers, of forming new military stations in the wilderness and paving the way for the amelioration of

peaceful populations. If he had one thought that he needed repose, or that his patriotism was overtaxed by such a continued demand on his time, he had the comforts of a home and a devoted wife with him, and thus cheered and sustained, he patiently performed his severe duties; thus the country was indebted to Mrs. Taylor for the constant services performed by her gallant husband.

In the year 1840, General Taylor, who now had almost become forgotten in this obscurity of the Florida swamps, asked to be relieved of his command, and soon afterward arrived with his family in New Orleans. The "Old Colonel," as he was called by the citizens of Louisiana, came unostentatiously, and was permitted much to his own gratification, to proceed quietly to Baton Rouge, which place should be for awhile, at least, the headquarters of his family. With this understanding, Mrs. Taylor joyfully established herself with surroundings more comfortable than were afforded in the Florida swamps.

This idea encouraged her to arrange a home which she hoped would only be abandoned when the "General" had selected some quiet place, where they would together peacefully end their days.

The barracks at Baton Rouge are picturesquely situated upon the high land, that here, in a sort of a peninsula, rising out of the surrounding level, reaches the river. The soldiers usually quartered at Baton Rouge were mustering along the banks of the Red River, and the buildings were left, save a single company of infantry, without occupants, and Mrs. Taylor

could select her "quarters" with all the facilities the place afforded. Leaving the imposing brick buildings, with their comfortable arrangements for housekeeping, to the entire possession of one or two officers' families, Mrs. Taylor selected a little tumble-down cottage, situated directly on the banks of the river, which was originally erected for, and inhabited by the Captain-Commandant, when the post belonged to Spain.

In the long years of its existence, the cottage, consisting only of a suite of three or four rooms, inclosed under galleries, had become quaint in appearance and much out of repair, and was hardly considered else than a sort of admitted wreck of former usefulness, left because it was a harmless familiar object, entirely out of the way of the lawn and parade ground. To Mrs. Taylor's eye, this old cottage seemed to possess peculiar charms, for she promptly decided to give up the better quarters at her disposal, as the wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the military department, and move into this cottage.

With the aid of her own servants, two in number, and the usual assistance always afforded by invalid soldiers unfit for military duties, she soon put the neglected place in proper order. It was remarked by the people of Baton Rouge, how rapidly the old "Spanish Commandant's cottage" became transformed into a comfortable dwelling under the superintendence of the new occupants. And in a country where so much is left to servants, and where the mistress and daughters had so many at command, they set the noble example of doing much themselves.

The work employed their minds, and they were

happier in the performance of the details of their well directed industry. It is certainly true that Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, Miss Betty, were evidently too much engaged in managing their household duties to have time for unhappiness or regrets, if they had cause to indulge in them.

The house had but four rooms, surrounded on all sides by a verandah, and thus in the hottest weather there was always a shady side, and in the coldest, one most sheltered; and so cozy and comfortable did the house become under the management of its new mistress, that Mrs. Taylor was most thoroughly justified in her choice by the universal commendation of the citizens of the town,—that it was now the pleasantest residence in all the country round, and its inmates were probably as contented and happy as people can be.

General Taylor himself was not idle, but was kept busy visiting Fort Gibson and Fort Smith, until finally, to be near his family, was at his own request transferred to Fort Jesup, Louisiana. He bought the house selected by his family within his military department. The domestic life of General Taylor's family was now complete. He had performed public duties enough his friends thought, to permit him to indulge in the luxury of being left quietly at the headquarters of a frontier department, where he could enjoy repose from severe military duties, look after his neglected private interests, and for the few years that remained live a kind of private life. Alas! how the dream was to be dissipated.

Texas was at this time a State, acting independently

of Mexico, yet unacknowledged as such by the mother country. The Texans, inspired by the difficulties of their situation, and surrounded by political influence in the United States, agitated the question of coming into the Union. The result was that General Santa Anna, then President of Mexico, made preparations which contemplated the reassertion of the national government in the revolted province.

This naturally made the southern border line of Louisiana, the Sabine, an object of attack, and as General Taylor had, with the idea of being left in peaceful retirement, asked to be in command in Louisiana, he unconsciously placed himself in the very position that was to call him into a more active and important field of duty than had yet been entrusted to him.

Mrs. Taylor, meantime, painfully unconscious of the drama that was opening before her, calmly, and full of content, went about her domestic duties. A garden was planted, and she cherished the first signs of the growing vegetation with almost childish delight. Her old friends among the citizens of the neighborhood made friendly visits. Miss Betty, who was now in the very perfection of her blooming womanhood, was popular with the young ladies of her age and station.

The "old General" was here and there, according to his habits; one day away attending to some military matter, then enjoying what seemed to him an endless source of interest, the examination of the workings of plantation life. He began, in fact, to assume the airs of an agriculturist; invested what means he had in a cotton farm on the Mississippi, and looked forward to

the time when his income would be large and liberal for the pursuits of peace.

All this time to the south of General Taylor's military department there were signs of trouble, and one day he received from the Adjutant-General of the Army a letter, which announced that there was great danger of a hostile incursion of Indians on the southern border of his department. The letter thus concluded: "Should the apprehended hostilities with the Indians alluded to break out, an officer of rank—probably yourself—will be sent to command the United States forces to be put in the field."

The quiet domestic life so much desired by Mrs. Taylor was becoming a dream. The events which followed so rapidly soon placed her husband on the banks of the Sabine as commander-in-chief of the "Army of Occupation." A succeeding order, and he invaded the disputed territory, and by one single strife rose from the comparative obscurity of a frontier fighter to be the observed of all the world, in a conflict where two Christian nations were to struggle for supremacy in an appeal to arms. The succeeding actions, that began at Palo Alto and ended at Buena Vista, made him for the time being, a hero. While these events were culminating, Mrs. Taylor and Miss Betty remained in the little cottage on the banks of the Mississippi, each hour becoming objects of greater interest, and from their quietness and unobtrusive life making themselves dear to the nation.

But the applause and flattery that began to reach the inmates of the old Spanish cottage made no appar-

ent impression. Mrs. Taylor, while her husband distinguished himself on the Rio Grande, only worked harder in her little garden, and she had no superior among the planters of the vicinity of Baton Rouge in the raising of succulent luxuries for the table, and she seemingly took more pride in showing these triumphs of her industry than she did in hearing compliments upon her husband's growing fame. Nay, more than this, she instituted a miniature dairy, and added to her other comforts what was almost unknown at the time in the vicinity—an abundance of fresh milk and butter. It may be readily imagined that with such care and supervision the little cottage in the garrison was illustrative of domestic comfort nowhere else surpassed. Thus practically Mrs. Taylor taught the young wives of the officers residing in the barracks their duties, and prepared them by her excellent example to perform the arduous task imposed upon them as soldiers' wives in a manner best calculated to insure their own happiness and secure honor and renown to their patriotic husbands.

But Mrs. Taylor's usefulness did not end with the perfect performance of her household responsibilities. The town of Baton Rouge at this time had no Protestant Episcopal Church. It was a want which she, in common with other officers' wives and some few persons in the village, felt keenly; and in her quiet, practical way, she set about meeting the demand. It was of course only necessary for her to designate a proper room in the garrison buildings to be used as a chapel, when it was at once prepared for that purpose.

She superintended with others the labor necessary to fit up a chapel, then used her influence to secure the occasional services of a rector who resided at some distance away. Meantime her expressed wish that "the service" be regularly read was responded to, and thus was secured to Baton Rouge a commencement of a religious movement that in a few subsequent years crystallized in the building of a handsome church, and the establishment of a permanent and intelligent congregation.

This garrison chapel in time became a place of great interest. Owing to active hostilities in Mexico the number of officers' wives increased, and it included, as may be supposed, some of the most accomplished and elegant ladies in the land. Their husbands, gallant and noble soldiers, were involved in the duties of actual war, and they, brave-hearted and courageous, comforted each other. As the news came that actual collision was threatened, some of these ladies, unable to control their anxiety for the safety of their husbands, would be overcome with suppressed emotion, and grow for the moment, wild with terror. It was on these occasions that Mrs. Taylor and Miss Betty maintained their self-possession, and had kind words and hopeful suggestions for those suffering sisters. And when at last some rumors reached Baton Rouge of battles fought, of blood being shed, of men and officers falling in the strife; when those heart-stricken wives and daughters of the soldiers engaged were left to the agony of apprehension, Mrs. Taylor still always calm and cheerful was a constant source of comfort, and shed

around her an atmosphere of hope, an inspiration of true courage. At last, when names were given of those who fell on the fields of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, the stricken ones of the garrison suppressed their wild sorrow, lest they should wound the feelings of their superior in rank and influence, and in the little chapel founded by Mrs. Taylor, sought through the holy influences of religion that consolation that could reconcile them to the irretrievable loss of friends, brothers, fathers, and husbands. There was, at this time amid these scenes of actual war, a bit of domestic history revived in Mrs. Taylor's mind that no doubt made a strong impression.

General Taylor was a great admirer of business men, and was opposed to his daughters marrying officers of the army. He condemned his own life by saying that soldiers never had a home, and in this sentiment was cordially sustained by Mrs. Taylor, who no doubt in her heart reviewed her varied life from place to place on the frontiers, and her constant separations from her husband, with a regret she could not conceal. It was this cause that called forth so much opposition from the family to Lieutenant Jefferson Davis marrying the second daughter, Sarah, which opposition resulted in an elopement and runaway marriage. General Taylor at the time this occurred was away from home on military service, and when he heard of it, he expressed himself in the most unmeasured terms of disapprobation. He seemed utterly insensible to the feelings which inspired the young people in such an adventure, and persisted in looking upon "young Da-

vis" as having done a dishonorable thing, and his daughter as being entirely regardless of her filial obligations. To all protests calculated to lessen his indignation, he would make the invariable replies, "that no honorable man would thus defy the wishes of parents, and no truly affectionate daughter be so regardless of her duty." General Taylor, though a man of strong impulses, and possessed of but little training to conceal his feelings, except what military discipline enforced, was at heart of a generous and forgiving nature; and no doubt time would have brought about its softening influences, as the usual ending which follows all runaway matches, would have taken place,—reconciliation and entire forgiveness. But ere this occurred, within a few short months of her marriage, Mrs. Davis suddenly died, and a beloved child upon whom he had garnered all his affections, passed forever away, the last words she had from him being those of reproof and condemnation. This incident and the sudden death of his daughter left a deep impression upon Mrs. Taylor's life. Naturally of a quiet disposition and living from necessity almost entirely away from influences of society, this sad domestic history was left to make the greatest possible impression upon her mind. That General Taylor keenly cherished for long years his sense of sorrow was destined to be most romantically displayed. His call for volunteer troops at the time he believed his little army was imperilled, on the eve of its memorable march from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande, was answered promptly by Louisiana and Mississippi. The last named State promptly organized

a splendid regiment, composed of the very elite of the native young men, and Jefferson Davis was elected its commander.

At Monterey, the 1st Mississippi regiment was stationed at one of the forts in the suburbs of the city, and in the battle that ended with the defeat of Ampudia, its Mexican defender, Jefferson Davis received a slight wound. Before this event, at the time and subsequently, it was noticed that Colonel Davis and General Taylor had never met, and it was evident that this was designed, and not the result of accident—there was an understanding seemingly that kept them apart. The cause of this was freely discussed, and it came to the surface that a reconciliation had never taken place between General Taylor and Colonel Davis on account of the elopement, and so things remained until the close of the three days' struggle that ended in triumph at Buena Vista. It was on the occasion when victory seemed hesitating where she should bestow her wreath—when the men of the North and the West had exhausted their energies—when Clay, Crittenden, Yell, and their brave compatriots slept in death on the bloody field—at this moment, when Santa Anna believed and announced himself the hero of the field, and when he concentrated his favorite troops to make a last charge upon our dispirited and exhausted columns, that Colonel Davis, at the head of his Mississippi regiment nobly sustained the shock, and sent the foe back disappointed and dismayed. Then it was that "Old Zach," seeing that he had saved himself, his gallant men, and his country's honor, that his heart had

no place but for gratitude, and the long estranged embraced each other and wept tears of reconciliation upon the battle-field.

Time passed on, and General Taylor completed his brilliant campaign. Our country had then, for nearly two generations been unused to war, and the magnificent achievements of "old Rough and Ready," filled the hearts of the people with the intensest admiration. The old cottage on the low bluff at Baton Rouge, gradually became of classic interest. Grateful people traveling along the highway of the great Mississippi, representing every State in the Union, and every civilized nation of the earth, would admiringly point out General Taylor's residence. If any of those great western floating palaces stopped at Baton Rouge, some of the passengers would climb up the hill and visit the "garrison grounds," and the young ladies especially would make the pilgrimage in hopes they might see Miss Betty, whom they with woman's quickness of perception, felt was to be the first lady of the land, by presiding at the White House.

How much the neatness of that home, its characteristic simplicity, its quiet domestic comforts, the self-possession and unpretending, yet lady-like manners of its inmates, impressed themselves on the public, and prepared the way for that popular affection that greeted General Taylor on his return from Mexico, and culminated in his triumphant election to the Presidency, is difficult to decide; but that it had an element of strength and of vast importance is certain, and presents in a strong view how much can be done by the

devoted, sensible wife, in aiding her husband in achieving success.

Meantime, General Taylor returned the triumphant soldier to the United States. However wonderful were the subsequent victories achieved over the Mexicans, in the brilliant march from Vera Cruz to the City of Aztecs, the novelty of the war when this was enacted, was gone. The first impressions remained vivid, the subsequent ones were received with gratification, but not enthusiasm. General Taylor returned, not only a military hero, but over his head was suspended the wreath of an approaching civic triumph; and the little cottage on the bank of the Mississippi that Mrs. Taylor selected for her strictly private residence, became a Mecca for pilgrims from all lands, and for more than a year was the centre of interest, where patriotism, intellect, and beauty paid homage. In recalling the impressions made upon the public through the press, it is well remarked what a full share of compliments were paid to Mrs. Taylor, and how grateful was the task of every one to praise Miss Betty for her agreeable manners, her hospitality, and her resemblance to her father in matters of good sense, and the further possession of all accomplishments that adorn her sex. But this flow of visitors, this public ovation, this constant bustle about Mrs. Taylor was submitted to and borne, but never received her endorsement and sympathy. Her heart was in the possible enjoyment of a quiet household. She saw nothing attractive in the surroundings of the White House. All this "worldly glory" defeated her womanly ambition, and her life-

long dream that, at some time or another, "the General" would be relieved of his public duties, and that together in the retirement of their own estate, unnoticed and unknown except to their friends, they might together peacefully end their days; and that the realization of her modest ambition was due to her, for the separations and wanderings that had characterized all her early married life.

General Taylor was by habit a public servant, and his future, as shaped by circumstances, he quietly accepted. But Mrs. Taylor opposed his being a candidate for the Presidency. She spoke of it as a thing to be lamented, and declared when such a position was first foreshadowed, that the General's acquired habits would not permit him to live under the constraints of metropolitan life; and to those of her intimate friends who spoke of his being President, she sadly replied, "That it was a plot to deprive her of his society, and shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility." With the announcement that General Taylor was President elect, came his resignation as an officer of the army. It was after all a sad day for him and his family, when he severed a connection that had lasted so long, and had been made so memorable by a life of conscientious duty. Miss Betty now appeared on the scene as an agent of National interest. The White House under Mrs. Polk had been grave and formal. There was a cold respectability and correctness about it, that was somewhat oppressive to the citizens of Washington; and there was a degree of earnest pleasure created in the public mind when it was understood

that as a consequent of General Taylor's election, there would preside over the White House a lady eminently attractive in her personal appearance, young in years, accomplished in mind, and made more interesting, if possible, by being the bride of Major Bliss, who had served so faithfully under her father as his accomplished Adjutant-General.

Elizabeth Taylor, third and youngest daughter of President Taylor, was twenty-two years of age, when, as Mrs. Bliss, she assumed the formal duties of the Lady of the White House, her mother, from disinclination, refusing to accept the responsibility of official receptions. Mrs. Bliss, or Miss Betty, as she was popularly called, was at this time admired by all who saw her, and had the distinction of being the youngest daughter of any chief magistrate who had honored our Presidential receptions with her presence. Her face was pleasant, her smiles exceedingly attractive, and her eyes beamed with intelligence. She had been throughout her life but little with her parents. While not among her relations in Virginia or Kentucky, she was at some boarding school. Her education was completed at Philadelphia, after which she resided with her parents. No inauguration of any of the later Presidents was more enthusiastically celebrated than General Taylor's. He was at the time the nation's idol. Everything in his history charmed the popular mind, and the fact that he was a total stranger to Washington—that his family were unknown, gave a mystery and novelty to the whole proceeding quite different to common-place precedence.

For this reason, more than ordinary encouragement was given to the celebration of the occasion by a grand ball. A wooden building of enormous size was erected, which at the time was considered an "immense affair." It was tastefully decorated with flags and other proper insignia; in the enthusiasm of the hour, many articles were loaned for its decorations by citizens, who ordinarily took no interest in these "stated occasions." The best music that could be obtained was in attendance, and to give the crowning zest, "Miss Betty" was to be present. The Lady of the White House for the next four years, young, handsome, and hopeful, was to be presented to the admiring public.

There was the usual crowd and the characteristic confusion; but nevertheless there pervaded the multitude an intense desire to behold the new occupant of the White House. There was a "Hero President." There was a charming young bride, a young and graceful lady to do the honors of the public receptions. "At eleven o'clock, General Taylor entered, leaning on the arms of Major Seaton and Speaker Winthrop." His fine eye was bright, his step was elastic, he was brave, he was a conqueror, he was President, and the gentlemen expressed their feelings in spontaneous cheers, while ladies waved their handkerchiefs and many wept for sympathy. A silence ensued, a movement at the head of the room indicated a new scene was to be enacted. The throng pressed back, and Mrs. Bodisco, then the young and handsome wife of the Russian Minister, enveloped in a cloud of crimson satin and glistening with diamonds, supported by two

ambassadors emblazoned in gold lace and orders, came forward,—just behind were two “Louisiana beauties,” a blonde and a brunette, whose brilliant charms subsequently divided the gentlemen in perplexity as to which should be acceded the palm of the belle of the evening. “Which is Miss Betty?” whispered the throng as these queenly creatures, by their native charms, without the aid of dress, eclipsed the more glowing splendor of the Russian court. Then behind these came “Miss Betty,” plainly dressed in white, a simple flower in her hair, timid and faltering, yet with an expression in her eye that showed she was Zachary Taylor’s favorite child. The expectations of the vast crowd were for the moment realized, and then followed expressions of enthusiasm that were overwhelming.

The reaction that followed the inauguration in Washington was, as usual, intense. The season was more than usually warm, and the Congress fled from the Capital. Mrs. Taylor was never visible in the reception-room; she received her visitors in her private apartments, and escaped all observation from choice. Once established in her new home, she selected such rooms as suited her ideas of housekeeping, and, as far as was possible, resumed the routine that characterized her life at Baton Rouge. As was her merit, she attended personally to so much of it as affected the personal comforts of the General, and it was not long before the “opposition” found fault with her simple habits, and attempted, but without effect, to lessen the public esteem felt for General Taylor, by indulging in offensive personalities.

General Taylor was, from principle and choice, an abstemious man. On the sixth of July, the dullness of Washington was enlivened by the presence of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. To know him, General Taylor invited him to the White House. The press discussed this honorable notice of the great philanthropist, and spoke of "Miss Betty" as presiding at the reception with unusual grace and affability.

The winter following opened officially and fashionably with the commencement of Congress. There was then in the Senate, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, and lesser but still shining lights. Mr. Fillmore presided over the body with dignity, and such an array of talent and statesmanship divided the public mind with the claims of the White House.

Few official receptions were given. The excitement attending the admission of California—the fiery eloquence of Mr. Clay—the attack of Mr. Calhoun or Mr. Benton, and the growls of disappointed office-seekers, divided the current that might have otherwise flowed on to the Executive Mansion, and it is apparent that this created no regrets in the minds of the ladies of the "White House." It was soon understood that set, formal, and official dinners were not coveted, and they were not encouraged. But social and unceremonious visits prevailed beyond any precedent, and Miss Betty was always ready to dispense the honors of her exalted position, with a grace and frankness that was constantly securing for her a wide circle of admiring friends. Thus the first winter of General Taylor's term passed away.

To those who were familiar with the actual life of the White House, it was apparent that a change had gradually taken place in the feelings of the female inmates. Mrs. Taylor had gradually abandoned much of her personal superintendence of domestic matters, and Miss Betty had assumed the manner of one who began to appreciate the importance of her social elevation. The embarrassments that General Taylor suffered from the betrayal of "false friends" had the double effect, to make the members of his family more devoted to each other, and at the same time created a resolve to more ostentatiously perform the duties of their high social position. A revolution, political and social, had been resolved upon without the parties interested being aware of the change. This new era was inaugurated by the ladies of the President's House having a reception on the 4th of March, 1860, in honor of the inauguration. The affair was of singular brilliancy. It was remarked at the time that the ladies never appeared to better advantage; the rustling of costly dresses, and the display of diamonds were paramount, while the gentlemen, for the time being, eschewing the license of Republican institutions, accepted the laws of good society, and appeared in dress coats and white kid gloves. General Taylor surprised his friends by the courtliness and dignity of his manner. Some of his soldiers who saw him in his battles said there was mischief in his eye. He was evidently attempting a new rôle, and doing it with success.

Miss Betty, as hostess, was entirely at her ease, and made the ladies by her affability feel at home in the

National Mansion. For the first time, at the public receptions, she led off in conversation, and her remarks were full of quiet humor and good sense. The following day, the papers expressed their admiration in different ways. "Miss Betty" was complimented with the remark that, in manner and grace at a public reception, Victoria could not surpass her. General Taylor, it was said, "had at last determined to open the campaign for the second term, and those about him, who were intriguing for the succession for others than for himself, would have to stand aside." These suspicions were justified by constantly repeated rumors that Cabinet changes would be made that would entirely change the character of the general Administration. Mr. Webster began now to visit the White House, and was treated with marked consideration by its female inmates. The influence of the ladies of the White House began to be felt in political circles, and what had been for the preceding year a negative, now became a positive power. Gentlemen who had distinguished themselves for the early advocacy of General Taylor's election, but who had received no recognition, were now welcomed to the White House. It was evident that a radical change had come over its inmates. General Taylor seemed at last to begin to understand his duties, and knowing them, he commenced their performance with the same zeal and determination that marked his military career. Four months of spring and summer passed away. The seventy-fourth anniversary of our national Fourth of July was approaching. It was decided that the event

should be celebrated by the laying of the corner-stone of the Washington Monument. General Taylor accepted the invitation to be present without hesitation, and surprised his friends at the pleasure he evinced at the opportunity.

The day was unusually warm and oppressive for Washington City. The procession out to the banks of the Potomac moved slowly, and General Taylor suffered with the intense heat. Upon taking his seat upon the stand, he remarked that he had never before experienced such unpleasant sensations from the sun, much as he had borne its unshielded rays in the swamps of Florida and Mexico. General Foote was the official orator, and Washington Parke Custis took part in the proceedings. It was noticed that Gen. Foote addressed many of his most pointed remarks in praise of Washington to General Taylor. The papers of the day said that "when the orator quoted from a letter of Hamilton to Washington, protesting against his refusing to serve a second term, President Taylor, who sat on the left of the orator, roused from his listless attitude, as if desirous of catching every word." "Perhaps," added a reporter, "General Taylor was thinking what would be his conduct in a similar emergency."

From the celebration the President returned to the White House, and to relieve himself from the terrible thirst the heat had occasioned, in accordance with his primitive tastes, he partook freely of cold water and fruit. In less than an hour he was seized with symptoms of a fearful sickness. The announcement that

the President was prostrated by indisposition, struck the people of Washington with prophetic terror, for the news went from house to house, as if presaging the fatal result. General Taylor, after the first paroxysms were over, seemed to anticipate that he would never recover. He yielded to the solicitations of his physicians, and the efforts of his afflicted family to assist him. On the evening of the third day of his sufferings, he said :

“I should not be surprised if this were to terminate in death. I did not expect to encounter what has beset me since my elevation to the Presidency. God knows, I have endeavored to fulfil what I considered to be an honest duty ; but I have been mistaken, my motives have been misconstrued, and my feelings grossly betrayed.”

Mrs. Taylor, who heard these remarks, for the first time admitted to herself the possibility of her husband's death. She then recalled, in the bitterness of her soul, the remark she made when it was announced to her that possibly General Taylor would be President :

“It was a plot to deprive her of his society and shorten his life by unnecessary care and responsibility.” This was indeed about to happen, and in the agony of that hour she prostrated herself at her husband's bedside, while her children clung around her.

The sun, on the morning of the 9th of July, 1850, rose gloriously over the White House. The President's family and Colonel Bliss had remained by his bedside all night, refusing the indulgence of necessary repose. Each hour it was evident that the catastrophe

was nearer. Mrs. Taylor would not believe that death was possible. He had escaped so many dangers, had been through so much exposure, he could not die surrounded with so many comforts and loved so intensely by his family and friends. The emotions of apprehensions were so oppressive, that opposed nature with Mrs. Taylor found relief in fits of insensibility.

At thirty-five minutes past ten, P. M., the President called his family about him, to give them his last earthly advice and bid them his last good-by. No conventional education could restrain the naturally expressive grief of the members of this afflicted household, and their heart-rending cries of agony reached the surrounding street. "I am about to die," said the President, firmly, "I expect the summons soon. I have endeavored to discharge all my official duties faithfully. I regret nothing, but that I am about to leave my friends."

Mrs. Taylor and family occupied the White House until the sad ceremonies of the funeral ended with the removal of the late President's remains. The bustle and the pomp was now painful to her sight and ears, and she realized, in the fearful interval of time, how truly he was dead, who, though the nation's successful General and a President, was to her only a cherished husband. It can easily be imagined that, as the glittering, heartless display of the Executive Mansion commenced fading away from her sight, that she must have regretfully turned to the peaceful era of her last home at Baton Rouge, and the unpretentious cottage, the neglected garden; and the simple life connected with

these associations, must have appeared as a dream of happiness when contrasted with the fearful year and a half of sad experiences in Washington. From the time Mrs. Taylor left the White House, she never alluded to her residence there, except as connected with the death of her husband.

Accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Bliss, after leaving Washington, she first sought a home among her relations in Kentucky, but finding it oppressive by personal utterances of sympathy, she retired to the residence of her only son, near Pascagoula, Louisiana, where, in August, 1852, she died, possessed of the same Christian spirit that marked her conduct throughout her life. The sudden and lamented death of Major Bliss soon followed, and without children by her marriage "Miss Betty Taylor," as she must ever be known in history, studiously sought the retirement of private life, and found it in the accomplished circles of the "old families of Virginia," with whom she was by ties of blood so numerous connected. By a second marriage, her historical name passed away. But when the traditions and histories of the White House have the romance of time thrown around them, Miss Betty Taylor will be recalled to mind, and for her will there be a sympathy that is associated with youth, for she was the youngest of the few women of America who have a right to the title of "Lady of the White House."





MRS. MILLARD FILLMORE.

ABIGAIL POWERS, the youngest child of Lemuel Powers, a prominent Baptist clergyman of that day, was born in Stillwater, Saratoga County, New York, March, 1798.

Dr. Powers was of Massachusetts descent, being one of the nine thousand six hundred and twenty-four descendants of Henry Leland, of Sherburne, and a cousin and life-long friend of the eccentric and talented John Leland. Though not a wealthy man, he yet possessed a competence, and his profession was the most honored and respected of all pursuits.

Only a short decade from the martyr memories of New England, and not entirely removed from the influences of that severely religious section, he was yet without the sternness and rigor usual to individuals holding his high office.

He died while yet his daughter was in her infancy, leaving to the care of a watchful mother her education and training.

Soon afterward, Mrs. Powers, finding that her income would not justify her in liberality of expenditure, determined to remove with her brother and several families of relations and friends to a frontier settlement, and thus, at the early age of ten, we find our little heroine established in her new home in Cayuga County. Here began the stern lessons which

ultimately educated the pioneer child, and from this point may be dated the foundation of her noble character, made strong through discipline and spiritualized through sorrow. She was studious and ambitious, and with her mother's assistance, rapidly progressed in knowledge; her improvement must have been very rapid, for at an early age she assumed the duties of a teacher, and for many years continued her chosen avocation. Her mother, after the settlement of her father's estate, being greatly reduced in outward circumstances, was compelled to use the most undeviating industry and economy; and she, feeling the necessity of relieving her of the burden of her education, began to teach, during the summer months, to pay her winter's tuition. Thus, alternating between teaching and studying, between imparting and receiving instruction, she became a thorough scholar and remarkable woman. There are circumstances of poverty which throw an interest around those involved in them far greater than the noblest gifts of prosperous fortune could confer. The sight of a young aspiring woman actuated by the loftiest, purest desire implanted by nature, overcoming obstacles, laughing to the winds the remonstrances of weak and timid natures, and mounting, by patient toil and unceasing labor, the rugged hill of wisdom,—is calculated to dignify humanity and render homage to God.

Man may at once determine his calling and assert his place—woman has hers to seek, and however resolute she may appear, with all the dignity she may assume, there are hours of fearful despondency, and

moments when, in the crowded avenues of trade, the craving for solitude and aloneness absorb the energies of her nature, and still the voice of ambition. Yet the example of this young life is proof that woman's dependence is more the result of custom, than the fiat of nature, and the record of her trials and final success is a testimonial of virtue's reward, and energy's omnipotence.

Varied as were the experiences of Miss Powers' life, they only served to develop all the latent strength of her body as well as mind; her singular embodiment of the physical was not less remarkable than the depth and research of the intellectual.

Commanding in person, for she was five feet six inches in height, of exceeding fairness of complexion and delicacy of features, hers was a harmonious blending of beauty and strength. But she did not possess that mere superficial beauty which cannot retain if it awakens admiration. Hers was no statue-like perfection of figure, nor classically symmetrical face. Genuine kindliness of heart beamed through her light, expressive eyes, and her brow was the throne of pure and lofty inspirations. Perhaps, if any one of her features was more universally admired than the others, it was her light luxuriant hair, which fell in flowing curls round her finely-shaped head.

Thus particular in describing her personal appearance, a circumstance never to be omitted in sketches of women, I but recognize this fact—that the face is the manuscript of the soul, and that the law of unerring nature is, the exterior is symbolical of the inner being.

In the backwoods of New York State, where the borders of the adjoining county were the limits of civilization, accustomed only to the society of the village people, Miss Powers passed the first twenty-eight years of her apparently uneventful life, but in reality, the intensity of her moral and affectional nature gave breadth and depth to her every-day existence, and in the quiet recesses of her heart she lived life over more than once.

Her occupation as a teacher was continued after her mother's second marriage, which occurred about this time, and henceforth her home was in the family of a much loved relation. It was while in this home that she first met Mr. Fillmore, then a clothier's apprentice, and during the winter months a teacher in the village school.

His father's unwise choice of a profession for his son but added to his all-absorbing desire to become a lawyer. But he was not yet twenty, his time was his parents', and his poverty compelled him to serve out his apprenticeship, and, even after he had commenced the study of law, to desire to return to his trade.

The assistance of a gentleman who became much interested in the ambitious youth, enabled him to buy his time and devote himself to study. Thus he overcame the adverse circumstances which denied him freedom of action, and attained for himself leisure to lay the foundation of future usefulness.

His subsequent removal to Erie County deprived him of the society of Miss Powers—his now promised wife, and so limited were his means, that for three

years he was unable to travel a distance of one hundred and fifty miles to see her.

In February, 1826, they were married, at the residence of her brother, Judge Powers, in Moravia. Erie County was as much a wilderness to the young wife, as Cayuga had been years before, but the obstacles to be overcome were not considered by the affectionate couple, and they started out in their married life buoyed by a confidence in their own strength, and a reliance on a higher power.

Into the small house built by the husband's hands, the wife carried all the ambition and activity of other days, and at once resumed her avocation as a teacher, whilst performing the duties of maid-of-all-work, house-keeper, and hostess.

Mr. Fillmore was thus enabled to practise his profession, relieved of all care and responsibility by his thoughtful wife, and so rapid was his progress that in less than two years he was elected a member of the State Legislature.

Mrs. Fillmore rendered her husband most efficient help in his struggle for eminence, and was the wings by which he soared so high. Instead of clogging his footsteps by her helplessness, she, with her intellectual strength, relieved and sustained his every effort. So enthusiastic and unchanging was her attachment to him, that no duty was burdensome, no privation sufficient to cloud her brow. The struggles, those first years, with poverty and increasing cares were fearful, but her dignity never forsook her—her chosen path never became distasteful. Many are noble from choice

she was so from necessity. The greatness of soul, and devotion to principle inherent in her nature, left no other course.

A letter written in her neat style, now old and worn, has been placed in my hands by a member of that happy household in which she resided so long. It was addressed to one of the sisters, now dead, and cherished by another for the reminiscences it recalls of the beautiful attachment which existed through life between these two friends.

“AURORA, 27th August, 1826.

“DEAR MARIA:—Although I have been guilty of breaking my promise to you of writing, and treated you with neglect and indifference, still you are dear and near to me, still you are remembered with that affection which one must feel after being so long an inmate with so kind a girl, one who has bestowed upon me so many acts of kindness and friendship. No, Maria, I feel that I can never forget your family. My mind often reverts to the pleasant hours I have passed at your house. Many friendly conversations I have had with your mother after the family had retired to rest,—but those hours are gone never to return, yet the remembrance of them is sweet. Oh, that I may again have the pleasure of spending a happy evening in your family with the little children sitting near me, asking a thousand interesting questions. Perhaps I may see that time next winter—I hope so.

“Would you like to know how I am pleased with the country? It does not appear to me as pleasant as

Cayuga, but perhaps it may in time. I enjoy myself as well as I expected to; the inhabitants, as far as I am acquainted, appear friendly. I am not yet house-keeping, but am teaching school. But Mr. Dunning will give all these particulars more fully than I can write on this sheet of paper. You will have a pleasant visit with his sister Emily, I think her an amiable girl.

"Maria, if you can forgive me for not writing, I hope you will let me hear from you by the bearer of this. Write me all the news. You cannot imagine how any little circumstance concerning my friends interests me, when absent so far from them. Ask Olive to write to me if she can find leisure. My best respects to your parents, and affectionate remembrance to your brothers and sisters, and believe me your sincere friend and cousin.

" ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

"Mr. Fillmore wished me to present his respects to yourself and parents.

"To Miss MARIA FULLER."

In the spring of 1830, Mrs. Fillmore removed with her husband to Buffalo. In the enjoyment of her children's society, her husband's prosperity, and the pleasure of entertaining her friends, she found great happiness, and as the years passed by, they were noted only for the peace and contentment they brought her.

As her life previous to this time had been spent in comparative seclusion, so now it was a scene of gay society. The social element was very largely developed in her nature, and constant practice rendered it a

marked characteristic. All the associations of her youth had been those of the country, and in its freshness and beauty, as well as its drearier garb she had revelled. Now, in her city home she was the same artless, warm-hearted woman of other years, basking in the brightness about her and reflecting upon others her own quiet peace. Well-balanced and self-reliant, affectionate and happy, there was wanting nothing to complete her character. The domestic harmony of her life can be partly appreciated from the remark made by her husband after her death. "For twenty-seven years, my entire married life," he said, "I was always greeted with a happy smile."

The result of such unusual evenness of disposition was owing, in a great measure, to the tender sympathy and ennobling affection of her husband, whose ambition was only gratified when he saw that she was content. With her there was no variation or change, no despondency or doubt as to his success in any avocation; she hovered round his pathway, a beacon, and the light never grew dim. True and faithful in all things, at all times, she ever was; but there was even more of ceaseless vigilance than mere faith implies, where he was concerned. To him who shielded her in her sensitiveness and overflowing affectional nature, and, by his gentleness and unremitting watchfulness, guarded every avenue of her heart from sorrow, she meted the wealth of her love, and fondness—and existed in the sunshine of his presence. After her husband's accession to the Presidency, she went to the White House; but the recent death of a sister kept her from entering

into the gayety of the outer world. As much as possible she screened herself from public observation, and left to her daughter the duties devolving upon her. Her health had become impaired, and she rather shrank from the necessity of appearing before the world in the position in which she was more than competent to acquit herself. In such a formal routine of life she did not delight; hers was a confiding nature, and to her family she always turned for the happiness the world could not give.

But only by the most exact details, by endless particularities, breathing out her whole life and giving evidence, by their nature, of the depths from which they spring; only by such means is it possible, in a degree, to give some perception of her remarkable life—the fountain can only be judged of by the channel through which it flows.

She died at Willard's Hotel, Washington City, on the 30th of March, 1853.

In testimony of respect to the memory of the deceased, the public offices were closed, both houses of Congress adjourned, and other marks of respect were adopted. Her remains were conveyed to Buffalo, where, on the 2d of April, they were laid to rest.

The accompanying letter, written by a distinguished lady of Buffalo, who was much of the time an inmate of the White House during Mrs. Fillmore's stay there, is replete with interest, and gives us an insight into the home life of this noble woman, we could in no other way obtain.

"The great interest I feel in your undertaking has

outweighed my diffidence and decided me in accordance with your request to state briefly some of my recollections of the habits and social traits of my late friend, Mrs. Fillmore, with incidents of life at the White House.

"The retiring modesty of manner so inseparable from the idea of a perfect lady, was eminently characteristic of Mrs. Fillmore. Although well qualified and, when occasion required, ever ready to act her part in the position which Providence assigned her, she much preferred the quiet of domestic life. Her home was pleasant, and while she was a woman of strong common-sense, her tastes were highly refined. Especially was she fond of music and of flowers. Her love for the former received great gratification from her daughter's musical attainments, and her fondness for flowers amounted to a passion, and much of her time in her own home was devoted to their culture and care.

"Mrs. Fillmore read much and carefully, and being possessed of excellent powers of observation, was consequently a well-informed and cultivated woman. With qualities like these, it is superfluous to say that, when she was called to preside at the White House, she did it with dignity and propriety. She was not strong in health, and had suffered much from a sprained ankle, from which she never fully recovered. Fortunately for her, the etiquette of Washington did not require the President and his wife to return visits or to attend parties, though I believe the President did sometimes dine with a cabinet minister. All the claims of society were met and attended to by the

daughter, and how well she, a young girl just from school, acquitted herself in this trying position, all will remember who were fortunate enough to come within the circle of her happy influence.

“When Mr. Fillmore entered the White House, he found it entirely destitute of books. Mrs. Fillmore was in the habit of spending her leisure hours in reading, I might almost say in studying. She was accustomed to be surrounded with books of reference, maps, and all the other acquirements of a well-furnished library, and she found it difficult to content herself in a house devoid of such attractions. To meet this want, Mr. Fillmore asked of Congress and received an appropriation, and selected a library, devoting to that purpose a large and pleasant room in the second story of the house. Here Mrs. Fillmore surrounded herself with her own little home comforts, here her daughter had her own piano, harp, and guitar, and here Mrs. Fillmore received the informal visits of the friends she loved, and for her the real pleasure and enjoyments of the White House were in this room. With strangers she was dignified, quiet, and rather reserved ; but with her friends, she loved to throw aside all restraint and enjoy a good laugh and indulge in a little vein of humor which lay quietly hidden under the calm exterior.

“Mrs. Fillmore was proud of her husband’s success in life, and desirous that no reasonable expectations of the public should be disappointed. She never absented herself from the public receptions, dinners, or levees when it was possible to be present ; but her delicate health frequently rendered them not only irk

some, but very painful, and she sometimes kept her bed all day to favor that weak ankle, that she might be able to endure the fatigue of the two hours she would be obliged to stand for the Friday evening levees.

“The President and Mrs. Fillmore received on Tuesday mornings, from twelve till two o’clock. The levees were on Friday evenings, from eight till ten, and at these there was generally a band of music, but no dancing. Every Thursday evening there was a large dinner party, and frequently another on Saturdays. Then there were often smaller dinners in the family dining-room, which were more sociable and agreeable, as the invitations were usually confined to the personal friends of the family.

“But what Mrs. Fillmore most enjoyed was to surround herself with a choice selection of congenial friends in her own favorite room—the library, where she could enjoy the music she so much loved, and the conversation of the cultivated society which Washington at that time certainly afforded. One of these evenings I remember with more than ordinary pleasure. Mr. Webster was there, and Mr. Corwin, and Mrs. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, Judge Hall and his wife, and possibly some other members of the Cabinet; Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, of New York, Miss Derby, of Boston, then a guest at the White House, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, and several others of the distinguished residents of Washington. Mrs. Brooks’ daughter, then quite too young to appear in general society, was there by special request of Mrs. Fillmore, who so enjoyed

her wonderfully sweet singing, that she relied upon her as one of the attractions for this evening. Miss Fillmore played the piano with much skill and exquisite taste. Indeed, few ladies excelled her in this accomplishment; and this evening she was particularly successful in her efforts to please. Mrs. Brooks accompanied her upon the harp, which instrument she played with much grace. Altogether, the music, the conversation, and the company made it an occasion long and pleasantly to be remembered.

“One of the events of Mr. Fillmore’s first winter in the Executive Mansion was a visit from his father. It was the first time any President had ever entertained his father in the White House, and Mrs. Fillmore was very anxious lest some unlooked-for event might prevent this anticipated pleasure. But he arrived in safety one Monday night. Tuesday was reception day. The morning papers announced that the venerable father of the President arrived in town the evening before. There was an unusual attendance at the reception that day, and it was interesting to watch each person, as they cast their eyes about the room, unable to light upon any one who answered to their idea of the “venerable father of the President,” and when they were presented to him, as he stood before them, tall and perfectly erect, and with hair but little whiter than the President’s, there was a general expression of surprise. They had evidently expected to see an infirm old man, bent with years and leaning upon a cane, and Mr. Nathaniel Fillmore, at the age of eighty, did not answer to that description. Senators

and Judges, and Foreign Ministers came that morning, all anxious to pay their respects to the President's father. One gentleman from New York, desirous of drawing him into conversation, said to him, 'Mr. Fillmore, you have been so very successful in bringing up sons, I wish you would tell me how to raise my little boy.' 'Cradle him in a sap-trough, sir,' said the old gentleman, always ready with an answer. That was an interesting reception, to the President and to all, and when it was over, Mr. Fillmore the elder said to me, 'If I had had the power to mark out the path of life for my son, it would never have led to this place, but I cannot help feeling a kind of pride in it now that he is here.'

"The routine of life at the White House which came under my observation, did not vary materially from week to week. The social habits of both Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore were simple and in accordance with those of well-bred people everywhere. Without ostentation or arrogance, they maintained the honor of the high position they were called to occupy, with quiet dignity and ease.

"I was not in Washington the winter Mrs. Fillmore died, and therefore know nothing, except from others, of her illness and death, but I know that she died lamented by all who knew her well, and leaving behind her many pleasant memories.

"Her death was a terrible blow to her family, and to none more than to her daughter, a young lady whose beautiful life and sad death, following so soon upon her return to her own home, made such an indelible im-

pression upon her friends, and for whom all her native city so justly mourned.

"The reverence her son had for her memory, proves her to have been a devoted mother, and how tenderly Mr. Fillmore cherished that memory is shown in the sacredness with which he treasures every memento of her. I have heard him say that he has carefully preserved every line she ever wrote him, and that he could never destroy even the little notes she sent him on business to his office.

"Such affectionate regards from the living speak volumes for the dead."

Lines on the death of Mrs. Millard Fillmore, by Miss Matilda Stuart, on the occasion of her burial at Forest Lawn, April 2d, 1853.

Give room, give room, a friend is here,
She comes to tarry with us now,—
And though no greeting on her lips,
No light of gladness on her brow,
Yet this is home—that hallowed place
Where she had fondly longed to rest.
Here were her earlier, fresher joys,
Here was the hearth-stone love had blest.
Though she had moved 'mid stranger scenes,
To share the honor and the strife
Of him whose life was dearer far
Than friend or kindred, home or life,—
Though she had tasted pleasure's cup,
While it was sparkling to the fill,
And seen what few may ever see,
Hope's brightest dreams grow brighter still;
Yet there were places in her heart
Where love could rest and friendship live.

There was a light within her soul
Which earth could neither take nor give,
And there were accents for her ear,
More winning than the notes of fame,
Where household voices softly breathed
The sweetness of a mother's name.

And when she heard the other voice
That comes but once, yet comes to all,
Alike to him who longs to go,
And him who dreads to hear the call;
She looked toward her brighter home,
And left life's garments frail and worn,
As calmly as she laid aside
The robes of honor she had borne.

Now she has come to sleep in peace
Within our grand old forest shades,
And fresher than the spring-time leaves
Are those sweet memories that have come
To steal the bitter tear away,
And bid us look, as she had done,
Beyond the pomp of Time's brief day.

Around her loved and honored grave
The severed "household band" may come,
And seem to hear those blessed tones
That made the music of their home.
The faded form, the silent shroud,
These, these were all they gave the tomb;
She watches o'er them, while she wears
The freshness of immortal bloom.

ABIGAIL FILLMORE.

THE only daughter of President Fillmore was, during her father's administration, in consequence of her mother's ill-health, the Lady of the White House, and as such deserves more mention than the limits of this sketch will allow. She was remarkable for her mental and intensely affectional nature, and discovered during her brief life only those traits which served to render her a source of interest and admiration. As a child, she was precocious; latterly in life, her physical health was so entirely good that it overcame every tendency of brain ascendancy.

She was well fitted, by education and a long residence in Washington, to adorn the high station she was destined to fill, and acquitted herself there, as in every other position, with great dignity and self-possession.

Her talents were varied, nor was she a dull scholar at any thing she attempted. With the French, German, and Spanish languages, she was thoroughly conversant, so thorough, indeed, was her mastery of the former that a French professor declared her accent equal to that of his own countrymen.

Her taste for sculpture was fostered by association with a loved schoolmate, the since renowned Harriet Hosmer.

Had her life been spared, she would have become

famous through the exercise of some one of the many talents given her, but in less than a year after her mother's death she, too, passed away. Her father and brother were left alone for a few days, that she might go and see her aged grandparents. From this journey she did not return. A message in the night-time roused her parent from his slumber to hasten to her, and though no time was lost, it was too late. She was nearing the golden gates of the spirit-land, when those two of a once happy band reached her bedside.

So full of life and health had she been but a few short days before, and so entirely unconscious of any illness of body, that she anticipated a visit of great pleasure; after her death, a memorandum of house-work to be performed while she was absent, was found in her basket, expecting to be gone but a few days.

The obituary notices are so complete that I am constrained to quote them in lieu of my own imperfect material, believing they discover a more thorough acquaintance with the subject than I can gather through other sources.

"The character of Miss Mary Abigail Fillmore, daughter of ex-President Fillmore, whose sudden death was announced yesterday, deserves a more extended notice. Though young—being but twenty-two years of age on the 27th day of March last—she was widely known.

"Being a native of the city of Buffalo, most of her life had been spent here, where she had a numerous circle of sincere and devoted friends. From her early childhood she evinced great talent and industry, com-

bined with judgment and discretion, and softened by a cheerful and affectionate disposition, which made her with all a safe and welcome companion.

“As an only and much beloved daughter, her parents were resolved to give her an excellent, practical education. As they were unwilling to spare her from the little family circle, she received much of her primary education at our excellent public schools, and the higher branches, with the modern languages, music, drawing, and painting, were taught her by private tutors. That she might learn, away from home, something of the world, without imbibing its vices, and be taught self-reliance under judicious restraints, she was sent for a single year to the celebrated select family school of Mrs. Sedgwick, in Lenox, Massachusetts. She left that school, feeling the necessity of an education, not merely of grace and ornament, but which should, in case of a reverse of fortune place her beyond that degrading and painful feeling of dependence, which so often renders the life of a female in this country one of wretchedness and misery. She therefore expressed a desire to attend the State Normal School and qualify herself to be a teacher. This she could not do without assuming an obligation to teach. To this requirement she readily submitted and entered the school.

“Graduating at the end of six months with the highest honors, she was then employed as a teacher in the higher department of one of the public schools of Buffalo, for three months, where she exhibited an aptitude and capacity for teaching that gave entire satisfaction. But the death of General Taylor and the conse-

quent elevation of her father to the Presidency, compelled his family to relinquish their residence here and remove to Washington. This introduced her into a new sphere of action, but she moved in it with the same apparent ease and grace that she would have done had she been bred in the midst of the society of the Federal city. At the close of her father's official term, she was destined to suffer a heart-rending bereavement in the death of her excellent and devoted mother. She returned with her father and brother to their desolate home in this city, and by her entire devotion to the duties thus suddenly devolved upon her, she relieved her father from all household cares, and exhibited those high domestic and social qualities which gave a grace and charm, as well as system and regularity, to the home over which she presided. She again called around her the friends of her childhood and early youth, for no change of fortune had in the least impaired her early attachments—attachments which she continued to cherish with unabated ardor and devotion. The home of her bereaved father had once more become cheerful and happy, for her whole mind and heart were given to promote his happiness and that of her only brother, and they repaid her devotion with the kindest and most grateful affection.

“She had some weeks since promised a visit to her grandfather, at Aurora, about seventeen miles from this city. She went from here in the afternoon of Tuesday last, in good spirits and apparent good health, and she reached Aurora in the evening. She appeared well and cheerful on her arrival, and after conversing

with her grandparents, she retired to rest about nine o'clock.

"She was soon after attacked with what proved to be the cholera; but unwilling to disturb the family, she called no one until after 12, when a physician was immediately sent for, but alas! too late. A messenger was dispatched for her father and brother, but they only arrived to see her breathe her last, unconscious of their presence. She died about 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning. The effects of this crushing shock upon her fond and devoted father and her affectionate brother may perhaps be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Her remains were immediately removed to Buffalo and interred yesterday in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, by the side of her mother. She was followed to her last resting-place by a numerous concourse of sorrowing friends.

"In the absence of the Rev. Dr. Hosmer, her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Shelton officiated in the funeral services."

THE LATE MISS FILLMORE.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, of July 28th, 1854.

"We yesterday announced in the usual terms, the death of Mary A. Fillmore. The sad event seems to demand some expression of our esteem for her character, and of our grief at the heavy loss. We would not, indeed, obtrude our consolations upon those hearts, broken by so sudden a calamity, whose sorrows human sympathy can only pity in reverent silence, nor do we

expect either to soothe or express the feelings of that intimate circle of friends, which her many attractions had drawn around her. But the contemplation of her virtues is a relief to friendship, and we shall perform a most useful duty, if, by a slight sketch of her character, sincerely and simply drawn, others shall be inspired to the pursuit of similar excellence. Miss Fillmore's character was written upon her face. It was not beautiful, yet it was so full of vivacity of intellect, of cordiality, and of goodness, that it attracted more than any beauty, and as it rises before us now, its expression only suggests the simple thought,

“How good, how kind! And she is gone.”

In that character were mingled, in just proportion, almost masculine judgment and the most feminine tenderness. Its leading feature was excellent common-sense, united with great vivacity of temperament, genuine sensibility, and real intellectual force. With a keen sense of the ridiculous, overflowing with wit and humor, all her views of life were nevertheless grave and serious, and she saw clearly beneath its forms and shows in what consists its real happiness, and devoted herself to the performance of its duties, with all the energies of a powerful will, and the fidelity of the strictest conscientiousness. This fidelity to her own sense of duty had led her most carefully to cultivate all of her talents; and it is no exaggeration to say that she was among the most accomplished young women we have ever seen among us.

“She was, for her years, uncommonly familiar with

English literature ; spoke the French language with ease and elegance, was well versed in Italian, and had lately made great progress in her German studies. She had much taste in drawing, but had mostly abandoned that accomplishment for music ; because, as she said, the latter gave greater pleasure to her friends, and she was a skilful performer both upon the piano and the harp. Shortly before her death, she had begun to pay some attention to sculpture, and had got her materials together for self-instruction in this highest branch of art. It affords an instructive lesson upon the use of time to know, that she had perfected herself in all these studies and accomplishments since her father's accession to the Presidency, and in the leisure moments of a life almost devoted to society. In Washington, the etiquette of the place and her mother's feeble health combined to devolve upon her, almost unaided, the entire performance of the social duties incident to her father's station. She was but a young girl fresh from school ; but all admired the self-possession, the tact, and the kindness with which she filled the position allotted to her ; and how, young and retired as she was, society in her presence became something more genuine and hearty, as if ashamed of its false mockeries in the light of her sagacious mind and honest heart.

"She was eminently social, and latterly her conversational powers were of the first order. She had read much ; her advantages had been great, and she had reaped their entire fruit. She was a keen but kind observer of character, had been familiar with men and

women of very various ranks and descriptions, and she would paint to the life the very interesting events which she had witnessed, and the character of the many distinguished persons with whom her fortune had made her acquainted. Full of information and of spirits, more anxious always to listen than to talk, yet never at a loss, even with the dullest, for something pleasant and entertaining to say, with a countenance beaming with honesty and intellect, and with a sweet cordiality of manners which invited at once confidence, affection, and respect. No wonder that wherever she went she became the centre of a circle of friends who loved her most tenderly, and at the same time looked up to her as one of a stronger mind and heart, as a guide and confidante.

"She was a genuine tender-hearted woman. Observant of all the forms of elegant life, yet with the most utter contempt for its mere fashions; kind and attentive to all, yet without one point of sympathy with merely worldly people, she loved her friends with all the affection of a strong and ardent nature. She never saw or read of a kind or noble deed that her eyes did not fill with tears.

"She clung to her old friends without regard to their position in life, and her time and talents seemed devoted to their happiness; she was thinking constantly of some little surprise, some gift, some journey some pleasure, by which she could contribute to the enjoyment of others. 'Blessing she was, God made her so;' and with her death, with many of her friends is dried up forever the richest fountain of their happiness.

"She was reserved in the expression of her religious views. As is natural with youthful and independent minds, she had little comparative respect for creeds and forms, perhaps less than she would have manifested in maturer years, but her intimate friends knew that she was always governed by a sense of religious duty, that her relations to her Creator and her Savior were the subject of her constant thought, and that she trusted for her future happiness to the kind mercies of a benevolent Father, to the conscientious improvement of all her talents, to a life devoted to deeds of kindness, and to a heart as pure and unspotted as a child's. At home—ah! that house, all 'emptied of delight,' over which she presided with so much dignity and kindness, that forsaken parlor where all the happiness that social life can give was wont to be so freely and hospitably enjoyed; the weeping servants—those bleeding and broken hearts—let these tell what she was at home!

"But she is gone! and young though she was, she has accomplished much. She has done much to lay the foundation in our midst of a mode of social life more kind, genuine, and cultivated than most of what is called society; and she has left behind her the example of her life, which, though most private and retired, will always be a blessing to her friends, and through them, we trust, to a wider circle for many coming years

"Farewell!

"Forgive our tears for one removed,
Thy creature whom we found so fair,
We trust she lives in Thee, and there
We find her worthier to be loved."

MRS. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

THERE are two classes of ladies, of whom the biographer is compelled to write, and both are alike interesting. One includes those whose lives have been passed in the sunshine of prosperity and allurements of fashionable society, who have been widely known, and who have mingled with the leading characters of this country. The lives of such women include innumerable incidents of public and private interest and are, in fact, necessary to a perfect history of their time. Like the mosaic settings of a piece of century work, or a gallery of portraits of famous personages, which is complete only as it is a reflex of the lives of all who are illustrious.

The other class is composed of those of whom the world knows little; whose perfect seclusion even in a public position has given but little evidence of their abilities, and the world, with its eager curiosity, has been but imperfectly apprised of their merits. Such natures, howsoever cultivated and developed, receive but a small portion of that admiration awarded to the first-mentioned class. Their lives are only known to the inmates of their home, and though cherished there as a beautiful harmony, and their memory as a holy sealed book, the inquirer after facts and incidents is dismayed with the small amount of material to be gathered from such an existence. Such an one was

Mrs. Pierce; and with feelings of deep regret am I compelled to acknowledge the meagre particulars obtained of her life, for the little learned is sufficient incentive to desire a more thorough acquaintance with the history of one so pure and elevated. Of the minute details of her life, I am entirely ignorant, of partial facts, but imperfectly informed.

Jane Means Appleton was born at Hampton, New Hampshire, March 12th, 1806. She was but one year of age when her father, Rev. Jesse Appleton, D.D., assumed the presidency of Bowdoin College. Reared in an atmosphere of cultivation and refined Christian influences, the delicate child grew in years, unfolding rare mental qualifications, but fragile and drooping in health, developing year by year the most exquisite nervous organization. Naturally inclined to pensive melancholy—the result, partly, of her physical condition, she was from her childhood the victim of intense sensibilities and suffering, and was during her life the unfortunate possessor of an organism, whose every vibration was wonderfully acute and sensitive. The world of suffering locked up in the hearts of such persons it is impossible to estimate; but happier by far is the day of their deaths than the years of their lives. Blended with a naturally strong mind, Miss Appleton possessed a quick appreciation of the beautiful, which in the later years of her life was of priceless value to her own heart. Thrown by her marriage into the political arena, and much in the society of public men of note, she yet soared to a higher theme, and when not incompatible with politeness, discovered to

her company the natural elevation of her nature. Politics, a theme most generally uninteresting to woman, was peculiarly so to her, and it was in her presence impossible to sustain a conversation on the subject. In 1834, at the age of twenty-eight, she was married to Hon. Franklin Pierce, then of Hillsborough, and a member of the lower house of Congress. The match was a pleasing union of kindred natures, and was a source of deep and lasting happiness. The wealth and tenderness of Mr. Pierce's nature, appreciated to its fullest extent by her, had its reflex in the urbanity and courteousness with which his conduct was ever characterized toward others. He is spoken of in a recent publication as the most popular man, personally, in the District of Columbia, who ever occupied the position he filled.

To a person organized as was Mrs. Pierce, public observation was extremely painful, and she shrank from it always, preferring the quiet of her New England home to the glare and glitter of fashionable life in Washington. "How well she filled her station as wife, mother, daughter, sister, and friend, those only can tell who knew her in these private relations. In this quiet sphere she found her joy, and here her gentle but powerful influence was deeply and constantly felt, through wise counsels and delicate suggestions, the purest, finest tastes and a devoted life."

"She was not only ministered to, but ever ministering," and there is so much of the spiritual in her life that from Bulwer we gather a refrain most applicable to her. "The cast of her beauty was so dream

like and yet so ranging; her temper was so little mingled with the common characteristics of women; it had so little of caprice, so little of vanity, so utter an absence of all jealousy and all anger; it was so made up of tenderness and devotion, and yet so imaginative and fairy-like in its fondness, that it was difficult to bear only the sentiments of earth for one who had so little of earth's clay."

In 1838, Mr. Pierce removed from Hillsborough to Concord, where he has since continued to reside. Four years later, he resigned his seat in the Senate to practice law, and thereby make provisions for the future. A bereavement, the second of its kind, occurred two years later in the loss of his second son, Frank Robert.

When President Polk tendered Mr. Pierce the position of Attorney-General, it was the illness of his wife which drew from him his reply declining it. He says:

"Although the early years of my manhood were devoted to public life, it was never really suited to my taste. I longed, as I am sure you must often have done, for the quiet and independence that belong only to the private citizen, and now, at forty, I feel that desire stronger than ever.

"Coming so unexpectedly as this offer does, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to arrange the business of an extensive practice, between this and the first of November, in a manner at all satisfactory to myself, or to those who have committed their interests to my care, and who rely on my services. Besides, you know

that Mrs. Pierce's health, while at Washington, was very delicate. It is, I fear, even more so now ; and the responsibilities which the proposed change would necessarily impose upon her, ought, probably, in themselves to constitute an insurmountable objection to leaving our quiet home for a public station at Washington."

Mrs. Pierce was not called upon to leave her pleasant home, and for another year she passed her time in tranquil happiness, little dreaming that her country would so soon demand the sacrifice of him who thought not of public honors when she was concerned.

The declaration of war with Mexico found him ready and willing to serve the best interests of his State and Government, by enlisting as a private soldier in a company raised in Concord. He was subsequently appointed Colonel, and finally Brigadier-General, which position he filled with honor and distinction. He sailed from Newport, the 27th of May, 1847, and remained in Mexico nine months, during which time Mrs. Pierce and her son continued at their home in Concord. Her health during his absence was not more frail than usual, but anxiety and suspense, watching yet fearing to hear of the absent one, kept her from regaining or improving her impaired constitution, and of renewing the slender chord by which her life was held.

Mrs. Pierce attained, through sorrow, the perfection of many of her most ennobling traits, and in the words of her obituary, "her Christian character was formed and developed under the constant presence of infirmities, with frequent heavy trials."

The mother of three children, none survived her, and the death of the last, under circumstances so peculiar, shattered the small remnant of remaining health, and left her mother's heart forever desolate. On the 5th of January, previous to the inauguration of Mr. Pierce as President, an accident occurred on the Boston & Maine Railroad, which resulted in a great calamity ; among the passengers were the President elect, his wife, and only son, a bright boy of thirteen years. The family were on their return to Concord from Boston, and it was between Andover and Lawrence that the axle of one of the passenger-cars broke, and the cars were precipitated down a steep embankment. Mr. Pierce, sitting beside his wife, felt the unsteady movements of the train and instantly divined the cause. Across the seat from them sat their son, who but a moment ago was amusing them with his conversation. A crash, a bounding motion as the cars were thrown over and over down the hill, and men began to recover from their fright and assist in aiding those injured in the fearful accident. Mr. Pierce, though much bruised, succeeded in extricating his wife from the ruins, and bearing her to a place of safety, returned to hunt his boy.

He was soon found ; his young head crushed and confined under a beam, his little body still in death. Even now it is a subject too painful to dwell upon. What must have been the feelings of those grief-stricken parents, in a moment bereft of their all !

The remains were conveyed to Andover until arrangements could be made for their removal to Concord.

Under such a bereavement, in feeble health and exhausted vitality, came Mrs. Pierce to the White House.

Through the season, before her great trial was sent upon her, she had been nerving herself for the undesired duties and responsibilities of her public station at Washington; and with the burden of that crushing sorrow she went forward, with the noblest self-sacrifice, to do what was to be done, as well as to bear what was to be borne. That she performed her task nobly and sustained the dignity of her husband, the following letter will prove.

“WASHINGTON, March 18th, 1869.

“MY DEAR MADAM: I learn that Prof. Aiken’s notice of Mrs. Pierce, that appeared in the Observer, has been sent to you, and I presume it does not contain information on all the points you desired to reach particularly. Hence this note. The idea has somehow gone out that Mrs. Pierce did not participate in the receptions and entertainments at the White House. Mr. Gobright, in his book recently published, ‘Recollections of Men and Things at Washington,’ makes the statement that Mrs. Pierce did not, until the close of the administration of President Pierce, appear at the receptions. This is an inexcusable blunder, for Mr. Gobright was here on the spot, and should have known better. The fact is, Mrs. Pierce seldom omitted attendance upon the public receptions of the President. She was punctually present also at her own Friday receptions, although at times suffering greatly

Often in the evening of the President's levee, she would allow herself to be conducted into the Blue Room, and there remain all the evening receiving, with that quiet ease and dignity that characterized her always: a duty which few ladies, indeed, would have had the courage to perform in her then delicate state of health. She presided, too, with the President at the State dinners, as well as those of a more social character, and certainly never before or since, was more hospitality dispensed by any occupant of the White House. The most agreeable memories of Mrs. Pierce at the Presidential Mansion, and such only, are retained and cherished in this city. The days of that period when a quiet and dignified but hearty hospitality signalized the Executive Mansion, and the protection of the Constitution, which diffused a sense of all-pervading security, were indeed the bright days of the Republic. This is the view of our own people, and who are better judges than they who have seen so many Administrations here?

"Every one knew and respected the enfeebled condition of Mrs. Pierce's health, and felt that the sad event which happened only a short time before she came to Washington, on that fatal railroad train, might have shattered a much hardier constitution than was hers, and at least have unfitted her, physically as well as mentally, to discharge the duties of the Lady of the White House. Yet she suppressed her inward grief before the public eye, and overcame her debility in deference to what she believed to be her duty toward her distinguished husband's exalted position. Those

who knew Mrs. Pierce well at this time eulogized her heroism.

"No lady of the White House left more warm friends in Washington among our best people, and she had not a single enemy. What I have written above, you are at liberty, madam, to use (if you deem it worthy) in your forthcoming work. It has the merit at least of being the testimony of 'one who knows.' I give it in order that the grievously wrong statements in Mr. Gobright's work, concerning Mrs. Pierce, may be corrected, and the error exposed before it passes into history.

"I am, my dear madam, with the highest consideration, your most obedient servant,

"J. D. HOOVER.

"It is no disparagement to others who have occupied her station at the White House, to claim for her an unsurpassed dignity and grace, delicacy and purity, in all that pertains to public life. There was a home, a Christian home, quietly and constantly maintained, and very many hearts rejoiced in its blessings."

Mrs. Pierce was always extremely delicate, and was reduced to a mere shadow after the loss of her son. I have heard a gentleman say, who was a member of Mr. Pierce's family at the time, that "it was with the utmost difficulty she could endure the fatigue of standing during a reception, or sitting the tedious hours of a dinner party," and her courage must have been all-powerful to have sustained her under the most uncongenial of all things to an invalid—the

presence of comparative, and in many cases entire, strangers. Her pious scruples regarding the keeping of the Sabbath were a marked attribute of her life. Each Sunday morning of her four years' stay in the White House, she would request, in her gentle, conciliatory way, all the attachés of the Mansion to go to church, and on their return, would make pleasant inquiries of what they had heard, &c. "Many a time," remarked Mr. Webster, the Private Secretary, "have I gone from respect to her, when, if left to my own choice, I should have remained in the house." In her unobtrusive way, ever thoughtful of the happiness of those about her, she diverted their minds to the elevated and spiritual, and sought, in her own life, to be a guide for the young with whom she was thrown. How rare are these exquisite organizations, and how little do we know of them, even though they have lived in our midst, and formed a part of us! Awhile they linger here to learn the way to brighter spheres, and when they vanish, naught is left but a memory fragrant with the rich perfume of a beautiful, unselfish life.

In the autumn of 1857, Mrs. Pierce, accompanied by her husband, left the United States on the steamer "Powhatan" for the island of Madeira, and passed six months in that delightful place. The following eighteen months were spent in Portugal, Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and England. Of her appreciation of this lengthy sojourn in the most historic and renowned countries of the old world, we have no evidence save in the supposition, how one of her

fine nervous nature must have enjoyed the bygone splendors of Spain, the ever-ranging panorama of luxurious Paris, and the snow-capped mountains of Italy and Switzerland, of the Alps, of Mont Blanc, and the tamer scenery of German towns and cities! Would that it were possible to present even one of her letters to the American public who have ever evinced their regard and admiration for Mrs. Pierce, through the sympathy extended to her now desolate husband. But that repugnance to publicity, so characteristic in life, is respected now by the few of her family who have survived her, and the painful recollections of what she suffered, are as yet too fresh in the minds of her friends to desire them to be recalled.

From a member of her family, who has very kindly replied to several inquiries, I have gained all the information contained in this brief sketch. He will pardon me, if I quote from his last letter these few lines.

"If your attention has been called to the obituary notice of Mrs. Pierce, published in the Boston Recorder, of January 8th, 1864, and reproduced in the New York Observer within two or three weeks of that date, you may have been impressed with the sentences, 'She shrank with extreme sensitiveness from public observation.' I cannot help being influenced by that very controlling trait of her character, and this, I am sure, is true of all her relatives. Hence, and indeed, in consulting our own tastes, we were thoroughly satisfied with the sketch from the hand of one who knew her intimately, from his early manhood, and loved her well.

"Mrs. Pierce's life, as far as she could make it so, was

one of retirement. She very rarely participated in gay amusements, and never enjoyed what is sometimes called fashionable society. Her natural endowments were of a high order, recognized by all persons with whom she was, to any considerable extent, associated. She inherited a judgment singularly clear and correct, and a taste almost unerring. She was carefully and thoroughly educated, and moved all her life, prior to her marriage, very quietly in a circle of relatives and intimate friends of rare culture and refinement."

* * * * *

On the 2d of December, 1863, at Andover, Massachusetts, she died. Many of her kindred and all her children had gone before her, and she was ready to join them. But she was patient, and had "learned to wait, with growing confidence and love for the revealing of her Heavenly Father's will." Among her last words was the familiar line,

"Other refuge have I none,"

repeated with all the emphasis of which she was then capable. Now she has reached that refuge.

On the 5th of December, she was buried by the side of her children in the cemetery at Concord, New Hampshire.

"Her husband moves on in life's journey alone. What this means to him, will be in a measure understood by those who know the wealth and tenderness of his affections, the peerless devotion with which he has lived, especially since his release from public du

ties, and her worthiness to be the object of such a love and service."

Those who knew her will be glad, glad just in proportion to the intimacy of their acquaintance with her, to be reminded of the qualities in which they found so much delight. To others who have only known of her, and that mainly in connection with her sorrows, it will be just to present very briefly other aspects of her life. Her fine natural endowments were developed by a careful and generous culture, not merely under the forms of education, but through the agency of all the examples and influences of her early home and the circle of related families. No one knew better how to make tributary all the experience of life. All her instincts and choices drew her toward, and attracted toward her, whatever was refining and elevating. Her tastes were of exceeding delicacy and purity. Her eye appreciated, in a remarkable degree, whatever was beautiful in nature and art. During the last years of her invalid life, she found not merely physical relief, but the deepest gratification in foreign travel, and in residence near our own New England mountains and seashore. This contact with nature's freshness and variety and beauty, often renewed her strength when the ministries of human affection and skill were alike powerless.

The following touching tribute was written by a friend whose affection for Mrs. Pierce knows no change. He sent it carefully wrapped in many covers to protect it. Oft used and much worn as it is, he prizes the paper, from the associations clustered with its appear-

ance, and the circumstances under which it was written. Its beauty is its truth and simplicity.

"The distinctions of earth fade away in the presence of death; but the memory of departed excellence comes forth fresh and perennial from the very portals of the grave.

"To-day this paper records the lamented decease of one who has filled the highest station in the land with dignity and propriety unsurpassed, and who has adorned private life with every estimable quality which could become a true Christian gentlewoman.

"The many who have esteemed and respected her throughout life will deeply deplore her loss, and will sincerely sympathize with him who has been thus called to submit to one of the severest of human afflictions.

"His beloved companion has passed through great sufferings, bearing always with him the memory of a great grief; and she has doubtless gone to that rest which we know 'remaineth for the people of God.'"

HARRIET LANE.

THE name of Harriet Lane is so nearly associated with the latest and most illustrious years of her uncle, James Buchanan, that it is quite impossible to write a life of the one, in which the other shall not fill some space. Of all his kindred she was the closest to him. Given to his care when she was scarcely past infancy, she took the place of a child in his lonely heart, and when she reached womanhood, she repaid his affection by ministering, with rare tact and grace, abroad and at home, in public life and in private, over a household which would otherwise have been the cheerless abode of an old bachelor. The sketch of her history which we propose to give will, therefore, necessarily involve many recollections of the great ex-President, dead so recently that we can hardly realize that he is gone.

Harriet Lane is of Pennsylvania blood, of English ancestry, on the side of her father, and Scotch-Irish on that of her mother. Her grandfather, James Buchanan, emigrated to America from the north of Ireland, in the year 1783, and settled near Mercersburg, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. In the year 1788, he married Elizabeth Speer, the daughter of a substantial farmer, a woman of strong intellect and deep piety. The eldest child of this marriage was James, the late ex-President. He spoke uniformly



Engraved by J. C. Burne

Harriet Lane Johnston



with the deepest reverence of both his father and mother, and took delight in ascribing to the teachings of that good woman, all the success that he had won in this world.

Jane Buchanan, the next child after James, his playmate in youth, his favorite sister through life, known as the most sprightly and agreeable member of a family all gifted, was married, in the year 1813, to Elliot T. Lane, a merchant largely engaged in the lucrative trade at that time carried on between the east and the west, by the great highway that passed through Franklin County. In this trade, James Buchanan the elder had accumulated his fortune, and on the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Lane, much of his business passed into the hands of the latter.

Mr. Lane was descended from an old and aristocratic English family, who had settled in Virginia during the Revolution, and he was connected with some of the best names of this land. His business talents were well known and trusted, and all who enjoyed his acquaintance, testify to the uncommon amiability of his disposition.

Harriet, the youngest child of Elliot T. Lane and Jane Buchanan, spent the first years of her life in the picturesque village of Mercersburg, in the midst of a society distinguished for its intelligence and refinement. She inherited the vivacity of her mother, was a mischievous child, overflowing with health and good humor. Her uncle James, then in the prime of life, and already an illustrious man, paid frequent visits to

his birth-place, and the impression which his august presence and charming talk made upon little Harriet, was deep and lasting. She conceived an affection and reverence for him which knew no abatement till the hour of his death.

Her mother died when she was but seven years old, and her father survived but two years longer. She was left well provided with money, and with a large family connection, but at his solicitation, she accepted as a home the house of her uncle James, and sought his guardianship in preference to that of any of her other relatives.

Although Mr. Buchanan was not particularly fond of children, he was attracted toward this frank and handsome child from her earliest infancy. Her exuberant spirits, love of mischief, and wild pranks, called forth from him daily lectures and severe rebukes, but his acquaintances all knew that he was well pleased to have been singled out by the noble and affectionate girl as her guide, philosopher, and friend. No doubt that even at that early age, he recognized in her a kindred spirit, and his good angel whispered to him that the boisterous child, who sometimes disturbed his studies, and mimicked his best friends, would one day be to him a fit adviser in difficulty, a sympathetic companion in sorrow, the light and ornament of his public life, and the comfort, at last, of his lonely hearth.

Mr. Buchanan was reticent in speaking the praises, however well deserved, of his near relatives, but he

has been known, especially of late years, to dwell with a delight he could not conceal, upon the admirable qualities displayed by Miss Lane in childhood. Said he, "She never told a lie. She had a soul above deceit or fraud. She was too proud for it."

During the earliest years of Miss Lane's residence with her uncle, in Lancaster, she attended a day-school there, and, though she evinced much more than the usual aptitude for study, she was chiefly distinguished as a fun-loving, trick-playing romp, and a wilful domestic outlaw.

There was one anecdote her uncle liked to tell of her, as an evidence of her independent spirit and her kind heart. When she was about eleven years old, she was well grown and, indeed, mature looking for her age. Unlike most young ladies at that ambitious period of life, she was entirely unconscious of her budding charms, never dreaming that men must pause to wonder at and admire her, and that her actions were no longer unimportant as those of a child. One day Mr. Buchanan was shocked upon beholding from his window Miss Harriet, with flushed cheek and hat awry, trundling along, in great haste, a wheelbarrow full of wood. Upon his rushing out to enquire into the cause of such an unseemly and undignified proceeding, she answered in some confusion, that she was just on her way to old black Aunt Tabitha, with a load of wood, because it was so cold.

In administering the reproof that followed, Mr. Buchanan took good care that she should not see the

amused and gratified smile with which he turned away from the generous culprit.

About this time, her uncle executed a threat which he had long held suspended over Harriet. This was to place her under the tender care of a couple of elderly maidens of the place—ladies famous for their strict sense of propriety and their mean domestic economy—just such rule as our high-spirited young lady would chafe under. She had never believed her uncle to be in earnest about the matter, and her horror at finding herself duly installed in this pious household, under the surveillance of these old damsels, must have been comical enough to Mr. Buchanan, who was never blind to the funny side of any thing. He was in the Senate at the time, and she was in the habit of pouring out her soul to him in childish letters that complained of early hours, brown sugar in tea, restrictions in dress, stiff necks, and cold hearts. The winter passed slowly away, only solaced by the regular arrival of fatherly letters from her uncle, or by an occasional frolic out of doors—to say nothing of pocketsful of crackers and rock-candy, with which the appetite of the young woman was appeased, her simple fare being, if not scanty, unsuited to the tastes of one who had sat at Mr. Buchanan's table.

The next autumn, when she was twelve years old, she was sent with her sister, a lovely girl but a few years Harriet's senior, to a school in Charlestown, Va. Here they remained three years. Harriet was not a student, but she knew her lessons because it was

no trouble for her to learn them. She was excessively fond of music, and made great progress in it. Her vacations were spent with Mr. Buchanan; but the great event of those three years was a visit with him to Bedford Springs. It was a glorious time, which even now the woman of the world looks back upon with her own bright smile of pleasure.

She was next sent to the convent at Georgetown—a school justly celebrated for the elegant women who have been educated there. Miss Lane went over to Washington every month, and spent Saturday and Sunday with her uncle, then Secretary of State. These visits were, of course, delightful. Without seeing any gay society, she always met at Mr. Buchanan's house such men as few young girls could appreciate, and listened to such conversation as would improve the taste of any one.

Miss Lane at once became a great favorite with the sisters, who constantly expressed the highest opinion of her talents and her principles.

Before Mr. Buchanan had decided to send her to the convent, he had asked, "Do you think you would become a Roman Catholic?" She was anxious to go, but she answered, "I can't promise; I don't know enough about their faith." "Well," said he, "if you are a good Catholic, I will be satisfied."

She did not change her religious opinions, but her intercourse with the good sisters has always made her respect the old church, and has taught her sympathy and charity for all God's people.

Here she became very proficient in music, an accomplishment which, unfortunately for her friends, she has much neglected, owing to her constant engagements in social life and her disinclination for display in her public position. The nuns were anxious to have her learn to play upon the harp, not only on account of her musical taste, but because of her graceful person and exquisite hand. For some reason, however, she never took lessons upon that beautiful instrument, so well calculated to display the charms of a graceful woman.

Her uncle once asked in a letter what were her favorite studies. She answered, "History, astronomy, and especially mythology." Mr. Buchanan did not forget this avowed preference, and in after-years gratified his natural disposition to quiz those of whom he was fond, by appealing to his niece as authority on mythological questions, in the presence of company before whom she would have preferred to be silent.

Miss Lane was exceedingly quick and bright. She never applied her whole mind to study except the last of the two years she spent at Georgetown. The result of that effort was that she won golden opinions and graduated with great honor. She left the school, loved and regretted by the sisters, with some of whom she has been on terms of close friendship ever since. They always speak of her with pride, and have followed her career with an interest they seldom evince in any thing outside their sphere of seclusion and quiet.

At this time, Miss Lane's proportions were of the most perfect womanliness. Tall enough to be com-

manding, yet not high enough to attract observation—light enough to be graceful, but so full as to indicate the perfect health with which she was blest. Indeed, this appearance of health was the first impression produced by Miss Lane upon the beholder. It made one feel stronger only to watch her firm, quick step and round, elastic form. Her clear, ringing voice spoke of life. The truthful, steady light of her eyes inspired one with confidence in humanity, and the color that came and went in her cheek, set one's own blood to a more youthful, joyous bound.

Miss Lane was a blonde, her head and features were cast in noble mould, and her form, when at rest, was replete with dignified majesty, and, in motion, was instinct alike with power and grace. Hers was a bright, good face upon which none looked with indifference. Those deep violet eyes, with the strange dark line around them, could glance cold, stern rebuke upon the evil doer, and they could kindle, too, and pour young scorn upon what was small and mean. Yet of all her features, her mouth was the most peculiarly beautiful. Although in repose it was so indicative of firmness, it was capable of expressing infinite humor and perfect sweetness. Her golden hair was arranged with simplicity, and in her dress she always avoided superfluous ornament. In toilet, speech, and manner she was a lady.

Miss Lane was fond of games, and invariably excelled at all she ever attempted. Her uncle secretly prided himself upon her prowess, and, in her absence,

frequently spoke of this success of hers; but he liked to laugh at her for being able to "distance every body else in athletic sports." He used to tell about her daring some young man to run a race with her, and then leaving him far behind and out of breath. Yet it was known he had, upon this occasion, rebuked her for want of that dignity which, in his heart, he gladly owned she did not lack.

At Wheatland, Miss Lane saw much company from a distance, her uncle constantly entertaining his foreign and political friends. Their conversation and her historic reading, directed by Mr. Buchanan, made her a most congenial companion for him.

She was a good reader, her voice sweet and pure, and her enunciation clear and distinct. She was in the habit of reading aloud the newspapers, and afterward discussing with him the news and the political and literary subjects of the day. She took great interest in the grounds, and it was her taste that suggested many of the improvements made at Wheatland.

The quiet of her life here was interrupted by gay visits to Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburg, Washington, and Virginia. Wherever she went, she left hosts of friends, and never came home without bringing with her scores of masculine hearts. Indeed, their former owners often followed them and the young lady, in hopes of obtaining her hand in exchange. She remained, however, "fancy free," until her heart was touched by the love-tale of Mr. Johnston, whom she

met at Bedford Springs, during the annual visit made there by herself and Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Johnston was a young gentleman of Baltimore, fresh from college honors, manly, frank, and kind—full of enthusiasm, and as demonstrative as youth and southern blood make an earnest man when deeply in love.

Geranium leaves exchanged in those golden days of youth—withered surely in the lapse of time, and, one would fancy, long since cast aside—are worn by Miss Lane and her husband in memory of a dawning affection of which neither could have foreseen the end.

Miss Lane's brothers lived in Lancaster. One of them married there. Her sister Mary, who had been married to Mr. George W. Baker, also resided in Lancaster, and was much with Harriet until her removal to California. It was during her absence, in 1852, that Mr. Buchanan went as Minister to England, taking Miss Harriet Lane with him.

No more illustrious man than James Buchanan had ever been sent to represent his country at the court of the greatest empire of the world. His fame, as a statesman had preceded him. To the public men and educated classes of England his name was familiar, for he had been one of the most conspicuous figures in the United States for the third of the century. No citizen of this country had ever held so many great stations as he. His life had been crowded with the gravest public employments. Apart from his reputation as a statesman, he had won the highest encomiums at the

bar. For ten consecutive years he had sat in the lower house of Congress. As Minister to Russia, he had negotiated our first commercial treaty with that empire. In the Senate of the United States he had stood for years in the foremost rank of those mighty men whose statesmanship and eloquence made that body, thirty years ago, the most dignified assembly on earth. When he resigned his seat as a Senator, it was to become Secretary of State, and during that period, when he held that position, he refused a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States, urged upon him by Mr. Tyler, and afterward by Mr. Polk. His name had, for half his life-time, been associated with the Presidency. When he went to England, it was at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Pierce, who was unwilling to trust the settlement of the great questions then at issue between the two countries, to any hands less able than his, and it was well believed by many friends that, his work abroad completed, he would return to take possession of the Executive Chair.

In the blaze of this reputation, and led by the protecting hand of one so illustrious, did Harriet Lane make her entrance into English society.

And now she became publicly identified with Mr. Buchanan. At dinners and upon all occasions, she ranked, not as a niece, or even daughter, but as his wife. There was, at first, some question on this point, but the Queen, upon whom the blooming beauty had made a deep impression, soon decided that, and our heroine was thenceforward one of the foremost ladies in the diplomatic corps at St. James.

Her first appearance at a Drawing-room was a memorable occasion, not only to the young republican girl herself and her uncle, but to all who witnessed her graceful and dignified bearing at the time. Notwithstanding her youthful appearance, it could scarcely be credited that she, who managed her train so beautifully, appeared so unconscious of the attention she attracted, and diffused her smiles in such sweet and courtly manner, had never before been in the presence of royalty.

That night when she and Mr. Buchanan discussed the events of the day—as they habitually did before retiring—he suddenly turned about, saying, “Well, a person would have supposed you were a great beauty, to have heard the way you were talked of to-day. I was asked if we had many such handsome ladies in America. I answered, ‘Yes, and many much handsomer. She would scarcely be remarked there for her beauty.’”

Upon every occasion Miss Lane was most graciously singled out by the Queen, and it was well known that she was not only an unusual favorite with her majesty, but that she was regarded with favor and admiration by all the royal family. She was so immediately and universally popular, that she was warmly welcomed in every circle, and added much to the social reputation Mr. Buchanan's elegant manners won him everywhere. At her home she was modest and discreet, as well as sprightly and genial, and her countrymen never visited their great representative in Eng-

land without congratulating themselves upon having there also such a specimen of American womanhood.

The limits of our sketch prevent us from dwelling upon particular characters, political, noble and literary, with whom Miss Lane constantly came in contact. Nor have we time to mention the country houses of lord and gentry where Mr. Buchanan and herself were gladly received. Suffice it to say that her offers of marriage were very numerous, and such as would do honor to any lady of any land—men of great name, of high position and immense fortune, English and American.

She always confided these *affaires du cœur* to her uncle, who gave his advice as freely as it was asked. But he never attempted to influence her affections, although one could not have blamed him for wishing her to remain as she was. She always decided for her uncle, and ended the consideration of each proposal by trusting to the happiness she had already tried.

The years that Miss Lane spent in England were probably the brightest of her life. She loved England, English people, and English habits, and fortunate indeed it was for her that in the days of her early youth, when just entering upon womanhood, she acquired that taste for exercise, early hours, wholesome food, and healthy living, which make the ladies of Great Britain the fairest and most substantial beauties in the world.

One of the incidents of her stay abroad with her uncle, was her visit with him to Ostend, at the time of the celebrated conference between the American Ministers to England, France, and Spain. From here

she travelled with Mr. Mason and others to Brussels, Aix-la-Chapelle, Coblentz, and Frankfort on the Main, and thence joined Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Soule at Brussels, where the business of the Conference was completed.

She accompanied Mr. Mason on his return to Paris, and spent two months at his house. It is needless to say that these were happy months, for Mr. Mason's elegant hospitality, and the agreeable manners, and kind hearts of wife and daughters, made his home a thronged resort of all Americans who visited the gay capital. Miss Lane's recollections of that noble man are as warm as those of any of the thousands who were familiar with his virtues, and whose feeling regarding him was happily expressed after his death in an obituary written by a near friend, who summed up his faults and his merits in the title taken from the most genial character ever drawn by Bulwer, of "Old gentleman Waife."

Among the brilliant circle that nightly assembled in the saloons of Mr. Mason, Miss Lane reigned a pre-eminent belle.

We must also particularly refer to the enthusiasm excited by Miss Lane upon a memorable occasion in England. We mean the day when Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Tennyson received the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws at the University of Oxford. Her appearance was greeted with loud cheers by the students, and murmurs of admiration.

She returned to America, leaving Mr. Buchanan in

London, waiting for a release from his mission, which he had long urged, but which the State Department at Washington had failed to give him.

During this separation, her uncle wrote her long letters, overflowing with affection and regret that he had suffered her to leave him. Indeed, she would never have consented to absent herself from his side for an hour, had she not been expecting a visit at Wheatland from her sister, Mrs. Baker, whose sweet companionship she had missed in all her pleasures and triumphs. It was soon after her happy arrival at dear old Wheatland, with the welcome of friends still in her ears, and amid hurried and loving preparations for the reception of this beautiful and only sister, that the dreadful tidings of her death on the distant shores of the Pacific, smote on the sad heart of Harriet. In the agony of her first great grief, brooding over the memory of this twin soul, often did she echo in feeling those verses of Tennyson :

“ Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,
I, falling on thy faithful heart,
Would, breathing through thy lips, impart
The life that almost dies in me.

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind;
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.”

Under these sad circumstances Mr. Buchanan came home, and the news of his nomination for the Presidency soon afterward reached Wheatland. Miss Lane

heard it, not with indifference, but with less enthusiasm than she had shown about any thing in which her uncle was concerned. She, however, received his friends with a grace which, if sadder than of old, was none the less interesting; and the noble figure clad in mourning, and the modest, tender face beneath her dark English hat, will never be forgotten by those who saw Harriet Lane dispensing the dignified hospitalities of Mr. Buchanan's table, or calmly strolling over the lawn during the summer of 1856.

Saddened by suffering, but sustained by her warm affection for her uncle, she became the mistress of the White House. Her younger and favorite brother, Eskridge, accompanied Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane to Washington, and after a few days' stay there, went home to Lancaster, promising his sister, who was loth to bid him good-by, that he would return in about a month. But just a month from that parting, the telegraph bore to Mr. Buchanan the news of his sudden death.

The President loved this youth above all his nephews, and had meant to have him with him at Washington. This was a terrible blow to him, but in his affliction he was mindful of Harriet, and it was with the kindest care he broke to her the intelligence.

The sister, again and so soon smitten, with a crushed heart set out for the scene of death, there to yearn over the dear clay of that lost brother.

When Miss Lane returned to her uncle, it was not to parade her trouble, but quietly and cheerfully to

assist him in his social and domestic life ; to keep her grief for her closet, and in the endurance of it, to ask no help but God's. Yet all who saw her, subdued but dignified, as she received familiar friends during those first months in Washington, were struck with the elegant repose of her manners, her sweet thanks for sympathy, and her kind and gentle interest in everything about her.

The next winter she went to no entertainments, but the usual dinners and receptions at home were not omitted. In her new high sphere she was as much admired as she had always been, and after she began to participate in the gayeties of that gayest administration, her life was made up of a series of honors and pleasures such as have never fallen to the lot of any other young lady in the United States.

On the occasion of a New Year's reception, when Mr. Buchanan stood up to receive the ambassadors of the world's kingdoms and empires, his great frame, his massive head, his noble countenance, marked and adorned by the lines of thought, but untouched by the wrinkles of decay, made him a spectacle so vast, impressive, and majestic, that it did not require the addition of his courtly manners to elicit a thrill of pride in the breast of every American who beheld him.

It would have been a trying contrast to the beauty and dignity of any one to have stood by his side ; yet it was difficult for those who saw Harriet Lane there to decide between the uncle and the niece—to say

which looked the proudest and the greatest—the man or the woman, the earlier or the later born.

Miss Lane's position was more onerous, and more crowded with social duties than that of any other person who filled her place since the days of Martha Washington, because Mr. Buchanan received not merely official visits in the capacity of President, but his wide acquaintance at home and abroad was the cause of his constantly entertaining, as a private gentleman, foreigners and others, who came, not to see Washington and the President, but to visit Mr. Buchanan himself.

Jefferson Davis, who, for reasons creditable to Mr. Buchanan's course at the outbreak of the secession movement, was not friendly to him, speaking to Dr. Craven at Fortress Monroe, said: "The White House, under the administration of Buchanan, approached more nearly to my idea of a Republican Court than the President's house had ever done before, since the days of Washington." In this compliment, extorted by truth, of course Miss Lane shared.

In the summer of 1860, Queen Victoria accepted the invitation of the President for the Prince of Wales to extend his Canadian tour to this country. Of course, the duty of preparing for the Prince's reception devolved upon Miss Lane, and so admirably did she order the Executive household, that a party far less amiable than the Prince and the noble gentlemen who accompanied him, could not have failed to find their visit an agreeable one. Apart from the personal quali-

ties of this distinguished guest (and Mr. Buchanan always spoke with enthusiasm of the admirable qualities and excellent disposition of his young friend), his visit was an occurrence of memorable interest, being the first occasion on which an heir apparent to the Crown of Great Britain had stood in the Capital of her lost colonies. Especially did this interest attach, when, standing uncovered by the side of the President, before the gateway of Washington's tomb, and gazing reverently on the sarcophagus that holds his ashes, the great-grandson of George the Third paid open homage to the memory of the chief who rent his empire—when the last born king of William the Conqueror's blood bowed his knee before the dust of the greatest rebel of all time.

The modesty of the Prince's behavior, and his perfectly frank manners attested the excellence of the training given him by his good mother and his high-souled, wise, and pious father. He entered with all the freshness of youth into every innocent amusement planned to beguile the hours of his stay.

It may be well here to mention, as an instance of Mr. Buchanan's care for the proprieties of his station, that, anxious as it was possible for man to be to gratify the Prince, who, on more than one occasion, proposed dancing, approving of it as a harmless pastime, and fond of it as a spectacle, he yet declined to permit it in the White House, for the reason that that building was not his private home, that it belonged to the nation, and that the moral sense of many good people who

had assisted to put him there, would be shocked by what they regarded as profane gayety in the saloons of the State.

The visit of the English party lasted five days, and they separated from Mr. Buchanan and Miss Lane, leaving behind them most agreeable recollections.

On the Prince's arrival in England, the Queen acknowledged her sense of the cordiality of his reception by the President in the following autograph letter, in which the dignity of an official communication is altogether lost in the personal language of a grateful mother thanking a friend for kindness done her first-born child. It is the Queen's English employed to express the sentiments of the woman :

“WINDSOR CASTLE, Nov. 19th, 1860.

“MY GOOD FRIEND:—Your letter of the 6th ult. has afforded me the greatest pleasure, containing, as it does, such kind expressions with regard to my son, and assuring me that the character and object of his visit to you and to the United States have been fully appreciated, and that his demeanor and the feelings evinced by him, have secured to him your esteem and the general good will of your countrymen.

“I purposely delayed the answer to your letter until I should be able to couple with it the announcement of the Prince of Wales' safe return to his home. Contrary winds and stress of weather have much retarded his arrival, but we have been fully compensated for the anxiety which this long delay has naturally

caused us, by finding him in such excellent health and spirits, and so delighted with all he has seen and experienced in his travels.

"He cannot sufficiently praise the great cordiality with which he has been everywhere greeted in your country, and the friendly manner in which you have received him; and whilst, as a mother, I am grateful for the kindness shown him, I feel impelled to express at the same time, how deeply I have been touched by the many demonstrations of affection personally toward myself which his presence has called forth.

"I fully reciprocate toward your nation the feelings thus made apparent, and look upon them as forming an important link to connect two nations of kindred origin and character, whose mutual esteem and friendship must always have so material an influence upon their respective development and prosperity.

"The interesting and touching scene at the grave of General Washington, to which you allude, may be fitly taken as the type of our present feeling, and, I trust, of our future relations.

"The Prince Consort, who heartily joins in the expressions contained in this letter, wishes to be kindly remembered to you, as we both wish to be to Miss Lane.

"Believe me always

"Your good friend,

"VICTORIA R."

The Prince spoke for himself in the following note:

“JAFFA, March 29th, 1862.

“DEAR MR. BUCHANAN:—Permit me to request that you will accept the accompanying portrait as a slight mark of my grateful recollection of the hospitable reception and agreeable visit at the White House on the occasion of my tour in the United States.

“Believe me that the cordial welcome which was then vouchsafed to me by the American people, and by you as their chief, can never be effaced from my memory.

“I venture to ask you at the same time to remember me kindly to Miss Lane, and

“Believe me, dear Mr. Buchanan,

“Yours, very truly,

“ALBERT EDWARD.”

The portrait to which the Prince alludes in the preceding letter was a handsome painting of himself, done by Sir John Watson Gordon, and sent to Mr. Buchanan.

The Prince also presented Miss Lane with a set of engravings of the Royal Family, which are now in her possession. A newspaper correspondent, after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, wrote that the appearance of the Mansion was very much changed by the removal of the portraits, which had been presented for the White House.

Mr. Buchanan could not let so grave a charge re-

main unanswered, and wrote to Lord Lyons, whose letter is for the first time published.

“WASHINGTON, Dec. 24th, 1861.

“SIR: I have this morning had the honor to receive your letter of the 19th of this month, requesting me to state the facts connected with a present made by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to Miss Lane, of a set of engravings representing Her Majesty, the Queen, and other members of the Royal Family.

“The Prince of Wales told me, when His Royal Highness was at Washington, that he had asked Miss Lane to accept these engravings—he said that he had not them with him there, but that he would send them, through me, from Portland. His Royal Highness accordingly sent them on shore immediately after he embarked at that place.

“They were marked with Miss Lane’s name, in the handwriting of General Bruce.

“In obedience to the commands I had received from the Prince, I presented them in his name, to Miss Lane. I had the honor of placing them myself in her hand.

“I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect,
Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant and friend,

“LYONS.

“The Honorable

“JAMES BUCHANAN, &c., &c., &c.”

When the secession movement was inaugurated by

South Carolina, immediately after the election of Mr. Lincoln, the position of Mr. Buchanan became one of extreme delicacy and difficulty, and in its great cares as well as in its petty social annoyances, Miss Lane bore a heavy part.

During those last months of his administration, when Mr. Buchanan was harrassed on every side, when his patriotism was doubted, when his hands—eager to hold steady the reins of Government—were tied fast by the apathy of Congress and the indifference of the Northern people, his mind was lightened of much of its load of anxiety by the consciousness that his niece faithfully represented him in his drawing-room, and that his patriotism and good sense would never suffer by any conversational lapse of hers. He always spoke with warmth and gratitude of her admirable demeanor at this critical time.

And now we see Miss Lane once more at Wheatland, sharing and enjoying the dignified retirement of her uncle.

The society of that revered man who was preparing for a better world and appealing to a higher judgment than that of a selfish faction, the calm pleasures of country life, the continued attentions of enthusiastic admirers, the many visits of dear tried friends, the consolations of religion, and the devotion of one true heart that had never ceased its homage, was her compensation for many trials.

In 1863, Miss Lane was confirmed in the Episcopal Church at Oxford, Philadelphia, of which her uncle

was the rector, by Bishop Stevens. She would have joined the Presbyterian Church to which her uncle belonged, had he desired it, because she was as liberal as he is known to have been in his religious views, and they never differed on doctrinal points. But several circumstances had made it convenient for her to attend the Episcopal Church a great deal, and she had early learned to love its beautiful prayer book, and in any other church to miss its significant forms.

About this time occurred the death of James B. Lane, leaving Harriet no brother nor sister, nor indeed any near relations except her two uncles, the Rev. E. Y. Buchanan, and the ex-President, to whom she clung with renewed affection.

However, one morning in January, 1866, when the evergreens before the old house at Wheatland were burdened with snow, and the lawn was white, and the spring was frozen, and icicles hung from the roof, the grounds there were made gay and bright by the assemblage of carriages that brought guests to see the marriage, by the Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, of Harriet Lane and Henry Elliott Johnston. Indoors, there was nothing in the glow of the fire, the odor of the flowers, the gratified appearance of the host, or the sunny faces of the wedding party, to indicate the struggle just finished between two loves.

Some weeks after the marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston went to Cuba, where they spent a month or two most delightfully. From there, Mr. Johnston took his wife to his house in Baltimore, which, with charac-

teristic taste, thoughtfulness, and liberality, he had had elegantly and luxuriously fitted up for the lady of his dreams, to whom he forthwith presented it.

It would scarcely be fair to dwell, in print, upon the happiness of this congenial pair, but it would be unpardonable if we did not assure the reader, that Mr. Johnston is all that Miss Lane's husband ought to be. Even those who naturally disliked to see Miss Lane pass out of the house of her great kinsman into any other home, soon became charmed with Mr. Johnston, and could not but congratulate Miss Lane upon this choice, made from many lovers.

Nor can we consent to close this sketch of Mrs. Johnston's life without attracting attention to her in her last and most endearing relation. In her most glorious days, she was never more beautiful than as a mother, and the matronly grace with which she cares for her child is sweeter to her husband than the early flush or the queenly prime when he occasionally ventured on presents of fruits or flowers.

Would that we could now drop the curtain upon this fair domestic scene without noticing the cloud that has darkened the prosperous life of Mrs. Johnston this past summer. But our own regret for Mr. Buchanan is yet so new that we cannot overlook the never-dying grief of his niece, or withhold our sympathy for her in her greatest bereavement.

Again, she is at Wheatland—now her own summer home—mourning for the good man gone; but comforted by the thought that, though in all his dear fa-

miliar haunts she will see him nevermore, he is already understood and appreciated, and that history is even now doing him justice. Comforted also in knowing that her husband ministered to her uncle's dying days, and that he received his unqualified confidence and affection. Comforted also in the sweet task, the great work, of training up her boy to be worthy the name of James Buchanan Johnston.



MRS. MARY TODD LINCOLN.

It has ever been the boast of Americans, that the position of "President" has never been bestowed upon any man whose private life was open to calumny.

While the crown heads of the old world veil their infirmities behind the grandeur of hereditary power and wealth, the ruler of the Republic, holding his office by the will of the people, returns it to their keeping, and becomes after his retirement, the untitled citizen. Fortunately for us as a nation and as individuals, all who have served us have been above reproach, have endured the scrutiny of the argus-eyed, hydra-headed world and been dismissed with its thanks and praises.

Seventeen chief magistrates have occupied the nation's home, and seventeen times have they received the approval of their countrymen. All have had their families with them, and in all but a single instance have those families been the pride and boast, not only of a particular party, but of the people, whose house they occupied, and whose servants they were. Never a word of thoughtless unkindness or of merited abuse extended to a President's family, until Mrs. Lincoln's occupation of the Presidential Mansion.

She took possession of it at a time when all the vile influences of selfish strife and sectional bitterness were beginning to develop themselves into the war

which followed. No former experience had been similar to the changing scenes of the present. It was decidedly a new epoch in the nation's history, and the exigencies of the times demanded prompt, decided action to successfully meet the issue forced upon those in public life. Nor can we of this short remove from the conflicts then endured, rightly estimate the characters of those engaged. It has been an occurrence of too recent a date, and personal feelings are still too strong for any American to do simple justice, without impressing the statement made with some personal opinions and decisions.

Miss Harriet Lane retired with her courtly uncle to Wheatland, leaving behind a memory all pleasantness, and a record of untarnished lustre. Her lofty place had not spoiled her, for the nobleness of her inner life recognized no superiority of the external badges of greatness. In its fullest, finest sense, she had been a belle, and withal a very beautiful and good woman. Her sunny heart reflected its own brightness upon all, while the harmony and beauty of her young life lent an irresistible charm to her presence. Open in her professions, and ingenuous in her temper, the frank earnest woman attracted the admiration, and won the regards of the nation.

To supply the place of so popular a person was a difficult matter, and all felt that so charming a hostess could not be found.

She had been fortunate in occupying the position during an administration of peace. Toward the last the clouds of war began to gather, but only to the ob-

servant sentinels of the nation's welfare was it perceptible. In the drawing-room, the parlor, and the temples of worship, all things spoke of prosperity and peace, and Miss Lane's successful life as hostess of the White House drew to a triumphant close.

From the opposite end of the land was to come the next "Lady of the White House," and public expectation was at its height to see the wife of the Western rail-splitter. So exaggerated were the stories concerning the new President, and so unfounded were the tales of his former hard life, although he had served in both branches of Congress, that many prepared themselves for amusement in anticipation of the figure she would cut in the position occupied by her predecessor. The absolute ignorance, unpardonable in enlightened communities, exhibited by many in regard to the public career of Mr. Lincoln, was not more deplorable than their estimate of Mrs. Lincoln's early advantages. She was a Kentuckian by birth, and a member of the good old Todd family, of Lexington. Her younger years were spent in that homely town of beautiful surroundings, with an aunt who reared her, she being an orphan. Childhood and youth were passed in comfort and comparative luxury, nor did she ever know poverty; but her restless nature found but little happiness in the society of her elders, and she went when just merging into womanhood, to reside with her sister in Springfield. The attractions of this, then small place, was greatly augmented by the society of the young people, and Mary Todd passed the pleasantest years of her life in her sister's western home. On the 4th

of November, 1842, at the age of twenty-one, she was married to Abraham Lincoln, a prominent lawyer, of Illinois. A letter written the following May, to Mr. Speed, of Louisville, Kentucky, by Mr. Lincoln, contains the following mention of his domestic life: "We are not keeping house," he says, "but boarding at the Globe Tavern, which is very well kept now by a widow lady, of the name of Beck. Our rooms are the same Dr. Wallace occupied there, and boarding only costs four dollars a week. I most heartily wish you and your Fanny will not fail to come. Just let us know the time, a week in advance, and we will have a room prepared for you, and we will all be merry together for a while." The excellent spirits in which the husband wrote, must have argued well for the happy married life they were leading. Although much in public life, Mr. Lincoln was holding no office at the time of his marriage, but four years later, he was elected to Congress, and took his seat December 6th, 1847. Mrs. Lincoln did not accompany her husband to Washington, but remained at her home. It was a season of war, and general disturbance through the country, and while her husband attended his duties at the Capital, Mrs. Lincoln remained with her children in Springfield. In August, he returned to enter upon the duties of his profession, and to "devote himself to them through a series of years, less disturbed by diversions into State and National politics than he had been during any previous period of his business life. It was to him a time of rest, of reading, of social happiness, and of professional prosperity. He was already a father, and took

an almost unbounded pleasure in his children. Their sweet young natures were to him a perpetual source of delight. He was never impatient with their petulance and restlessness, loved always to be with them, and took them into his heart with a fondness which was unspeakable. It was a fondness so tender and profound as to blind him to their imperfections, and to expel from him every particle of sternness in his management of them."

At this time, Mrs. Lincoln was the mother of four children, and though one had passed on to the spirit world, her home was one of happiness. Ministered to by a husband who never knew how to be aught but kind to her, and surrounded by evidences of prosperity, her lines had fallen in pleasant places, and she was considered by her friends, a fortunate woman.

Mr. Lincoln was a hard student and constant reader, and was steadily progressing in knowledge. Thrown among talented and educated gentlemen, and possessing an intense desire for improvement, he had become, during the years of his married life, a superior lawyer and statesman. His was a progressive nature, striving for the golden truths of sage experience.

Not so had she progressed. Her nature was content to remain in its original condition, caring only for those distinctions which gratify the vanity and satisfy the outward life.

Ambitious, vain, and overbearing, she yet permitted the priceless moments to glide into the past, leaving her unmindful of their flight, unregretful of her loss.

The immeasurable distance between herself and

her husband she did not consider; yet felt the total want of sympathy and congeniality for the pursuit which most interested him. Had she been a plain, unpretending wife and mother, counting her life complete in adding to the welfare of her family, the world would have appreciated the cause of her exceeding plainness and want of culture, and would have revered her good traits, while excusing her shortcomings. But Mrs. Lincoln was not such an one, nor can that sensitiveness be felt, in making public her life, which one so naturally experiences in writing of personages in private life.

Many men of transient, as well as lasting fame in every department of life, have been wedded to women whose mental calibre was far below their own standard, but sweet womanly traits, and the evident desire to do good, counterbalanced the want of attainments.

Wives, in this country especially, have many times paid the penalty of ignorance for marrying public men. To gain position and the reflection of official dignity, they have accepted husbands whose means of support were precarious, and in the end found only disappointment. Left behind when public duties called the husband to the seat of government, doomed to slavery of the most repulsive kind during perhaps the best years of life, the wives of public men in modest circumstances are encompassed by endless privations, and find, perhaps, when their husbands reach the summit of fame, they have not even tasted its sweets. Ordinary women sink under adverse circumstances, and become a clog to lofty aspirants. Even

when a conscientious regard for duty enables them to perform the unvarying round of monotonous labor, the result is none the less apparent. Frequently, wives, in such cases, turn from themselves to society for an undefined something they cannot express. Gossip, excitement, and fashion gilds the cup of disappointment, if it cannot beautify and refine it. Others, in so sad a state, turn with a morbid affection to those dependent upon them, and unselfishly devote time, labor, and love to serve others. Though the motive is better, the needs of a mental nature are still unsupplied, and thus are consumed existences bound by the limits of home. Ofttimes religion dignifies and renders beautiful even such uneventful lives, but most frequently the worry and care of existence steals the roundness from the cheek and the light from the once sparkling eye.

But to neither class did Mrs. Lincoln belong. The daughter of a Congressman, she became the wife of a successful politician, and had ample time and means to develop and cultivate herself in every particular.

Her husband was fond of the society of refined women, and would have gladly assisted and encouraged her in the pursuit of any plan either to benefit or amuse. Ample time and means were placed before her for years, but she preferred to live in the idle, easy manner of many of her acquaintances.

Mrs. Lincoln, in her childhood, repeatedly asserted that she should be a President's wife. So profoundly impressed was she with this idea, that she calculated, as a girl, the probabilities of such a success with all

her male friends. Refusing to marry an attractive, noble, and highly-gifted statesman, in her young days, she later in life accepted the least handsome of men, but who was destined to be finally, although there were no earthly probabilities of it then, the President of the United States. She was always superstitious, her enemies assert, from the fact that she was nursed and reared by a negress. But had she been thoroughly acquainted with nature's laws, she would have had less fear and more capacity to discriminate between the presentiments and warnings, which she felt were mysteries.

Year after year her husband grew beyond her in mental strength and culture; and yet, feeling the distance between them, and the inferiority of her own mind, she comforted herself with the assurance that she was his wife, and if she could not appreciate, she could share his good fortune, and rule and be obeyed. In all the pictures taken of her—and I have carefully examined many—there is an entire lack of spirituality evident in every one. The brow and head is narrow and low—the sure indication, wherever found, of corresponding intellect. In her physique, the moral, physical, and intellectual are proportionally developed, and each and all on a very ordinary plane. Her ruling trait is her ambition, which, rightly directed, might have been a saving power with her, but which, unfortunately, was the means of bringing many mistakes. Had she remained in comparative retirement, her real nature would, perhaps, have been undiscovered; but, occupying as she

did, the loftiest position known in her country, she was the centre of all eyes, and the observed of all observers. That she failed utterly in the place which she long aspired to fill, is due alone to her ignorance. That her name became a synonym of reproach and contempt, is the result of two causes—her want of self-respect and lack of a knowledge of human nature.

The Republican Convention at Chicago verified Mrs. Lincoln's prophecy of being the wife of a President. It assembled the 16th of June, 1860, and after a close contest between the two favorites of the Republican party—Governor Seward and Mr. Lincoln—the latter was declared unanimously nominated as a candidate for the Presidency. In Springfield, Mrs. Lincoln waited in her own home for the result of her prediction, and when at noon the cannon on the public square announced the decision of the Convention, breathless with excitement, she scarcely dared to ask the result. Her husband, in the excitement of the moment, did not forget her, but putting the telegram in his pocket, remarked to his friends that "there was a little woman on Eighth street who had some interest in the matter" walked home to gladden her heart with the good news. That Friday night must have been the very happiest of her life, for few women have ever craved the position as she did, and it was hers! Crowds of citizens and strangers thronged her home all the afternoon, and the roar of cannon and the wild, tumultuous shouts of excited men filled the town with a deafening noise. At night the Republicans

marched in a body to Mr. Lincoln's house, and after a brief speech, were invited, as many as could get into the house, to enter, "the crowd responding that after the fourth of March they would give him a larger house. The people did not retire until a late hour, and then moved off reluctantly, leaving the excited household to their rest."

And now commenced the life which Mrs. Lincoln had so long anticipated, and if her husband was not elated, she was, and the hearts of these two, so nearly concerned in this great honor, beat from widely different emotions. "He could put on none of the airs of eminence; he could place no bars between himself and those who had honored him. Men who entered his house impressed with a sense of his new dignities, found him the same honest, affectionate, true-hearted and simple-minded Abraham Lincoln that he had always been. He answered his own bell, accompanied his visitors to the door when they retired, and felt all that interfered with his old homely and hearty habits of hospitality as a burden,—almost an impertinence." She, annoyed by the crowds who thronged the house, and the constant interruptions, found it so intolerable that Mr. Lincoln took a room in the State House, and met his friends there until his departure for Washington.

Just after the election a circumstance occurred which Mrs. Lincoln interpreted in a manner which forced one to recall the predictions of her childhood. Mr. Lincoln thus repeated it. "It was after my election when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great 'hurrah, boys! so

that I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay, was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other. I got up and the thing melted away and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it,—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I went home, I told my wife about it, and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was ‘a sign’ that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term.”

Mr. Lincoln regarded the vision as an optical illusion, caused from nervousness, “yet, with that tinge of superstition which clings to every sensitive and deeply thoughtful man, in a world full of mysteries, he was

so far affected by it as to feel that 'something uncomfortable had happened.'" Viewed in the light of subsequent events, Mrs. Lincoln's prophetic interpretation of the vision had almost a startling import.

"Mrs. Lincoln and her three boys were in the car as it rolled out of Springfield; and with them a number of Mr. Lincoln's old friends. On arriving at Indianapolis, the party found the city entirely devoted for the time to the pleasant task of giving their elected Chief Magistrate a fitting reception. Business was suspended, flags were floating everywhere, and when, at five o'clock, the train rolled into the Union Depot, a salute of thirty-four guns announced them and gave them greeting."

The next day the party started by a special train for Cincinnati. An immense crowd cheered them as they moved off. The train was composed of four passenger cars, the third and fourth of which were occupied by the Cincinnati committee of reception. The train passed by the burial-place of General Harrison, who had for a short month occupied the presidential chair, and here the family of the deceased patriot were assembled. Mr. Lincoln bowed his respects to the group and to the memory of his predecessor.

The morning of the fourth of March, 1861, broke beautifully clear, and it found General Scott and the Washington police in readiness for the day. The friends of Mr. Lincoln had gathered in from far and near, determined that he should be inaugurated. In the hearts of the surging crowds there was anxiety; but outside all looked as usual on such occasions, with the

single exception of an extraordinary display of soldiers. The public buildings, the schools and most of the places of business were closed during the day, and the stars and stripes were floating from every flag-staff. There was a great desire to hear Mr. Lincoln's inaugural; and at an early hour, Pennsylvania Avenue was full of people, wending their way to the east front of the capitol, from which it was to be delivered.

At five minutes before twelve o'clock, Vice-President Breckinridge and Senator Foote escorted Mr. Hamlin, the vice-President elect, into the Senate-Chamber, and gave him a seat at the left of the chair. At twelve, Mr. Breckinridge announced the Senate adjourned, and then conducted Mr. Hamlin to the seat he had vacated. At this moment, the foreign diplomats, of whom there was a very large and brilliant representation, entered the chamber, and took the seats assigned to them. At a quarter before one o'clock, the Judges of the Supreme Court entered, with the venerable Chief-Justice Taney at their head, each exchanging salutes with the new Vice-President, as they took their seats. At a quarter past one o'clock, an unusual stir and excitement announced the coming of the most important personage of the occasion. It was a relief to many to know that he was safely within the building; and those who were assembled in the hall regarded with the profoundest interest the entrance of President Buchanan and the President elect—the outgoing and the incoming man. A procession was then formed which passed to the platform erected for the ceremonies of the occasion, in the following

order: Marshal of the District of Columbia, Judges of the Supreme Courts and Sergeant-at-arms, Senate Committee of Arrangements, President of the Senate, Senators, Diplomatic Corps, heads of departments, Governors of States and such others as were in the chamber.

* * * * *

After the reading of the inaugural and the oath of office, administered by the venerable Chief-Justice Taney, Mr. Lincoln was escorted back to the White House, where Mr. Buchanan took leave of him, and where he received the large number of persons who called to see him.

During the afternoon, Mrs. Lincoln took possession of the White House, and her eventful life commenced in Washington.

The following days were spent with her sisters in happy bustle and excitement, arranging for the first levee, and domesticating themselves in their new abode.

It was held the 9th of March, and was the only one of the season. Her personal appearance was described in these words:

"Mrs. Lincoln stood a few paces from her husband, assisted by her sisters, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Baker, together with two of her nieces, and was attired in a rich pink moire-antique, pearl ornaments, and flowers in her hair and hands. She is a pleasant looking, elegant appearing lady, of perhaps forty, somewhat inclined to stoutness, but withal fine looking and self-possessed." The levee was a brilliant one, and many citizens and strangers not accustomed to taking part

in the gay world about them, did themselves the pleasure of paying their respects to the new President and his family. It was perhaps the happiest evening of Mrs. Lincoln's life—a triumph she had often mused upon and looked forward to as in store for her. The desire of her heart was gratified, and she was mistress of the White House. Surrounded by her children, sustained by her friends, and with her husband accepting the congratulations of the people, she certainly to all appearances was a fortunate woman. But she was not satisfied! Knowing the opinion many had expressed of her inability to maintain the dignity of her coveted position, she permitted her mind to dwell upon their possible criticisms. The cloud that rested over her present enjoyment rankled in her heart until it stole from her face its pleasantness, and from her voice its gladness.

Ladies who saw her for the first time congratulated each other that she had been misrepresented, and, save a superabundance of natural ornaments on her hair, she was richly and tastefully attired, and was certainly dignified and elegant. Thus she appeared to all who saw her, and had she followed up the good impression she that evening made, her life would be brighter now. Discreet reserve in a woman, like the distance kept by royal personages, contributes to maintain proper reverence; but familiarity, especially in a woman of high position, tends to sink her lower than those beneath her.

Had Mrs. Lincoln regarded the old heathen maxim, "Reverence thyself;" had she, conscious of her nobil

ity as a true woman, surrounded herself with a dignity befitting not only her momentary elevation, but her position as such, the throng who now call her name in contempt, would have proudly awarded her the acme of praise. It has been justly observed, that unless we respect ourselves, no one will do it for us, and the trite phrase holds as good in one as another condition in life: the wife of the humble artisan as much as the heiress in her mansion or the queen upon her throne.

A woman attains the honors of political positions only through her husband, and retains them entirely by her own conduct. The freedom of Republican institutions is such that a man may by force of talents place himself in the presidential chair, but they are not such that his wife may with impunity degrade herself.

Mrs. Lincoln was at the watering-places during the summer months of 1861, and after a prolonged trip returned to the White House in November. While she was enjoying her new dignity, in receiving the flatteries and adulations of every body who chose to bestow them, her husband toiled and struggled with the manifold duties of his office. If he grew sadly weary and dispirited, or if the cares were too great for his brain to endure, she, all unmindful of his spiritual needs or temporal comforts, found congenial society at Saratoga and Long Branch.

Immediately after her return to the White House, she resumed the gayeties she had indulged in elsewhere, and received publicly every night of each week.

Circumstances which so often deprive individuals of freedom of action, never exerted such an influence over Mrs. Lincoln's life. Hers was an ever-fortunate existence, which knew no blight her own wilfulness did not invite, nor feel any sorrow not induced by her want of common sense. As I have remarked, the *causa causans* of all her conduct was ignorance. It was indirectly at the root of every error which mortified her friends and astonished strangers. For instance, the following incident is an example of her utter want of force and judgment, to say nothing of refinement.

An editor of a prominent paper, who happened to be a lady, visited Washington on business for her paper. Mrs. Lincoln had heard of her in connection with this paper, and sent Chevalier Wikoff to request a visit, at the same time placing her carriage at her command. The lady in question accepted the invitation, appointed an hour, and with a friend visited the White House. It happened to be reception-night, and Mrs. Lincoln soon made her appearance in the Blue-room attired in full-dress. The enterprising editor, after the usual salutations, inquired after the welfare of the troops in Washington, the hospitals, and news from the front, hoping to interest her hostess, as well as to gain information; but, unselfish as were her motives, she failed utterly. The adjustment of handkerchief, gloves, and bracelets, was of infinitely more importance, and the evident desire to impress the visitor with the personnel of so great an individual, was too apparent to be mistaken. Foiled in every effort to sustain a conversation, the lady began to flatter her

hostess, and to admire the extreme good taste and elegance of her toilet. She wore a pink moire-antique dress, very low in the neck, and short in the sleeve, richly trimmed with lace; upon her neck and in her ears hung diamonds, and on her hands were the same glittering jewels worn over her gloves. Purple gloves stitched in crimson, together with yellow roses in her hair, completed her attire, which in point of expense was certainly considerable. After vainly trying to understand why she was invited to a special audience an hour before the regular reception, the editor retired abashed and dismayed with the conduct of the President's wife. Instances were not rare of her flagrant violations of etiquette, not to say good breeding, and her incapacity to sustain the dignity of her station was a subject of sorrow and mortification to the friends of her husband.

The mere accident of position, while it has its present weight and influence, cannot, apart from personal worth, exert any claim over individuals. When the pomp and vain-glorying of the moment is past, and reason asserts her sway, then merit, and not place, is appreciated and rewarded.

Mrs. Lincoln's paramount idea in her new home was to economize, and with that sentiment uppermost in her mind determined to do away with the pleasant time-honored custom of giving "State dinners." In their place she substituted "receptions," which were held unceasingly during the winter of "'61-'62." The death of her favorite son threw a gloom over the stately mansion, and for a time dispelled all attempts

at gayety. The summer passed quietly away, and in early September Mrs. Lincoln visited New York and Boston, and returned after an interval to resume the quiet life congenial to one bowed with sorrow. Two years of mourning outwardly, and perhaps a lifetime of inward grief, succeeded Willie's death, and the mother, faithful to the memory of her lost child, crossed never again the Guests' Room in which he died, or the Green Room where his body had lain.

In 1864, the receptions were renewed, and the old habitués of the White House flocked in numbers to a pleasure from which they had so long been debarred. Excitement and happiness filled the hearts of the guests, while anxiety and care depressed the feelings of host and hostess. War, relentless and insatiate, stalked abroad in the land, and the weary cry of a down-trodden people echoed in the night-winds as they swept past the nation's home.

The reëlection of President Lincoln was the topic of conversation throughout the North a year prior to the time appointed for the final decision. His success and subsequent events need not be reiterated; they are known to the world and regretted by every lover of peace and order.

After the death of the President, Mrs. Lincoln remained five weeks in the White House, during which time she incurred the odium that now rests upon her. Illness, it was said, detained her after the remains of her husband had been borne back to his old home, and perhaps to this cause may be attributed the condition of the house after her departure. Sufficient is it to

know that during this time it was plundered of all the ornaments, many of the heavy articles of furniture, and all of the smaller pieces of silver and dining-ware. Curtains were demolished, sofas cut and injured, while the entire building was left unswept and uncleaned, reeking in the accumulated filth of many weeks of constant hard usage. Whether the President's wife was to blame for this state of affairs, or whether she was responsible for the many articles of public property taken then, none can positively assert.

The regulations of the establishment were not vigorous, and had not been complied with at any time of her stay. As a matter of economy, she dismissed the steward who had been there with President Buchanan, and who had control of the public property, and undertook to attend to this matter herself. This she had no time to do, and hence, to the tender mercy of numerous servants was left the care of the household.

All was in confusion during this season of packing—dependants, expecting to leave, idly sauntered about the building, working when they chose. Officials undecided how to act under such extraordinary circumstances, but hoping it would soon end, waited while Mrs. Lincoln, all unmindful, remained closely in her own apartments, seeing no one but the servants, and sending such amounts of baggage that the commission of buildings hoped each day to be notified of the final departure.

But if this state of affairs annoyed some, it was highly gratifying to the rabble who wandered at will

through the unkemmed mansion, and lounged in security on the sofas and divans of the East Room.

To the fact that no one felt justified in taking charge of the house while Mrs. Lincoln remained, may be attributed its deplorable condition. Many things may be accounted for, and some grave charges cleared away, when this fact is remembered; but the subject is distasteful, the thoughts suggested are humiliating to our pride, and we are glad to turn from the theme, glad that the task, though imperfectly performed, is well-nigh completed.

In January, 1869, Mrs. Lincoln wrote the following letter to the Vice-President of the United States, asking for a pension, and the Washington papers of the following day contained the following.

The President of the Senate yesterday presented to that body the following petition from Mrs. Lincoln.

To the Honorable Vice-President of the United States.

SIR: I herewith most respectfully present to the Honorable Senate of the United States an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of the United States, whose life was sacrificed in his country's service. That sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health, and by the advice of my physicians I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters, and during the winter to go to Italy. But my financial means do not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me, nor can I live in a style becoming the widow of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation,

although I live as economically as I can. In consideration of the great services my deeply lamented husband has rendered to the United States, and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death, his martyrdom, I may say—I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition. Hoping that a yearly pension may be granted me, so that I may have less pecuniary care, I remain most respectfully,

MRS. A. LINCOLN.

Frankfort, Germany.

The bill was introduced by Senator Morton, of Indiana, and it was referred to the Committee on Pensions. Mr. Van Winkle, the chairman of that committee, made a report in which the committee said, in substance, they were unable to perceive that Mrs. Lincoln, as the widow of the late President, or in any other character, was entitled to a pension under the letter and spirit of any existing law.

“The committee are aware the friends of the resolution expect to make a permanent provision for the lady under the guise of a pension; but no evidence has been furnished to them, or reasons assigned why such provision should be made. If such was the intention, the committee submit, the reference should have been made to some other committee, as the committee on pensions, at least for some years past, have not thought it compatible with their duty or the objects of their appointment to recommend in any case the granting of any special pension, or any pension of a greater amount than is allowed by some general law.

If they thought the amount so allowed too small, they would feel it incumbent on them to report a general bill for like relief in all similar cases. If the increase proposed was on account of extraordinary military or naval services, the proper reference would be to the military or naval committee. Under all these circumstances, the committee have no alternative but to report against the passage of the general resolutions."

MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON.

IN the autumn of 1824, the term of a fatherless boy's apprenticeship expired, and he entered the world rich only in energy, and a noble ambition to provide for a widowed mother. But he was sensitive and anxious to enlarge his facilities for an education, and his strong mind grasped and analyzed the fact that to succeed he must form new ties, and find a broader field of action. Tennessee was the land of promise which attracted his attention, and, accompanied by his mother, who justly deserved the affection he bestowed upon her, he reached Greenville in 1826.

Young, aspiring, and ambitious, he was not long in making friends, and among them a beautiful girl evinced her appreciation of his character, by becoming his wife. Eliza McCardle was the only daughter of a widow, whose father had been dead many years, and whose life had been spent in her mountain home. When she was married, she had just reached her seventeenth year, and her husband was not yet twenty-one.

Education in those days did not comprehend and embrace the scientific accomplishments it does now, but a naturally gifted mind, endowed with much common sense, received a broad basis for future development. She was well versed in the usual branches of instruction, and possessed, in an extraordinary degree, that



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beauty of face and form which rendered her mother one of the most beautiful of women.

It is a mistaken idea that she taught her husband his letters; for in the dim shadows of the workshop at Raleigh, after the toil of the day was complete, he had mastered the alphabet and made himself generally acquainted with the construction of words and sentences. The incentive to acquire mental attainment was certainly enhanced when he felt the superiority of her acquirements, and from that time his heroic nature began to discover itself. In the silent watches of the night, while sleep rested upon the village, the youthful couple studied together; she oftentimes reading as he completed the weary task before him, oftener still bending over him to guide his hand in writing.

He never had the benefit of one day's school routine in his life, yet he acquired by perseverance the benefits denied by poverty. What a contemplation it must have been to those mothers who watched over their children as they struggled together! Let time in its flight transport us back thirty years, and see what a scene was being then enacted there. In that obscure village in the mountains, three strong, yet tender-hearted women watched over and cherished the budding genius of the future statesman. History, in preserving its record of the life and services of the seventeenth President of the United States, rears to them a noble tribute of their faithfulness.

Thirty years ago, the young wife, thrifty and industrious all day, worked patiently and hopefully as night brought her pupil again to his studies, and punctually

completed her womanly duties, that she might be ready for the never-varying rule of their lives. Much of latent powers does he owe to her indefatigable zeal and encouragement, and he cannot forget those evening hours, years ago, when the mighty scintillations of natural genius first began to dawn, which ultimately converted the tailor boy into the Senator, and subsequently into the President of his country.

Year after year she has watched him, as he has risen step by step, and is with him now, willing and earnest as when in life's bright morn they were married.

The later years of Mrs. Johnson's life have been crowned with the honors her husband's successes have won, but her younger days are fraught with most interest to all who can appreciate true worth and genuine greatness of soul.

In her girlhood, she was the purest type of a southern beauty, and like her mother, was very graceful and agreeable in her manners. I have heard persons say her mother was the handsomest lady in all that region of country, and her old neighbors stoutly maintain that Mrs. Johnson is the image of her. Her extreme modesty denies the imputation that she was the belle of the county.

While their means increased as time passed, and the caroling of their little children gladdened their home, Mr. Johnson received his first substantial proof of the confidence of the community in which he lived, in his election as "alderman." How intense must have been the joy of the good wife as she saw her pupil progressing in a career he was so well fitted to occupy!

At this time, their residence was situated on a hill, just out of Greenville, simple and plain in its surroundings, yet the resort of the young people of the village. The college boys, as they passed to and fro on errands, always stopped to enjoy a chat with their "Demosthenes," and were ever welcomed by the genial, frank manners of the gentle wife.

Fresh laurels crowned the alderman's brow when he was chosen Mayor, and for three terms he filled the position with credit, winning for himself an enviable reputation for honest deeds and correct principles.

Little has been written of Mrs. Johnson, mainly from the fact that she always opposed any publicity being given to her private life, and from the reluctance of her friends to pain her by acceding to the oft-repeated requests of persons for sketches of herself. In a conversation not long since, with her, she remarked "that her life had been spent at home, caring for her children, and practising the economy rendered necessary by her husband's small fortune."

An impartial writer cannot be swayed by such natural and creditable sentiments, nor is it just that a woman who has been the means of advancing her husband's interests so materially, and occupying the position she does, should be silently passed by. She deserves, as she receives, from all who are fortunate enough to know her, the highest encomiums; for by her unwearying efforts she has been a stepping-stone to her husband's honors. Patient and forbearing, she is universally liked, and if she has an enemy, it is from no fault of hers, nor does she number any among the acquaintances of a lifetime.

Like Mr. Johnson, she has very few living relatives; her children having neither aunts nor uncles, and years ago deprived of both grandmothers. Mrs. Johnson's mother died in April, 1854, and his parent lived until February, 1856; each having been the object of his tenderest care, and living to see him holding the highest position his native State could bestow. There was not two years' difference in the deaths of these two mothers, and it is the unspeakable happiness of their children to know that as the wick burned low, and the lamp of time went out, all that peace and plenty could devise for their happiness they received, and their departure from earth was rendered calmly serene by the assurance that their work was well done and finished.

When the civil war, which snapped the cords of so many old persons' lives and hurried them to premature graves, sounded its dread tocsin through East Tennessee, it was a source of mournful satisfaction to know that those two aged mothers lay unconscious of the approaching conflict which was to bathe that section of the State in blood. The tall grass grew unharmed, and no impious hand desecrated the resting place of departed virtue.

During the meetings of the Legislature to which Mr. Johnson was repeatedly called, Mrs. Johnson remained at Greenville; and while he sought honors and support away from home, she found compensation for his prolonged absence in the knowledge that she best promoted his interest when she lived within their still slender means. Her children received the benefit of

her ripe, matured experience, until one by one they left their home; two to marry and dwell near her, and the youngest to be a comfort in her days of suffering. Her home in Greenville was thus described in 1865: "Just down there, at the base of this hill, stands a small brick building with a back porch, and around it the necessary fixtures. It stands on the corner of the square, near where the mill-race passes under the street on its way down to the little mill. That is the first house Andrew Johnson ever owned. It now belongs to another person. Almost directly opposite the mill, whose large wheel is still moving, but whose motion is scarcely perceptible, you will see a rather humble, old-fashioned looking, two-story brick house, standing near the south end of Main street. It has but one entrance from the street. In front of it stand three or four small shade-trees. The fences of the lot and windows of the house show evident signs of dilapidation, the consequences of rebellion and of rebel rule. Like many other windows in the South, a number of panes of glass are broken out and their places supplied with paper. Glass could not be obtained in the Confederacy. As you pass along the pavement on Main street, by looking into the lot you will see several young apple-trees, and in the spaces between two of them are potatoes growing. In the rear of the kitchen stands a small aspen shade-tree, and down there in the lower end of the lot is a grape-vine trained upon a trellis, forming a pleasant bower. Scattered over the lot are a number of rose, currant, and gooseberry bushes. At the lower end of the lot, and just outside,

stand two large weeping willows, and under their shade is a very beautiful spring. This is the residence of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. Up the street stands his former tailor shop, with the old sign still on it. And in an old store-room up the street are the remains of his library. At present, it consists principally of law books and public documents, most of his valuable books having been destroyed by the rebel soldiers."

In the spring of "'61," Mrs. Johnson spent two months in Washington with her husband, then a Senator, but failing health compelled her early return to Tennessee. Long and stormy were the seasons which passed before she again met Mr. Johnson, and how changed were all things when they resumed the broken thread of separation, after an interval of nearly two years!

At her home quietly attending to the duties of life, and cheered by the frequent visits of her children, she was startled one bright morning by the following summons:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF EAST TENNESSEE, }
"OFFICE PROVOST MARSHAL, April 24th, 1862. }

"MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON, Greenville,

"Dear Madam:—By Major-General E. Kirby Smith I am directed to respectfully require that you and your family pass beyond the Confederate States' line (through Nashville, if you please) in thirty-six hours from this date.

"Passports will be granted you at this office.

"Very respectfully,

"W. M. CHURCHWELL,

"Colonel and Provost Marshal."

This was an impossibility, both on account of her very poor health, and the unsettled state of her affairs. Nor did she know where to go; rumors reached her of the murder of Mr. Johnson in Kentucky, and again at Nashville; then again she would hear that he had not left Washington. She knew not what to do, and accordingly wrote to the authorities for more time to decide on some definite plan.

The military movements delayed the execution of the next order sent her, and the continued illness of Mrs. Johnson distressed her children, who knew that a change of residence would sooner or later become necessary. All the summer she remained in Greenville, occasionally visiting her daughters, and hoping daily to hear of her husband. September came, and knowing she would be compelled to leave East Tennessee, she applied to the authorities for permission to cross the lines, accompanied by her children and her son-in-law, Mr. Stover.

Finally, after numerous endeavors, the cavalcade set out. A few miles out from town they were overtaken by an order to return.

Reaching Murfreesboro, exhausted and weary from the long trip, the little band were told they could not go through the lines. The Confederate troops occupied this once beautiful town, and no accommodations were to be obtained. Wandering from one house to another after the long walk from the depot, in the night-time, without food or shelter, Mrs. Johnson and her children despaired of securing any more inviting abode than the depot, and that was a long dis-

tance from the centre of the town. As a last resort, a woman was requested to share her home with the tired refugees, and she consented with the understanding that in the morning they would depart. Next day they returned to Tullahoma, but on arriving there received a telegram to retrace their steps, as arrangements had been made for their passage through to Nashville.

A former friend of the family obtained this favor for them, and, nothing daunted, night again found the same band at Murfreesboro.

No effort was made to secure lodgings, all preferring to stay on the cars, rather than undertake the experiences of the previous night.

The eating-house near by was vacant, and into this Colonel Stover conducted the tired party. Without fire or food, or any kind of beds or seats, they determined to stay as best they could; and but for the thoughtful, motherly care of Mrs. Johnson, it would have been a night of horrors. She had provided herself with candles and matches before starting, and the remnants of an old lunch satisfied the hunger of the little ones, and rendered less cheerless their lonely abode.

Thus, from one trouble to another, subject to the commands of military rulers, liable to be arrested for the slightest offence, and oftentimes insulted by the rabble, Mrs. Johnson and her children performed the perilous journey from Greenville to Nashville. Few who were not actual participators in the civil war can form an estimate of the trials of this noble woman. Invalid as she was, she yet endured exposure and anxiety, and passed through the extended lines of hostile

armies, never uttering a hasty word or by her looks betraying in the least degree her harrowed feelings. Wherever she passed, she won kind words and hearty prayers for a safe journey, and is remembered by friend and foe as a lady of benign countenance and sweet, winning manners.

The following day Mrs. Johnson received the following note :

“MURFREESBORO, October 12th, 1862.

“MRS. ANDREW JOHNSON : Gen'l Forrest sends a flag of truce to Nashville to-morrow morning, and he wishes you and your party to make your arrangements to go down with the flag, at seven o'clock A.M. to-morrow.

“The General regrets that he has no transportation for you ; he will send a two-horse wagon to carry your baggage, &c. By remaining until to-morrow, you can go the direct route to Nashville ; by going previous to that time, the route would be necessarily circuitous.

“Respectfully,

“ISHAM G. HARRIS.”

A diary kept by a citizen of Nashville at this time, contains the following :

“Quite a sensation has been produced by the arrival in Nashville of Governor Johnson's family, after incurring and escaping numerous perils while making their exodus from East Tennessee. The male members of the family were in danger of being hung on more than one occasion. They left Bristol, in the extreme

northeastern section of the State, on the Virginia line, by permission of the Rebel War Department, accompanied by a small escort. Wherever it became known on the railroad route that Andrew Johnson's family were on the train, the impertinent curiosity of some rebels was only equalled by the clamor of others for some physical demonstration on Johnson's sons. Arriving at Murfreesboro, they were met by General Forrest and his force. Forrest refused to allow them to proceed, and they were detained some time, until Isham G. Harris and Andrew Ewing, noted rebels, telegraphed to Richmond and obtained peremptory orders allowing them to proceed. The great joy at the reunion of this long and sorrowfully separated family may be imagined. I will not attempt to describe it. Even the Governor's Roman firmness was overcome, and he wept tears of thankfulness at this merciful deliverance of his beloved ones from the hands of their unpitying persecutors."

Nashville and comparative quiet were at last reached, and the long separated family hoped their trials were over. Mrs. Johnson had exhausted her strength, and for many months kept her room, too feeble to venture out. But her little grandchildren enjoyed the freedom of play once more, and their happy faces are remembered by strangers and friends who watched them in their gambols about the capital. But all missed the pleasant companionship of their little cousins, and longed to have "Belle" and "Andrew," to share their sports.

By-and-by Mrs. Patterson joined the family in the

safe asylum they had found in Nashville, and young and old were happy in the reunion. But trouble, never far from Mrs. Johnson, came very near in the cruel death of her eldest son. Not long after receiving his diploma as physician, he was appointed a surgeon in the First Tennessee Infantry.

One bright spring morning, he started on his rounds of professional duty. In the exuberance of health, youth, and spirits, he sprang upon the horse of a brother officer. He had gone but a short distance, when the high-mettled creature reared upon its hind feet suddenly; the young man was thrown backward, and falling upon the frozen earth, was instantly killed. The concussion fractured his skull. Mrs. Johnson has grieved for this son as did Jacob for his beloved Joseph, and not only the mother, but the whole family have mourned with unusual poignancy his untimely death. Any mention of "Charlie's" name brings to their eyes the hot tears, and a sadness hard to dispel, gathers about their lips, when some familiar object recalls their loved and early lost one.

The Convention, in 1864, nominated Andrew Johnson, then Military Governor, for the Vice Presidency, on the ticket with Mr. Lincoln. In March, 1865, Mr. Johnson left his family in Nashville and went on to Washington. It was their intention to vacate the house then occupied by their family and remove to their home in Greenville, but the events of the coming month caused them to form other plans. President Lincoln was assassinated the 14th of April, and the Vice President was immediately sworn into office. A

telegraphic notice in the Nashville papers the next morning contained the following :

“The Vice President has already assumed the authority which the Constitution devolves upon him, and we feel doubly assured that he will so conduct himself in his high office as to merit the affection and applause of his countrymen.” As this was the first murder of a ruler in the experience of the Republic, it will ever occupy a prominent place in the history of America, and, involving as it did the result of civil war, will live a silent monitor to all democratic countries. Had the conspiracy, which had been carefully planned, been successfully executed, the Government would have been paralyzed. Even as it was, and there was but one death, when many others were meditated, the shock was terrible and lasting. It was a humiliating calamity to our free government, and a source of national sorrow and mortification. Men and women, reared to idealize rather than ponder on the principles of the system under which they had lived ; educated to give a ready assent to the hero worship of the signers of the Declaration, and voluntary adoration to the First General of our army, and the first President, rudely awakened from their dream of a perfect Government, became discouraged and dismayed at the unexpected, never to be thought of, murder of a President. It may not be amiss to give a few facts in connection with this unhappy affair, relative to the husband of Mrs. Johnson, which, affecting her interests materially, are not out of place in this brief sketch of her life.

After her arrival in Washington, a beautifully

bound album, containing the letters of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, to Senator Doolittle, and the replies of himself, and Ex-Governor Farwell, was presented to her. The letters were inscribed by an expert penman, and are prized by the family as a truthful account of their father's narrow escape from death, together with the main incidents of the assassination conspiracy.

The Historical Society of Wisconsin, through Hon. L. C. Draper, its Secretary, wrote to Senator J. R. Doolittle for a full account of the circumstances; to which he replied, that "by the sagacity, presence of mind, courage, and devotion of Governor Farwell, our own distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Johnson, was apprized of his danger, and his life secured, if not absolutely saved from destruction;" "and it is a matter of congratulation to ourselves and our State that a former Governor of Wisconsin was successfully efficient in securing the life of the nation's Chief Magistrate."

Governor Farwell's letter, in reply to the request of the Society, through Senator Doolittle, is perhaps the most authentic statement ever made in regard to the unfortunate affair, and we give it in full:

"WASHINGTON, February 8, 1866.

"HON. JAMES R. DOOLITTLE, United States Senate.

"DEAR SIR: I have received your favor of the 22d ult., requesting, on behalf of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, a statement of my connection with the occurrences that took place in this city on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln. It is a

mournful task to recall the terrible scenes that I then witnessed. Yet in order that the expressed wishes of that Society, of which from the time of its formation I have been a member, and in which I have always taken a deep interest, may be gratified, and a truthful account of those events, so far as I witnessed them, may find its way into history, I comply with the request.

“At the time of the assassination of President Lincoln, I was boarding at the Kirkwood House, my family being then in Wisconsin. The Vice President had rooms, and was boarding at the same place, and I there came to know him, and occasionally passed an evening in his room.

“Early in the evening of April 14th, 1865, I called to see Mr. J. B. Crosby, of Massachusetts, and found that he had but a short time to stay, and was very desirous of seeing the President before his return. Having noticed in the papers a statement that Mr. Lincoln was expected to be present at Ford's Theatre on that evening, to witness the play entitled ‘Our American Cousin,’ we concluded to go thither for the express purpose of seeing him. This we did, and procured seats, having the President's box in full view on our right. When the fatal shot was fired, we involuntarily turned our eyes to the box from which the sound proceeded, and at the same instant the horrible vision of J. Wilkes Booth flashed upon my eyes, brandishing a knife, and jumping from the President's box, repeating the words, ‘Sic Semper Tyrannis.’ I had scarcely seen and heard him before he had vanished from the stage. As the President fell, and the cry ran through

the house that he was assassinated, it flashed across my mind that there was a conspiracy being consummated to take the lives of the leading officers of the Government, which would include that of Mr. Johnson. The cause of this suspicion and of my alarm for the safety of Mr. Johnson was, probably, the fact of my having read in some newspaper the article copied from the *Selma (Ala.) Despatch*, being an offer by some fiendish rebel to aid in contributing a million of dollars for procuring the assassination of Lincoln, Johnson, and Seward. While some seemed paralyzed by the boldness of the deed, and others intent upon knowing how seriously the President was injured, I rushed from the theatre and ran with all possible speed to the Kirkwood House, to apprise Mr. Johnson of the impending danger, impelled by a fear that it might even then be too late. Passing Mr. Spencer, one of the clerks of the hotel, who was standing just outside the door, I said to him, 'Place a guard at the door, President Lincoln is murdered;' and to Mr. Jones, another clerk, who was at the office desk as I hurried by—'Guard the stairway and Governor Johnson's room, Mr. Lincoln is assassinated;' and then darting up to Mr. Johnson's room, No. 68, I knocked, but hearing no movement, I knocked again, and called out with the loudest voice that I could command, 'Governor Johnson, if you are in this room I must see you.' In a moment I heard him spring from his bed, and exclaim, 'Farwell, is that you?' 'Yes, let me in,' I replied. The door opened, I passed in, locked it, and told him the terrible news, which for a time overwhelmed us both, and

grasping hands, we fell upon each other as if for mutual support. But it was only for a moment. While every sound suggested the stealthy tread of a conspirator, and every corner of the chamber a lurking-place, yet Mr. Johnson, without expressing any apprehension for his own safety, and with that promptness and energy which has always characterized him, at once deliberated upon the proper course to meet the emergency. But the moment of danger had passed. The officers of the hotel, as requested by me, had stationed guards, who in a short time were released by Secretary Stanton. Soon many personal friends of Mr. Johnson arrived, anxiously inquiring for his safety. In the mean time, the news of the murderous assault upon Secretary Seward and his son Frederick had reached us, and justified our fears as to the general purpose of the conspirators. Mr. Johnson was desirous of knowing the real condition of the President and Mr. Seward, and requested me to go and see them personally, and not to credit any story or rumor that might be flying about the city. This was no easy task. Distrust and horror seemed to fill every mind. The very atmosphere was burdened with stories of dark conspiracies and bloody deeds. Thousands of excited citizens, soldiers, and guards, blocked up every avenue leading to Mr. Peterson's house, No. 453 Tenth Street, to which the President had been carried, and in which he was dying. None but prominent citizens, either known to the officers of the guard, or who could be generally vouched for, were allowed to pass, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I succeeded in

working my way through the crowd and past the guards to the house, and then into the room in which the President had been placed. The news was all too true. There he lay, evidently in the agonies of death, his medical attendants doing all that human zeal or skill could devise, and many of his friends had gathered about him, some in tears. Turning away from this sad sight, I worked my way to the house of Secretary Seward, and there, too, I found that the villains had done their work. I then returned and reported to Mr. Johnson the disastrous doings of the conspirators. In a short time Mr. Johnson resolved to see the President himself. His friends thought he ought not to leave the house when there was so much excitement in the city, and when the extent of the conspiracy was unknown. President Lincoln had just been shot in the presence of a crowded assembly, and his assassin had escaped. Secretary Seward had been stabbed in his chamber, and the minion had fled. But he determined to go. Major James R. O'Beirne, commanding the Provost Guard, desired to send a detachment of troops with him, but he declined the offer, and, buttoning up his coat, and pulling his hat well down, he requested me to accompany him and the Major to lead the way, and thus we went through the multitude that crowded the streets and filled the passage-way, till we joined the sad circle of friends who were grouped around the bedside of the dying President. It is unnecessary to add any thing more to this account of my connection with an event which forms, with the rebellion plot, the darkest chapter in our country's history.

"If it is true, as regarded by many, that the life of President Johnson was saved by the timely arrival of citizens at the Kirkwood, at the risk of their lives, then such risk was properly, and so far as I am concerned, joyfully incurred, and this statement may be worthy of preservation. Trusting that this may meet the wishes of the Society as expressed through you,

"I have the honor to be,

"Respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"L. J. FARWELL."

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Republican thus speaks of Mrs. Johnson :

"Mrs. Johnson, a confirmed invalid, has never appeared in society in Washington. Her very existence is a myth to almost every one. She was last seen at a party given to her grandchildren. She was seated in one of the Republican Court chairs, a dainty affair of satin and ebony. She did not rise when the children or old guests were presented to her; she simply said, 'My dears, I am an invalid,' and her sad, pale face and sunken eyes fully proved the expression. Mrs. Johnson looks somewhat older than the President, and her age does exceed his by a few swings of the scythe of time. She is an invalid now, but an observer would say, contemplating her, 'A noble woman—God's best gift to man.' Perhaps it is well to call to mind at this time that it was this woman who taught the President to read, after she became his wife, and that in all their earlier years she was his counsellor, assistant, and guide.

None but a wise and good mother could have reared such daughters as Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover. When Mrs. Senator Patterson found herself 'the first lady in the land,' she made this remark, which has been the key-note of the feminine department of the White House from that day to the present time: 'We are plain people, from the mountains of Tennessee, called here for a short time by a national calamity. I trust too much will not be expected of us.' When Anna Surratt threw herself prostrate upon the floor of one of the ante-rooms of the White House, begging to see Mrs. Patterson, she said: 'Tell the girl she has my sympathy, my tears, but I have no more right to speak than the servants of the White House.' When the 'pardon brokers' trailed their slimy lengths everywhere about the Mansion, they never dared to cross a certain enchanted pathway; and the face of any lobbyist set in this direction has always brought up in the end against a stone wall."

Mrs. Johnson shared as little as possible in the honors accorded her family, as well after as during their stay in the White House, and gladly turned her face homeward, to find rest and repose so necessary to her feeble condition.

Once more quietly established at home, she anticipated renewed happiness in the presence of her reunited family, and reasonably hoped to have much happiness in the future.

Death hovered near her when least expected, and one night, as the servant entered the room of her son (Col. Robert Johnson), he was discovered in a dying

condition, and in an unconscious state passed from earth. From a tear-stained letter, we gather these sad particulars. "He was well and on the street at five o'clock, and at dusk, as the servant went as usual, to light his lamp, she discovered that he was in a deep sleep. He was never aroused from it. All the physicians of the village were immediately called in, but alas! too late to do any good. He breathed his last at half-past eleven that night, without a single groan or struggle.

"I do not suppose he ever made an enemy in his life. He was certainly the most popular boy ever raised in this part of the country, and continued so after he became a man. Oh, if he could only have spoken one word to us! but he passed into the tomb, unconscious of all around him. He was buried with Masonic honors, and the largest funeral ever before seen in this village accompanied his remains to the grave."

After seven years of wanderings he was permitted to accompany his parents to their home, and die surrounded by the friends of his youth. Thus in the prime and vigor of manhood, he has descended to the tomb, regretted by all who knew him, and deeply lamented by his mother, who has in a few short years lost two grown sons. But one is left to her, and at the time of his brother's death (which occurred on the 22nd of April), was at school in Georgetown. Three children are spared to cheer her saddened age, and sustain her in her deep grief.

Tennessee is proud to have her children return to their home in the midst of her grand old mountain

scenery, and Tennesseans delight to honor and accord praise to Mrs. Johnson and her daughters, who, through so many difficulties, and the most stormy period of the country's experience, so conducted themselves as to compel the fiercest opponents of the Administration to acknowledge their superior merits. To the family of President Johnson Americans point with just pride, and their native State responds to the harmonious voice of the country.

MARTHA PATTERSON.

THE resemblance to her father is a marked attribute of Mrs. Patterson's face ; a reproduction, though moulded in a softer cast, of his distinct and regular features and expressive eyes. She possesses his executive ability, his comprehensiveness, and many of his characteristic peculiarities. Her countenance denotes strength, and the organs of the head indicate a harmonious and perfect blending with the finer sentiments of the heart.

Eyes large and full discover her power of language, and the development of form, color, size, and weight, attest her ability to judge correctly and estimate proportions unerringly. Viewed from a phrenological stand-point, hers is a remarkable organism. The head is symmetrical, tending upward from the brow, indicating spirituality, and gently sloping to the ears and neck, embracing in its outlines the faculties of firmness, generosity, and benevolence.

Never led off by persuasion from what her judgment decides correct, she rarely makes a mistake in regard to persons or places, and is the firm advocate of those less fortunate than herself. Like her heart, her mouth is large, the lips partaking more of the intellectual than of the sensual. The length, prominence, and compression of the upper lip, bespeaks the firmness and strength of character which stamps her, wherever she



Martha Patterson



goes, a woman of rare powers. Adapting herself to circumstances, she quickly masters any situation in which she is placed, and controls rather than follows the will of others. The intellectual lobe is large, the perceptive and reflective faculties are harmoniously blended, and withal hers is an educated intellect, with an available mind. She is possessed of almost sleepless energy, and her slight, frail form seems knitted for endurance. Never restless or impatient, she comprehends at a glance her position and requirements, and by the force of her will overcomes obstacles and bears up with fortitude under accumulated trials.

Reared in the mountains of East Tennessee, her nature is untrammelled by artistic contortions, and her manners are as free from ostentation as are the feelings which prompt them. The eldest of five children, she was to her mother an efficient aid in the care of her brothers and sister, and in the management of her house. When she was old enough to attend school, it was her task to assist in keeping house, and no duty was neglected. It has been remarked that she never had time to play. While other school-girls amused themselves in the sports of the season, the pale, quiet Martha Johnson hastened back to relieve her mother, and by her indefatigable industry performed the many deeds so grateful to a parent, when offered by a child. The neighbors called her a strange, silent being, indifferent to the ordinary amusements of the young, but she felt herself ennobled by the work she daily made a part of her life, and passed these younger years in her own earnest way.

She was placed by her father, who was then a member of Congress, at school in Georgetown, where she remained three terms, and there laid the foundation of the structure which, as she grows older, develops her native strength of mind.

It happened that, during her school-life in Georgetown, President Polk, of Tennessee, occupied the White House, and she became his frequent guest, spending most of her holidays in the mansion in which, later in life, she was to preside. Her own accounts of her sojourn are amusing, deprecating as she does the awkward conduct of the timid, bashful girl, in the stately residence, through which the voices of children never resounded. She was shy and distant, and the stately kindness of the hostess could not overcome her shrinking reserve; it was her greatest delight then to observe persons, and the opportunity afforded was not lost upon her. She returned home in 1851, and was married to Judge David T. Patterson, on the 13th of December, 1856. No wedding festivities marked the occasion, it being congenial to her habits to have a quiet ceremony. After which she visited Nashville, where her father was residing as Governor of the State. Extending her tour through the southern cities to New Orleans, she returned to her old home in Tennessee, where she continued to live until the war in 1860 disturbed the private relations of the entire family. Throughout the stormy years of '61 and '62, she remained in East Tennessee, nor did she leave there till, late in the next year, she visited her mother's family at Nashville. It was her intention to remain several months and then go back

to her home ; but before she again crossed its threshold, the two contending armies had passed through the place, leaving nothing but the empty house. Every particle of furniture, every prized relic of her own and her children's infant years were gone, and their home was desolated. She trod its familiar apartments where she had left so many mementoes of a happy past, and nothing remained save the bare walls. Well she remembered the arranging and adjusting of every thing before closing it up, and as she gazed upon its comfortless appearance, her mind dwelt upon the time she had spent in adding to its adornment.

The family were in Nashville when the nomination of the father, then Military Governor of Tennessee, as Vice-President was announced, and they witnessed the delight of the Union men of the Capital, as the news spread of his success.

Early in February, the Vice-President proposed to leave Tennessee, and his children decided to seek once more their home in Greenville. The news of the assassination of President Lincoln flashed over the wires on the morning of the 15th of April, as the drums were beating and soldiers parading for a grand review and procession in honor of the recent victories. It reached the family of Mr. Johnson as they were preparing for their removal home, and awakened in their breasts anxious fears for the fate of the husband and father. Assurances of his safety calmed their minds, and with deep thankfulness that he was spared, they sorrowed for the untimely death of the President. The Nashville papers of the 19th of April, thus speak of the

funeral procession in honor of the murdered Chief Magistrate :

“ All places of business were closed, and every store and dwelling appropriately draped in mourning. The procession numbered upward of fifteen thousand persons ; among them were Generals Thomas, Miller, Whipple and Donaldson, and in the line of civilians which swelled its length was seen the carriage of Mrs. James K. Polk, occupied by herself and Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson.”

The family of the new President reached Washington in June, and soon after took up their residence in the White House. Here was a new field entirely for the diffident woman who was compelled to do the honors in lieu of her mother, who was a confirmed invalid. After the harrowing scenes through which the former occupants had passed ; the House looked any thing but inviting to the family. Soldiers had wandered unchallenged the entire suites of parlors ; and the East Room, dirty and soiled, was filled with vermin. Guards had slept upon the sofas and carpets until they were ruined, and the immense crowds who, during the preceding years of war, filled the President's house continually, had worn out the already ancient furniture. No sign of neatness or comfort greeted their appearance at their new home, but evidences everywhere of neglect and decay met their eyes. To put aside all ceremony and work constantly, was the portion of Mrs. Patterson, under whose control were placed the numerous servants connected with the establishment.

“The first Reception held by President Johnson was on the 1st of January, 1866, assisted by Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, his two daughters. Their softness and ease of manner had an eloquent external expression in the simple neatness of their apparel, and surpassed in quiet dignity all who gathered to see them. The house had not been renovated, and the apartments were dingy and destitute of ornament, save two kinds, which are more touchingly beautiful than gems of the east. Natural flowers were in profusion, and left their fragrance, while the little children of the house were living, breathing ornaments attracting every eye. The old injured furniture of the East Room was removed, and the worn-out carpets covered with linen. The supervision of Mrs. Patterson made the house quite presentable. Mrs. Patterson was attired in a blue velvet, white lace shawl, and point lace collar. Her dark hair was put back from her face, with pendant tresses, and adorned with a single white Japonica. Mrs. Stover, who was yet in half-mourning for her gallant husband, wore a heavy black silk, with no ornaments in her light hair.

During the early spring, an appropriation was made by Congress, of thirty thousand dollars to refurnish the Executive Mansion, and during the long and warm summer succeeding, she struggled unceasingly with the atlas-heaps of lumber and old furniture scarcely worth repairing, but which was renovated for use. The firmness and decision of Mrs. Patterson's character was fully tested in this trying ordeal, but she triumphed over every difficulty, and so managed the

amount appropriated that the Executive Mansion was once more comfortable, and more beautiful than ever before.

Appreciating the condition of the country just emerging from a long strife, she determined to make the funds voted sufficient to satisfy the demands of the upholsterer, and to do so, she constituted herself agent

Hearing the proposals of various firms, she found, to put the matter in other hands, she could not more than furnish the parlors and reception rooms, and then her determination was formed to superintend the purchases. By dint of perseverance and the coöperation of competent assistants, she had the house completed when the winter season approached. Old and abused setts were repolished and covered, and the papering which she had not the means to remove entirely, was made to assume a brighter appearance by the addition of pannelings and gilt ornaments.

The warm weather, which had ever found her before the war in her mountain home, now came upon her in its intensity, as she labored with her numerous assistants in arranging the comfortless residence over which she presided. Who, while admiring the elegant and refined atmosphere of the historic house during her father's administration, imagined that the entire labor was accomplished by the tact and energy of the daughter who received and entertained her visitors so unostentatiously?

Tenderly caring for her invalid mother, and her children, who grew weary of the restraints imposed upon them, she struggled on and succeeded in making

the house not only attractive to her friends, but to citizens and strangers, who pronounced it handsomer than it ever was in times past. The exquisite walls of the Blue Room will remain a lasting proof of her accomplished and cultivated refinements, and the graceful adornments of the hitherto stiff and ungainly East Room are living evidences of her ability. A newspaper correspondent who visited the White House complimented Mrs. Patterson upon the Republican simplicity of the establishment, to which she replied, "We are a plain people, sir, from the mountains of Tennessee, and we do not propose to put on airs because we have the fortune to occupy this place for a little while." "There is a homeliness in this utterance," says the Albany Evening Journal, "which will shock the sensitive refinement of 'ottar of roses and lavender water classes,' but it has a sentiment in it which must meet with response from every true lover of democratic ideas and practices."

Throughout the White House there existed not a single evidence of tawdry gaudiness or coarseness in color or quality; and from cellar to garret it was overhauled and adorned by the unaffected hostess, who called herself "a plain person from East Tennessee."

"The reference of Mrs. Patterson to the mountain home of her family, is suggestive of the fact that when the tornado of war was sweeping over Tennessee, President Johnson's kin dwelt where its ravages were most dreadful, and that while some who are now leading the shoddy aristocracy of the metropolis were coining their ill-gotten dollars from the sufferings and blood of brave

men, they were being hunted from point to point, driven to seek a refuge in the solitude of the wilderness, forced to subsist on coarse and insufficient food, and more than once called to bury with secret and stolen sepulture those whom they loved: murdered because they would not join in deeds of odious treason to union and liberty. A family with such a record of devotion and suffering, needs for its recognition none of the adventitious aids of show and pretence. It is refreshing in these days of extravagant and pompous display, when silly pretence is made to pass current for gentility, when bombast and fustian are palmed off as good breeding, when the shopman's wife emulates the luxury of a duke's household, when no one is presumed to be worthy the honors of good society who does not 'put on airs,' to hear that the President's daughter who, by courtesy of her new position as his housekeeper, is the first lady of the land, proposes to set the example of a truly republican simplicity all too rare among those who influence the customs of the land."

In September, 1867, Mrs. Patterson accompanied the Presidential party on their tour through the Northern and Western states, leaving her two children with her mother at the White House. Returning in a few weeks, she resumed the routine of her life, and prepared for the approaching season.

Mrs. Patterson is the first instance of the wife of a Senator and a daughter of the President presiding over the Executive Mansion. President Jefferson's second daughter, Mrs. Eppes, held a similar position, but she never presided over the Mansion, and was but once a

visitor at the President's house during her short life, after her father's election. The threefold responsibilities were accepted and endured with a calm reliance on the energies of a mind ever ready for the occasion, and the world has already rendered the verdict of "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Simple but elegant in her apparel, never descending to a disregard of place, yet not carried away by the follies of fashion, Mrs. Patterson has pleased the eye, and gratified the pride of all who felt an interest in her success. Golden opinions of her taste were won by the rich simplicity of her toilet on every public occasion, and the beauty of her dress consisted always in the artless, unassuming manner of the wearer.

In the combined elements which go to form the marked character of Mrs. Patterson, she was not unlike Mrs. John Adams, and her will-power, guided by superior common-sense, recalls to mind the life of that brave woman of the Revolution; but the current of circumstances into which she has been thrown, has been almost too strong to allow her perfect freedom of action. In her life there has never come a time when she might choose between diverging pathways; but if she could not alter the stern fiat of fate, she had the power of dignifying little insignificant things and, by her manner of teaching them, making the pleasantest side appear. In an eminent degree she inherits that most marked trait of her father's character, patient endurance, and knows "how sublime a thing it is, to suffer and be strong." Treading uncomplainingly the appoint-

ed way of life, she depends upon her judgment to guide her bark, recognizing the fact that when nature fills the sails the vessel goes smoothly on; and when judgment is the pilot the insurance need not be high.

In the higher walks of literary pursuits she will never shine, nor yet as a conspicuous person in any department of life. She has essentially a Southerner's love of home; and the duties devolving upon her as a mother, daughter, and wife, fill the meed of her ambition. True to principle, she will perform the duties of her station be it high or low, and the amount of courage hidden away in the recesses of her nature would lead her in emergencies to dare—if need be—to die.

Simple to a fault in her desires, she has learnt to gather happiness from within, and to rely upon the cold charity of the world for nothing. She would not pine for luxuries which others deem necessities, but even rather scorns the value many set upon them. Reared as she was in childhood by parents remarkable for ceaseless industry, she imbibed the lessons taught her by example, and is energetic to restlessness, and vigilant in working while the day lasts.

During the impeachment trial of her father, Mrs. Patterson was asked what she thought of it, and how it would terminate. "I have so much to do," she replied, "that I have no time to discuss the subject, and I suppose my private opinion is not worth much; I do not know how it will end, but all we can do is to wait." And she did wait, bending every energy to entertain as became her position, and wearing always a patient, suffering look. Through the long weeks of the trial,

she listened to every request, saw every caller, and served every petitioner (and only those who have filled this position know how arduous is this duty), hiding from all eyes the anxious weight of care oppressing her. If she was indisposed after the acquittal, it surprised no one who had seen her struggling to keep up before.

There are no triumphs or displays to record of her life, no travels in foreign lands, nor novel sights of strange places. She has not stood in the Orient and watched the great stars swim down hot Southern skies, nor heard from the distant palm groves the orioles and nightingales. The even tenor of her way has been spent far from the palaces of luxury or the frivolities of fashion. She has not trodden the gilded halls of ephemeral wealth, nor basked in the sunlight of uninterrupted prosperity, but from the emanations of her father's genius she has gathered the forces which strengthen her own mind; and the rounds she has mounted in the ladder of progressive development have been won by earnest thought and the gradual experiences of a still young life.

She more than any other of her name and race, has appreciated the giant efforts of her father, and upon her has he devoted most attention. The companion in childhood of the village tailor, she has become in womanhood the counsellor and friend of the successful statesman.

Louis Napoleon, in his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, says:—"How little able are common men to judge of the motives which govern great souls." The history of

Mrs. Patterson's stay in the Executive Mansion suggests the thought how unappreciated she is by those who fawn around her in her hour of triumph. Possessing native intellect to a high degree, she knows her latent powers, and her head thinks and her soul feels the difference between her sound principles and practical sense, and the flippant, vain women who consider her unfashionable. With such a class she can have no sympathy, and it is foreign to her nature to dissemble. Circumventing all attempts at advice and assistance, she taught many who insisted upon helping her, that a sensible woman is never at a loss for words or manners, and to such, Presidents' Houses are as simple residences, requiring only the refinement of the lady and the ability of a resolute, determined person. Genial and sociable to familiar friends, she is and must be distant and reserved toward promiscuous visitors; while, at the same time, she has a high sense of the justice due the masses from the family of the first official in the nation. This feeling of duty toward others actuated her course in keeping the White House ready always to be seen by the crowds who daily throng it. Parlors and conservatories were kept open as much as consistent, though many times very annoying to the inmates, and rendering the privacy of their own apartments rather a matter of chance than of certainty. It was not unfrequent that idle curiosity-seekers ventured through the closed doors which separated the private from the public wing of the building, and intruded upon the forbearing occupants; yet such occurrences were never made the occasion of trouble—a

polite request and pleasant acceptance of the proffered apology sufficed, and not unfrequently added the offenders of etiquette to her list of new-made friends.

It was the custom of Mrs. Patterson to rise early; and after a simple toilet, completed usually by a calico dress and spotless apron, to skim the milk and attend to the dairy before breakfast. In the hall connecting the conservatory to the main building, her clean pails might be seen ranged in regular order. When, on Saturday afternoons, the greenhouses were thrown open to the public, these evidences of her housekeeping propensities were removed. Fond of the delicacies of the table, she valued home-made articles, and the delicious tea-cakes, from her own receipt, tasted wonderfully like those made in her kitchen at home.

Caring for real comforts, to the exclusion of costly expenditures, she prided herself upon gratifying the wants and tastes of her household, and rendering the domestic life of the White House a reality.

In the possession of such principles, and actuated by motives which redound to her praise, Mrs. Patterson's life cannot fail to be worthy of emulation, and the satisfaction of her conscience must be a well-spring of pleasure, sparkling like sunshine through the darkest places in her earthly career.

The last levee held by President Johnson is discussed by a Washington paper after the following manner:

"The levees at the Executive Mansion have always been occasions of especial interest to strangers who chanced to be in Washington during the session of

Congress; but never before, since receptions were inaugurated, has there been such an ovation at a Presidential levee as was last night at President Johnson's closing reception. The attendance comprised not only an unusual number of our own citizens, but also a greater multitude of visitors from all parts of the world, than was ever present on a similar occasion. As early as half-past seven, and long before the doors were opened, there were numerous arrivals at the Presidential Mansion. An hour later, and the rush had commenced in good earnest. A long line of carriages extended from the street to the portico in front of the house; every car on the F Street and Avenue lines added fresh accessions to the crowd; while hundreds, availing themselves of the pleasant weather, came on foot. Although an extra police force had been detailed for the evening, and every arrangement had been made in the cloak-room for the accommodation of all, so great was the rush that confusion was, in a measure, unavoidable. The dressing-rooms and corridors were closely packed with people mainly striving to reach the entrance to the Reception-room, and it was found necessary to close the outside doors, and also the door leading from the hall into the Red Parlor. The crowd here was fearful, but fortunately, it was composed mainly of the male sex.

"Those in front were pushed on by those behind, and the position of every one was most uncomfortable, while at one time, persons were in actual danger of being crushed. However, the utmost good humor prevailed, and we heard of no accidents. In the ladies'

dressings-room, the pressure was also very great, and the breaking down of a table caused some thoughtless person to raise an alarm of fire, which for a few moments created terror and consternation among the timid fair ones. At ten o'clock, the line of equipages not only filled the carriage-way from the east to the west gate, but extended for two squares on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"The space in front of the Mansion, and the sidewalk from the portico to the gate, was crowded with people, waiting in the hope of gaining admission to the house. Policemen were now stationed at the front entrance, and only a few were admitted at a time. Those who made their exit from the mansion were obliged to pass under the arms of the policemen, who were stationed to keep back the surging crowd. Hundreds left unable even to reach the portico. The door leading to the ladies' dressing-room, was blocked by gentlemen looking for those under their charge, while scores of bright eyes searched anxiously through the throng seeking in vain for escorts not to be found. Many of the ladies, unable to find their escorts, were pushed on by the crowd, and were obliged to make their entrance into the Blue Room unattended, and in several instances it was not until the close of the reception that parties who had been separated at the commencement of the evening were again united.

"The President occupied his usual position near the entrance of the Blue Parlor, the visitors being presented by Marshal Gording. From eight o'clock until after eleven the crowd poured through the apartments, and

to each person, however humble his or her station, President Johnson extended a pleasant and cordial greeting. Mrs. Patterson, who stood at the right of the President, and a few steps farther back in the room, was attired with customary taste and elegance. She wore a Lyons black velvet, handsomely trimmed with bands of satin and black lace. A shawl of white thread-lace fell in graceful folds over her dress. Her hair was simply and becomingly ornamented, and her jewelry was of the most chaste description. The ceremony of introduction was graciously performed by General Mickler. In the vast concourse assembled to pay their respects to the retiring Chief Magistrate, were many persons of distinction from abroad, as well as an unusual number of Washington celebrities. From Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic coast to the seaboard on the Pacific, there was scarcely a State or Territory that was not represented last night, at the farewell reception of Andrew Johnson, whose kindly grasp and sincere smile called forth many a hearty wish for his future happiness and prosperity. Exquisite bouquets of choice exotics were scattered through the rooms. The superb East Parlor was dazzlingly illuminated. Magnificent mirrors flashed back the light from the quivering crystals of the massive chandeliers. From the ante-chamber came the sweet strains of the Marine Band, floating in softened cadence through the sumptuous apartments. The scene was one of unrivalled interest, and will never be forgotten by those who were present. The display of wealth and beauty was bewildering. It would be a difficult task to describe

the toilettes of the many lovely ladies present, and it would be still harder to decide, among so large a number of magnificent dresses, which was the most beautiful."

Another prominent daily contained a lengthy and interesting account of this reception, the largest ever held in the Executive Mansion, and from all the circumstances connected with the unpleasant political life of the President, was a significant proof that he is socially preëminently popular. Every grade of citizens, representing every party and creed, vied with each other in their expressions of admiration for the honest, upright conduct of the retiring Executive and his charming daughters.

"Last night, President Johnson held his farewell reception at the White House, and certainly quite in a blaze of glory, as far as social attention is concerned. Perhaps the whole history of the Presidential Mansion gives no record of such a crowded reception. It is estimated that some five thousand people sought admittance in vain, while fully as many must have gained an entrance, almost each individual member of this successful crowd submitting the host of the evening to the inevitable hand-shaking. He bore it well, and until the last moment a sweet suffering smile irradiated his countenance. The band struck up 'Hail Columbia, and the doors were thrown open. The President received the crowd in the Blue Room, which was handsomely lighted up, and adorned in the centre with a magnificent stand of fragrant flowers. As the crowd increased, the sagacious official abandoned the system

of announcing names, so that the President accepted without explanation all who presented themselves.

"A few steps from the President, and near the stand of flowers, Mrs. Patterson, a handsome, though not tall lady, of very pleasing manners and appearance, 'received' the lady guests. She wore an elegant white lace shawl, which quite enveloped her person, and a long curl fell down her back. The simply unaffected grace of this lady, and her entire freedom from pretension, either in garb or manner, attracted highly favorable comment. Mrs. Patterson is quite a young lady, and when some of the bare-armed, bare-necked, would-be-juvenile dowagers were presented to her, the contrast was entirely in favor of the President's daughter."

Of the many elegant entertainments given by President Johnson, none surpassed the State dinners. They were conducted on a most generous and princely scale, and reflected lasting honor upon the taste and judgment of his daughter, to whom was left the entire arrangement of every social entertainment. The magnificent State dining-room, which had been closed during the last few years of President Lincoln's administration, became again a scene of hospitality, and resounded once more with the voices of welcome guests and personal friends.

Nothing contributed more than these 'affairs of State' to win for the family that popularity apart, from their lofty social position, which they enjoyed whilst in Washington. A letter written by a lady who was familiar with the home-life of Mrs. Patterson, may not

prove uninteresting, pertaining, as it does, particularly to the subject of State dinners.

“Late in the afternoon I was sitting in the cheerful room occupied by the invalid mother, when Mrs. Patterson came for me to go and see the table. The last State dinner was to be given this night, and the preparations for the occurrence had been commensurate with those of former occasions. I looked at the invalid, whose feet had never crossed the apartment to which we were going, and by whom the elegant entertainments over which her daughters presided, were totally unenjoyed. Through the hall and down the stairway, I followed my hostess and stood beside her in the grand old room. It was a beautiful and altogether rare scene which I viewed in the quiet light of this closing winter day, and the recollections and associations of the time linger most vividly in memory now. The table was arranged for forty persons, each guest's name being upon the plate designated in the invitation list.

“In the centre stood three magnificent ormolu ornaments filled with fadeless French flowers, while beside each plate was a bouquet of odorous greenhouse exotics. It was not the color or design of the Sèvres china, of green and gold,—the fragile glass, nor yet the massive plate which attracted my admiration, but the harmony of the whole, which satisfied and refreshed. From the heavy curtains, depending from the lofty windows, to the smallest ornament in the room, all was ornate and consistent. I could not but contrast this vision of grandeur with the delicate, child-like form

of the woman who watched me with a quiet smile as I enjoyed this evidence of her taste and appreciation of the beautiful.

"All day she had watched over the movements of those engaged in the arrangement of this room, and yet so unobtrusive had been her presence and so systematically had she planned, that no confusion occurred in the complicated household machinery. For the pleasure it would give her children hereafter, she had an artist photograph the interior of the apartment, and he was just leaving with his trophy when we entered.

"Long we lingered, enjoying the satisfaction one experiences in beholding a beautiful and finished task. All was ready and complete, and when we passed from the room, there was still a time for rest and repose before the hour named in the cards of invitation.

"Through the Red and Blue parlors we sauntered slowly, she recalling reminiscences of the past four years, and speaking with unreserved frankness of her feelings on her approaching departure. It was almost twilight as we entered the East room, and its sombreness and wondrous size struck me forcibly. The hour for strangers and visitors had past, and we felt secure to wander in our old-fashioned way up and down its great length. It was softly raining, we discovered as we peered through the window, and a light fringe of mist hung over the trees in the grounds, and added a shade of gloom to the cheerless view. The feeling of bodily comfort one has in watching it rain, from the window of a cozy room, was intensified by the associa-

tions of this historic place, and the sadness of time was lost in the outreachings of eternity.

“Its spectral appearance, as we turned from the window and looked down its shadowy outlines,—the quickly succeeding thoughts of the many who had crowded into its now deserted space, and the remembrance of some who would no more come, were fast crowding out the practical, and leaving in its place mental excitement, and spiritualized, nervous influences, not compatible with ordinary every-day life. Mrs. Patterson was first to note the flight of time, and as we turned to leave with the past the hour it claimed, her always grave face lighted up with a genuine happy expression, as she said, ‘I am glad this is the last of entertainments—it suits me better to be quiet and in my own home. Mother is not able to enjoy these things. Belle is too young, and I am indifferent to them—so it is well it is almost over.’ As she ceased speaking the curtains over the main entrance parted, and the President peered in, ‘to see,’ he said, ‘if Martha had shown me the portraits of the Presidents?’ Joining him in his promenade, we passed before them, as they were hanging in the main hall, he dwelling upon the life and character of each, and we listening to his descriptions, and personal recollections. The long shadows of twilight and deepening gloom disappeared before the brilliant glare of the gas, and we turned from this place of interest, reminded that the present was only ours, and with the past we could have no possible business when inexorable custom demanded our acquiescence.

“Not the display of beautiful toilettes, nor the faces of lovely women, could draw from my mind the memory of that afternoon. More than ever was I convinced that the best of our natures is entirely out of the reach of ordinary events, and the finest fibres are rarely, if ever, made to thrill in sympathy with outward influences. Grave statesmen and white-haired dignitaries chatted merrily with fair young ladies or sedate matrons, but turn where I would, the burden of my thoughts were the remarks of Mrs. Patterson, whose unselfish devotion to her father deserves a more fitting memorial than this insignificant mention in a letter. State dinners would have been dreadful bores to the father, had not the watchful eyes of his favorite child anticipated every wish and circumvented every desire.

“With her opposite him, and by her proximity relieving him of much of the necessity of entertaining, he enjoyed and bestowed pleasure, and won for these social entertainments a national reputation.”

“The occupants of the White House leave it with the most spotless social reputation. There is no insinuation, no charge against them, no furniture nor ornaments gone. Neither can men say they have received expensive presents; no carriages, no costly plate has been given them. They will be remembered in Washington as high-minded, honorable people. The ‘House’ has been kept in order, elegance, and liberal hospitality. No old friends cut, no new ones toasted, but an even tenor of perfect sociability has made all feel welcome. No taint of meanness or corruption clings to any member of the whole family; they leave the White

House gladly abandoning its cares and honors, beloved and respected, with clean hands and pure hearts."

Before leaving Washington, the family supplied themselves with plain household furniture, for the ravages of war left but the bare house to cover their heads. The boxes sent to Greenville contained no cast-off finery of the nation's house, no valueless treasure, nor garments of bygone beauty. The worn-out furniture of the "House" had been repaired for their use, and, be it said to their credit, looked better when they left it than it had done since the day of its purchase. Their direst enemies publicly declared this truth, and rendered homage to the honest and illustrious Tennessean and his children's spotless fame. It will pass into history that no President's household ever had more trials both of a public and private character, and none ever left the station more universally respected.

Visitors hereafter to their mountain home will not be grieved by the sight of familiar articles purloined from the mansion of the Republic, nor of costly presents profusely scattered about, paining one by the inference of bribery. Nor will it be necessary to go there to find out their possessions; they were faithful and incorruptible, and have the reward of fidelity, a meagre competence.

It was once remarked that Andrew Johnson had old-fashioned honesty and puritan love of liberty; it may well be added, his children have been trained in the same school and have not departed from its primitive constitution.

On the morning of the 4th of March, 1869, President Johnson, accompanied by his family, bade adieu to the servants and employees of the Mansion, and were driven to the residence of Mr. Coyle, on Missouri Avenue. Mrs. Patterson accepted the hospitality of Secretary Wells, and reached there soon after twelve o'clock.

Thus closed the administration of President Johnson. The most perilous, stormy, and trying one ever closed in the history of this country ; a record of rude unpleasant contact with defiled revilers, and a continued struggle from first to last to maintain untarnished the oath too sacred to be violated. Not here, but in the annals of history will all its triumphs be written ; not in this day or generation can its untainted and correct measures be fully estimated, but to the coming men of America it is bequeathed, a sad acknowledgment of the tyrannous oppression of a President, and a testimony of his undeviating course, moving onward, swerving neither to the right nor to the left, but forward to the cradles of posterity who will pass judgment and wreath immortal to the memory of the patriot, whose truth will not be doubted, whose honesty cannot be impeached.

During the afternoon of the day the President left the Executive Mansion, the house in which he was a visitor was crowded to overflowing with friends and admirers who gathered about the members of his family to express their attachment. For two weeks the same scene was reenacted, and day and night the numerous callers crowded the spacious house. One continued ovation

of people of every political party assured them of their popularity, too wide-spread to be circumscribed by party lines. Greater in their retirement than the proudest monarch's of earth, they stood upon its threshold and received the spontaneous plaudits of a nation. Behold them, reader, as they stand that last night in Washington! The invalid wife is in her room, too feeble to walk, but surrounded by hearts softened and eyes moistened at the prospect of seeing her no more. Mrs. Patterson is bidding a farewell to the sorrowing band of employees who have asked as a last favor for a likeness, and makes the gift the more acceptable by presenting them with pictures of all the family, accompanied by her deeply felt and eloquently expressed thanks for faithful services and personal friendship. Ever and anon the familiar face of a servant appears, and is not disappointed in the welcome received, or the parting token of well-merited reward for faithful services. Flowers, "recalling all life's wine and honey," shed their aroma through space, and soften by their delicate beauty the feelings of all kindly natures.

Time unheeded passes, and yet the advent of "comers" forbids the wearied eyes to close, or the final preparations to be made. With a hand raw and swollen from the hand-shakings in Baltimore a few days before, Mr. Johnson stands placid, earnest, and deeply interested in the final words of all.

Ah! this—

"Farewell, farewell is a mournful thing,
And always brings a tear;
But the heart speaks most when the lips move not,
And the eye says a gentle good-by."

As in Washington and at Baltimore, so in Charlottesville, Lynchburg, and Knoxville, every demonstration a gratified people could make, was extended to the retiring President—

Home again, and the welkin rings the glad refrain,
Home again, and huzzas express what hearts contain.

More heartfelt and touching than pen can portray, was the welcome extended to the admirable family. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover again receive congratulations, this time amongst old neighbors and unchanged friends, and the world is better and humanity dignified by such scenes.

But all these exciting demonstrations have been too much for the weary President, and ere the news of their triumphant reception had ceased to sound, the intelligence flashed over the wires of his hopeless illness. Suspense—mighty and still as the foam-crested wave, waiting to gather force ere it dashes again—held all in its grasp, and the nation gazes upon the track made by such an announcement, and in breathless expectancy dreads the next motion.

A sound, borne over the mountain gorges and nature's deep fortresses, bears, on the winged winds of electricity, the harbinger of hope. 'Our Father is better to-night!' Reaction comes, the waters dash and beat again, and above the din and roar of a busy world is heard the echo of that announcement.

My sketch draws to a close, for into the sanctity of a home we will not enter. Public life, in the capacity dwelt upon, is closed, and Mrs. Patterson is no

more the "Lady of the White House." It is, perhaps, too soon to institute comparisons or draw inferences of her future, in contrast with others who have held the position she has just resigned. She knows no precedent, nor cares for any custom; the fact of her holding that high station will not influence her future conduct. Far too democratic to render undue importance to place, she observes but one obligation to usage—and that is, adaptation to the position she now fills. She retires with her brow decked with laurels, and her name dear to the women of America, for she gave them a testimonial of her worth, flattering to her sex, and redeemed the position she held from the slur and slander attached to it. Across the lapse of years she clasps hands with Miss Lane, and restores to its former pristine glory the title of hostess of the President's House. She returns it to her countrymen immaculate, eliminated from odium, and as lofty and untainted as it was in the beginning.

She will not chide if, to complete this sketch, a confidence is betrayed, and from a private letter a few interesting items are extracted.

"I have been more than busy since I came home, although I found things more comfortable than I could have expected, under all the circumstances. A portion of the old house is to be repaired yet; after that, I will have an extra room for my friends. I felt I could never work so hard, or be as much employed in any way again as I had always been heretofore; but the first thing I knew I was getting up at five o'clock, taking breakfast before seven, in the garden directing the

transplanting of my slips, and putting in seed just to see if mine will not grow best. * * * Belle is perfectly delighted with the country, fishing, riding, and gardening, and I think she has already improved. Sarah Stover spent last week with her, and yesterday they went down to see Grandpa. Mother has not improved. I would deal more in the particulars of my home, but am very weary to-night, and am

“ Affectionately yours,

“ MARTHA PATTERSON.”

MARY STOVER.

THE second daughter of President Johnson was married in April, 1852, to Mr. Daniel Stover, of Carter County, East Tennessee. He was "living the independent life of a farmer in affluent circumstances," when the rumors of a dissolution of the Union reached his ears, and was one of the most fearless defenders of the Government found in that stronghold of supporters of the Union. He was one of the first to enroll himself among the number who, as an organization, were known as Bridge burners. His consistent and determined course attracted the attention of the rebel authorities, and without any preparation he was forced to seek refuge in the mountains of East Tennessee. The bridge over the Holston was burned by a band headed by Mr. Stover, the 8th of November, 1861. This bridge, so important to the southern forces as a means of receiving and sending supplies, severed the communication for the time, and the band were forced to live out in the woods. During the inclement months of November, December, and January, 1861, they were hunted as fugitives by rebels, and he there contracted the disease of which he afterward died. "It was during this awful winter that Mrs. Johnson filled the basket with meat and bread, when her daughter, the sorrowing wife, was so smitten with anguish that she had not the strength to perform the task. Every man who

tapped at the door of the lonely farm-house, was supposed to be coming to bring the news that the son and husband was hanging to a forest tree." Most of the men who were with Mr. Stover were poor, and their families, left to the mercy of their enemies, would have starved, had it not been for the care and generosity of Mrs. Stover. It was no unusual thing for whole beeves to be cooked and divided amongst these suffering women and children; and to supply them with pork and corn meal, was her daily duty never neglected. The resources of that rich farm were taxed to the uttermost to keep up with the demand made upon it, but no hungry applicant was ever turned off. When the hurried baking and roastings were over, and their portions bestowed upon the waiting ones, it was the custom of the sad family to bring out the concealed basket and fill it with food for those who dared not return to their own firesides. After nightfall, some trusty messenger would stealthily pick his way to the almost inaccessible mountain passes, where they were wont to assemble, and there rehearse the events of the day. Sometimes even this gratification was denied the anxious family at home, for the presence of troops in quest of their prey forbade any chance of communication, and oftentimes for days Mrs. Stover dared not send to her husband the food she knew he suffered for; sleeping upon the ground, often drenched with rain, with no dry apparel, and compelled to subsist upon the berries and nuts of the forest, the slow weary months of winter passed away. Finally, through the intercession of personal friends who were prominent rebels, he was

allowed to come home on parole; but the cold and sufferings of mind and body had undermined his constitution, and he was troubled with a harsh grating-cough, which fell upon the ears of his devoted wife like a knell. Many who had gone out with him in the beginning of winter, had died of exposure; the wintry winds as they swept down the bleak mountain sides, sighed a requiem about the decaying bodies of many a husband and father whose little ones waited impatiently for a return never to be consummated on earth. The skeleton forms of men who had followed him full of life and hope, lay in many of the passes, and his only comfort to the tearful eyes and broken hearts of wives and mothers was, that death came quickly and spared them torture. He often had the sad satisfaction of knowing that they would never find out that the blood hounds had torn their flesh, and the fowls of the air fed upon their bodies. But he had overrated his strength in attempting to comfort and sustain so many, and leaving his farm in the hands of those who would care for the families who were dependent upon him, he applied for and obtained permission to go through the lines with Mrs. Johnson's family, who had been ordered to go the 12th of October, 1862. He proceeded to Kentucky, where he raised a regiment, which was afterward known as the Fourth Tennessee Infantry. "No braver regiment served during the war, and but very few did the country more effective service; but before this gallant band had time to distinguish itself in any great battle, its brave, energetic Colonel had passed away, at the early age of thirty-five. After

the departure of the family, the buildings were destroyed, and the farm stripped of every thing. At his death, his widow was left with three small children and a scanty subsistence."

After the arrival of the family in Nashville, Colonel Stover grew rapidly worse, and after a lingering illness died the 18th of December, 1864. His remains were placed in the vault by the side of his brother-in-law, Dr. Charles Johnson, and both were subsequently buried in Greenville, East Tennessee.

Mrs. Stover remained at home after the removal of her father's family to Washington, until the last of August, and then accompanied by her three interesting children, took up her residence at the White House.

"Visitors at the White House during the past two or three years may retain the memory of a dignified, statuesque blonde, with a few very fine points which, a fashionable butterfly once said, would make any woman a belle if she only knew how to make the most of them. Mrs. Stover never became a star in fashionable circles, and now that she has left the gay capital, perhaps for a life-time, she is remembered by those who knew her best, as a charming companion of the domestic fireside, a true daughter and judicious mother."

During the administration of President Johnson, the White House was brightened by the glad, happy faces of children, and for the first time since its occupation, they became a part of the Society of the House, and exerted a powerful social influence outside. Nothing afforded their little friends more pleasure than to be invited to the President's House, and the agree-

able manners of the hostesses and hosts rendered their visits always delightful.

Mrs. Stover's little trio, and her sister's son and daughter, were an attraction not to be resisted; and nothing pleased old acquaintances more than to be invited into their private apartments, where the games and plays of the young people interested more sedate heads. During the day, writing and music lessons hushed their merry voices, and the tasks of indulgent mothers occupied reasonable spaces; but after the evening meal and the return of the boys from out-door sports, the merriment began to the infinite delight of every one. Strangers who at the formal receptions saw the stately, sometimes haughty appearing daughter receiving with quiet grace the many who drew near for the inevitable shake of the hand, little knew the sociability and good nature hidden beneath her calm exterior.

It was a source of enjoyment and much laughter to Mrs. Stover's friends to watch her actions on these occasions, especially when her sister was not present. Like a statue the first part of the evening, with a look of resignation on her face irresistible, she would gravely return the salutations proffered, and resume her forlorn expression soon as the persons past on, only to be addressed again by other strangers, whose names their owners sometimes forgot and she rarely ever heard. Much sympathy she would receive from kind-hearted acquaintances who supposed her wearied, until the band struck up the last air, and then they would be astonished at the glad light in her eye and the fervor

with which she would bow them out. Bantering did no good, nor good-natured rebukes from the many spies who enjoyed her agony and deprecated her evident regret at parting. Often as she performed the task, she acted over her amusing roll; and the last time she assisted at a reception, before her departure for her home, her penetrating eye discovered the suppressed smile, which broadened into hearty laughter as she tried to suffer meekly the infliction she would bear no more; but true to habit, she expressed her farewells with so much impressiveness that old habitués detected her and suspicions were aroused as to her sincerity. Long after the lights in the parlors were out, she repeated her experiences up-stairs to a friend, and congratulated herself that she was relieved from the only irksome task connected with her life there.

It was from no want of appreciation or just estimate of her position, but an unfeigned diffidence which she could not overcome, which kept her from mingling in the society of the Capital. And perhaps a feeling that she was not understood, developed this disinclination to meet strangers. To persons to whom she was attracted, she was gay and affectionate, full of interest and thoroughly devoid of affectation. Her children imbibed this trait, and none ever saw evidences of deceitfulness on the part of any member of the family. A native strong sense, called common, but in fact a rarity, enabled her to discern the true merits of individuals, and in her conduct toward others to recognize the truth of her father's motto, that

“Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.”

To devise new means of enjoyment for her children, and provide for their mental and bodily needs, was her first thought, and each day was spent with them at some one of their duties, often at their dancing school, again overlooking their efforts at writing, never so well content as when performing some conscientious duty. It was in this character she made so many love her, and people who never knew her until she went to Washington, never weary now of praising the young mother, who so unaffectedly acted her part in the high station to which she was called.

Recollections of Mrs. Stover will not outlive the changes of time in the bosoms of the worldly, flip-pant "society" people, who tried so vainly to enlist her in their set; but the sewing-women and trades-people, the attachés of the White House, in all capacities, and the servants who served her four years, will never forget her generous liberality of manners and means; her polite civilities to all who approached her, and the evident interest she took in their affairs, won her their lasting regards. The night before she left the "House" for her Southern home, a strong man who had learned to appreciate her friendship, wept unrestrainedly as he bade her and her children a last good-by.

The house was lonelier after her departure, and the voices of her little ones gladden the ears no more of those so long accustomed to hear their noisy gambols. No President ever before had in the White House so many children, or as youthful ones as were the five grandchildren of President Johnson, nor will there ever be a brighter band there again.

Mrs. Stover, unlike her sister, is a blonde, with very light auburn hair, and features in keeping with her temperament. Slight and tall, with much dignity and repose of manner, she attracts one with her easy, independent air and carriage. Her voice is singularly like Mrs. Patterson's, and although so entirely different in personal appearance, she is yet very often taken for her sister. Gracefully formed and fashioned, she possesses nature's most pleasing manifestation of beauty, a perfect figure. She is an exact representation of her mother, possessing her finely shaped foot and hand, and is not unlike her in disposition.

The summers were spent by Mrs. Stover and her children in Tennessee, during her father's administration, and not until the late fall would she return to Washington, preferring always the companionship of old neighbors to the society of comparative strangers. But when fairly launched in the busy regime of the White House, no one engaged more heartily than herself in the duties devolving upon the daughters in consequence of the illness of the mother.

To those who penetrated the reserve natural to her, she was a warm friend, but she never made the first advances, nor would she try to win the favor of any. Many who met her after she moved to Washington, considered her distant and haughty, but not so the host of welcome friends who understood her best. They rightly valued the diffidence which she tried to hide behind assumed coldness. December 29th, 1868, being the anniversary of President Johnson's birthday, his grandchildren gave an entertainment, which

was thus spoken of: "The fashionable circles of Washington have had a sensation to-night, such as has never been enjoyed before under any administration. The children of the White House entertained their little friends with a *soirée dansante*, and the occasion was one of the highest enjoyments to the juveniles. About a week ago, the following invitation was sent to upward of three hundred children.

"The children of the President's family request Master (or Miss)—'s company on Tuesday evening, the 29th instant, at six o'clock. R. S. V. P.'

"The reception of these invitations created quite a flutter among the little folks, and the greatest exertions were made by those who had not been honored with invitations, to obtain them. The ladies of the Executive Mansion were considerably embarrassed by requests from grown people to be included among the invited; but as all the space afforded by the East Room was needed for the enjoyment of the children, of course the number of invitations issued was limited in number and confined exclusively to children. In sending forth the invitations, the President's children showed themselves to be thoroughly democratic: for the children of obscure parents were included with those belonging to the dignitaries of the nation. Promptly at six o'clock the carriages began to arrive. The happy little ones stepped out upon the carpet laid across the portico from the carriage to the door, filled with the most joyous expectancy. As the minutes rolled on, the arrivals of carriages were more numerous, and the bustle and excitement increased. By seven o'clock quite a

brilliant assemblage of juveniles filled the parlors. The President and his daughters, Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Stover, mingled with the merry throng, and seemed to contemplate with great pleasure the happy faces with which they were surrounded. Those who were present this evening had the rare pleasure of beholding Mrs. Andrew Johnson, the wife of the President, who was drawn from her favorite retirement by the prospect of sharing the happiness of the little ones. The only decoration of the East Room was the erection of a platform for the musicians, which was covered with pink tarleton and festooned with evergreens. At each corner stood a flower-stand containing beautiful bouquets. The musicians were from the marine band. At seven o'clock Professor Marini, dancing master, marshalled the children in the long hall and arranged them in couples, after which, the grand promenade commenced, led by a son of General Eastman and Miss Lily Stover. The promenade was succeeded in regular order by the following programme: Second, quadrille, Faust; third, polka, Von Bilse; fourth, schottische, Weverein; fifth Lanciers, Weingarten; sixth, gallop, John Strauss; Intermission.

"During the intermission, the juveniles were ushered into the spacious State Dining-room, where a magnificent table, loaded down with cakes, fruits, confectionery, and flowers, and splendidly decorated under the able management of Steward Thomas, awaited them. The happy party at once proceeded to do full justice to the good things provided, and for an hour that room con-

tained the merriest throng ever assembled around that festive board. Among the number present were the children of the President's family, Frank Johnson, Andrew Patterson, Andrew Stover, Lily Stover, and Belle Patterson, the latter being also generally regarded as the belle of the party. This highly interesting entertainment was given to the President by his grandchildren in honor of the anniversary of his birth-day, which occurred to-day."

Soon after this brilliant affair, Mrs. Stover and her sister, accompanied by their children, fulfilled a promise of long standing, and gladdened the little folks by a trip to New York. A few pleasant days spent there, and they returned with a memory of many bewildering sights to amuse and interest each other, and left behind them many admiring friends who will not soon forget them.

The second levee of the season was held soon after Mrs. Stover's return to the White House, and the event was spoken of as follows, in the papers of the succeeding day:

"The second levee of President Johnson, which was held last evening, was an event of more than ordinary interest and of unusual brilliancy. By eight o'clock, at which hour the doors were opened, visitors began to arrive, and before nine the elegant Reception-rooms were crowded with an assemblage which, in point of numbers and respectability, has never been surpassed on any similar occasion. Anticipating a large attendance, the most complete arrangements had been made to avoid confusion and delay in the cloak-

rooms, polite attendants being in readiness to receive and check the wrappings of the ladies and the coats and hats of the gentlemen. Without detention, the visitors were enabled to reach the Blue Room, where President Johnson stood ready to extend to all a cordial welcome. It is interesting to stand near the entrance to the Blue Parlor, and to note the different persons who pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate of a mighty Republic. Without distinction, all are invited, and every condition of life is represented in the throng that passes before the President. To every one is tendered the same gracious greeting. High and low, rich and poor, all are welcomed with a pleasant and a hearty grasp of the hand. The humblest citizen is received as cordially as the most distinguished Senator. After passing through the Blue and Green Rooms, the visitors spent the hours pleasantly in promenading, and in listening to the delightful music of the Marine Band. Notwithstanding the extremely disagreeable weather outside, there were very many ladies present, and the display of elegant toilettes was particularly fine."

Mrs. Stover assisted the President, and won golden opinions from sensible people for her faultless taste and high-neck costume in a large crowd of bare busts. Elderly ladies, whose truthful wrinkles, despite their raven locks, betrayed their years, stood about her in low bodices, exposing to view shoulders long ago bereft of beauty and symmetry. Mothers, whose daughters walked beside them in similar attire, gathered about her in their flashing diamonds and ex-

pensive apparel, but no peer of hers eclipsed her in her rich simplicity. Alone she stood so tastily arrayed that the poor who came were not abashed by her presence, nor the rich offended at her rarer toilette. The perfect harmony of her appearance pleased the eyes of all. Perhaps there will never be another family in the Executive Mansion so democratic, and so consistent withal, as President Johnson's, taking with them into every position the unassuming airs of thorough refinement and the geniality of Southern hospitality. There are some who have spoken and written of them as cold, formal people, and who even now pronounce them stern and distant.

Too many, unacquainted with their real characters, supposed that their unexpected elevation would disconcert them, and not a few felt it incumbent upon themselves to press their services and experience, and to initiate the ladies into the mysteries of public receptions. To such they were ever repellent, deeming their own judgment sufficient for any emergency; but to the many friends of other days, who found always a welcome in their home, they delighted to show the sunny side of their natures, and share with them their stately home.

A little child, in the mighty tide which poured through the Blue Room at one of the last receptions, was led by her father to the presence of the President. Frightened and shrinking, she stood while the father was introduced, looking as if tears and a mother's arms would only relieve her emotion. The President was not unmindful of her proximity, or her sensations, and

tenderly drawing her to him, kissed her. Quick as a flash her little face changed, and the downcast eyes looked reliantly into his, expressing so much gratitude and love that he smiled to see the transfiguration. A simple act had altered the current of her feelings, and all the evening she walked the parlors with a flushed happy face, and springing step, expressing in her manners the satisfaction she felt.

Genuine kindness of heart prompted the many little attentions so often bestowed by Mrs. Stover. Ofttimes a family from the rural districts would approach, and confused and embarrassed in so strange a place, they would hesitate until the extended hand of the appreciative hostess would remove all difficulties, and they would go their way rejoicing, in the pleasing reflection that they had done so well.

Caring little for the attractions of a gay capital, Mrs. Stover decided to leave the White House some time before the removal of the family, and an enterprising daily contained this announcement: "Mrs. Stover and her children left Washington this morning, for their home in Tennessee, via the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. They were accompanied to the Potomac Ferry wharf by the President, and Mrs. Senator Patterson, who returned to the Executive Mansion after seeing the party safely on the Alexandria steamer." Once more in her childhood's home, she began preparations for the return of her invalid mother the following month, and was, as she expressed it, "happy as the days were long." True to the well-established principles of her life, she found solid comfort and peace

in the serene enjoyments of home, and longed for a reunion in Tennessee of their wandering family. Eight years had passed since the father had left his home to go to his duties as Senator, and many and varied were the changes which had passed over them. She gladly aired the long-closed house, and built warm fires to dry its dampness, and when the shouts of the multitude, and the noise of innumerable voices told of the arrival, the old arm chair was wheeled to its accustomed place, and the heart of the daughter beat for joy.

Again united and at home, withdrawn from public life, its cares and crosses, I am admonished that my task is done.

Tried and proved true in the high station of a President's daughter, she will never be found wanting in any position in life, and into her retirements the kind wishes and sincere thanks of the American people follow her.

Mrs. Stover was married to Mr. Wm. R. Brown, of Greenville, the 20th of April, 1869. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock P.M. No persons save the members of the family being present.

The bride immediately removed to her husband's home, across the street from her parent's home, where the kind wishes of all who knew her followed.

MRS. U. S. GRANT.

THE inauguration of General Grant as President of the United States, places his wife in the exalted social position of Mistress of the White House. Mrs. Grant's first reception, on the 4th of March, 1869, marked the passing away of just four-score years since Mrs. Washington so gracefully dispensed the ceremonious hospitality of the Executive Mansion.

Her husband being the youngest man who has occupied the Presidential office, he consequently brings into the White House the novelty of a family of youthful children, and a wife who is still possessed of the ambition to shine in society, and who enjoys the blandishments and excitements of high social position. As yet there can be little said in regard to her life at the house of the Presidents, for much of her time has been spent away from the Capital since the elevation of her husband, and the season for receptions and entertainments has not been inaugurated.

The prestige of General Grant's military reputation adds lustre to his present position, and can but render any triumph of political life the more signal, since his experiences have been of a widely different character. Upon Mrs. Grant, therefore, devolves the pleasure of performing a twofold part, in the discharge of which the people of this country desire her entire success.



MRS. VERTICE J. GRANT



Reiterating the wish that she will shed over her responsibilities as the presiding Lady of the White House, the same conduct that has distinguished her in the domestic walks of private life, I leave for the present this theme, hoping at a future day to give completeness to the chronicle, and to find only harmony in the development of the future.

"THE WHITE HOUSE."

THE corner-stone of the Presidents' House was laid on the 13th of October, 1792, and the building was constructed after the designs and under the direction of Captain James Hobon, Architect. After its destruction by the British in 1814, the interior was rebuilt by Captain Hobon. It is located at the intersection of Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Vermont Avenues, which radiate from this point as centre.

The house is constructed of Virginia free-stone, which is excessively porous, and consequently would cause great dampness in the interior, were it not for a thick coat of white lead, which is applied about once in ten years at an enormous expense. The rock used in the construction of the foundation was quarried by Captain Samuel Smallwood (afterward mayor of Washington), on the banks of Rock creek, from the lower or K-street bridge, as far as Lyonshouse wharf. The grounds were formerly enclosed with a high stone wall. The old sycamore trees which stand in the sidewalk on Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the mansion, occupy a line running parallel with the former site of that wall. The portico on the north front was added to the building during the administration of President Jackson.

The latitude to the nearest second, $38^{\circ} 53' 12''$,

north. Longitude of the President's House from the Paris observatory, $79^{\circ} 17' 16''$, west.

In 1793, about eighty paces west of the brick arch on Pennsylvania Avenue, a log was thrown over the Tiber, which served as a bridge over which the procession passed, headed by General George Washington. Here the boys caught herring and other fish. The waters of the Tiber occasionally extended in places over the present Pennsylvania Avenue, the road to the Presidents' House being considerably north of it, and along which a traveller in that day might pass from the Capitol square to the former without seeing a human being. The house of David Burns, which stood in the grounds south of the Presidents' House, is now owned by his descendants, and is an object of interest to all who remember Washington's notion of him as the "obstinate" Mr. Burns.

In 1796, as President Washington passed the Presidents' House (then building), a salute of sixteen guns was fired by the artillery company stationed at that point.

The Presidents' House is situated in the western part of the city, on a plot of ground of twenty acres; forty-four feet above high-water mark. It has a southern and a northern front; the southern commanding a lovely view of the Potomac. On both fronts the grounds are laid out with taste and planted with forest-trees and shrubbery. The walks are of gravel, broad and delightful.

The mansion is two stories and very lofty, one hundred and seventy feet front, and eighty-six feet

deep. The northern front is ornamented with a lofty portico of four Ionic columns in front and three on either side. Beneath this portico drive the carriages of visitors ; immediately opposite the front door, across the open vestibule or hall, is the Reception Room. The East Room is eighty feet long, forty feet wide, and and twenty-two high. There are four mantels of marble with Italian black, and gold fronts, and very handsome grates ; each mantel is surmounted with a French mirror, the plates of which measure one hundred and fifty-eight inches, framed in splendid style. Four other large mirrors, two at each end of the room, reflect the rays from three large chandeliers, from which depend glass pendants, which glitter in the light like diamonds ; each chandelier has twenty-seven burners.

In front of the Presidents' House, in a small enclosure, is the bronze statue of Jefferson, presented to the government by Captain Levy, of the United States army, who was, at that time (1840), owner of Monticello. The statue stands on a pedestal: in his left hand Jefferson holds a scroll of the Declaration of Independence, and in his right hand a pen, as though he had just finished that immortal instrument, and was anticipating the glorious results of its influence: the terror it would strike among the foes of freedom ; the strength with which it would nerve the patriot's heart ; the bitter opposition which it would meet with from some ; the joy with which it would be hailed by more ; and, if adopted, the high destinies which awaited Young America.

It now occupies an eligible position, and will long

stand in honor alike of the great man it so faithfully represents, and of the noble spirit of patriotism that secured and presented it to the nation. It formerly stood in the Rotunda of the Capitol.

The Presidents' House, during Mr. Jefferson's administration, stood unenclosed on a piece of waste and barren ground, separated from the Capitol by an almost impassable marsh. That building was not half completed, and standing as it did amidst the rough masses of stone and other materials collected for its construction, and half hidden by the venerable oaks that still shaded their native soil, looked more like a ruin in the midst of its fallen fragments and coëval shades, than a new and rising edifice. The silence and solitude of the surrounding space were calculated to enforce this idea, for beyond the Capitol hill as far as the eye could reach, the city, as it was called, lay in a state of nature, covered with thick groves and forest-trees wide and radiant plains with only here and there a house along the intersecting ways, that could not yet be properly called streets.

Thomas Moore visited the United States in 1804, and writes in his letters to his mother, that "the President's House is encircled by a very rude pale, through which a common rustic stile introduced visitors."

Among other pets presented to Mr. Jefferson were bears, deers, turkeys, and sheep. They were kept in the adjoining enclosures, now so handsomely improved. A vicious ram of the flock killed a young and promising son of Mr. Keer, the first cashier of the old United States Bank. Mr. J. T. S. Clark, in his valuable

unpublished manuscript, says, the Executive Mansion was opened for the reception of visitors on the 1st of January, 1818, being the first time since the completion of repairs, subsequent to its destruction by the British.

Gas was introduced into the White House during President Polk's administration, the 29th of December, 1848.

Until President Fillmore's time there was no library. The circular room in the second story contains now a fine collection of books, many of them purchased during President Buchanan's administration. The trees on the western side of the mansion were planted by President John Quincy Adams. At various times there have been complaints made of the "*palace*" in which the Presidents were entertained during their terms, and not a few have been the bitter denunciations, written and spoken, "of its inappropriateness," averring that it is too fine and too large for a Republican Chief Magistrate. However, as the country increases in population and wealth, these objections will die out, and as the most interested persons say nothing of its being too large or elegant, it is to be supposed it will continue to be the Executive Mansion as long as the country remains under its present form of government. Congress has heretofore made an appropriation after the election of each new President,* for repairing and refurnishing the mansion. After the close of the late civil war, it was entirely dismantled

* There was none made during President Tyler's administration.

of every thing portable or valuable. Afterward it was renovated, and the first floor beautifully papered and refurnished under the auspices of Mrs. Patterson, the daughter of President Johnson. The green-house was partly burned in the winter of 1868, but is now greatly enlarged and adorned, and adds much to the beauty of the fine old mansion.

From the library-window on the second floor the view of the Potomac is very extended and magnificent. On a clear day, the distant points of Fort Washington may be dimly defined, and the old city of Georgetown distinctly seen.

The White House contains twenty rooms, including offices, reception rooms, President's office, and library. The first floor is devoted to the public, consisting entirely of parlors, state dining-hall, and the famous East Room. The three parlors, the Red, Blue, and Green Rooms, are historic apartments well known to the people of the Republic.

The first death that occurred in the White House was that of President Harrison; Mrs. Tyler's was the second, and the third was President Taylor's. Willie Lincoln, the son of President Lincoln, added another to the sad list, and, we trust, is the last to be chronicled.

Now we bid adieu to this classic mansion, dear to every American heart of noble impulses, and refrain from the work which has grown so pleasant from association. The task is complete, the night-time of rest has come, and the pen is loosened from the weary hand to be resumed no more.

The grand old White House gleams in its purity

in the midst of foliage, brown and gold, while the glorious beauty of the Indian summer sheds a gorgeousness about the landscape, and tints with splendor the hills beyond the Potomac. Over the undulating lawn steals the fragrance of the rich exotics, blooming in the now open green-house.

It was in early spring that I came to gather the materials for my work, and nature's dress was as colorless as its white walls. Cold and cheerless was its aspect as I greeted it, and with fear and trembling commenced the task, wrought during the summer, and completed now when the harmony and perfection of autumn is expressed in crimson leaves and azure-tinted skies.

A mural of hope, it towers amid the surrounding forest-trees, while the years of its glory and fame are fast filling the century's scroll, and preparing to welcome the advent of the centenary morn.

THE END.





